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ART. I.—EDINBURGH IN 1629.

1. *Historical Manuscripts Commission. Thirteenth Report. Appendix, Part VII. The Manuscripts of the EARL OF LONSDALE.*
2. *Early Travellers in Scotland.* By P. HUME BROWN. Edinburgh: 1891.
3. *Scotland before 1700.* Same author. 1893.

IT is but a trite observation that the Edinburgh of the early part of the seventeenth century presented a very different appearance from what it does to-day. And yet, though in many points so strangely unlike, there was in some things a strange similarity. After allowing for its vast extension, which is indeed the growth of little more than a century, and for the alterations produced by modern habits of life, there is still much left to remind us of what the city must have looked like to the eyes of the early travellers in Scotland. Then as now, its site was unique among European towns; on the west side the castle reared its stately bulk, oft-times wrapped in the fleecy haze which has ever been blown in from the adjacent Firth, and which is yet so characteristic of 'the grey metropolis of the north,' but not unfrequently bathed in the

golden glow of the summer sunsets, which still occasionally make the dark and precipitous rock blush with a softened radiance. Along the narrow ridge of ground which sloped from the Castle gates down to the gate of the Netherbow lay the High Street, which, with its adjacent alleys or closes going off from it at right angles on either side, and the lower street of the Cowgate to the south, practically formed the whole of the city. It was all surrounded by a defensive wall, the last extension of which had taken place in 1617. The Canongate, forming a separate municipality, lay outside the Netherbow port, and continued the ridge down to Holyrood Abbey and Palace. What it lacked in security it made up in amenity, as its houses had gardens of considerable extent stretching out behind them. Holyrood, as it at present stands, would be hardly recognizable by an erstwhile denizen of its Courts. The Palace was a most irregular pile; the north-east wing was as it is now, the remainder consisting of rather mean and unimpressive buildings arranged in three quadrangles, but the whole was situated in large and pleasant gardens. To the north stood the Abbey Church or Chapel Royal, the Abbey buildings having been burned by Hertford's army in 1543. It was a fine twelfth century Gothic building, and contained the remains of many of the Scottish kings. Deserted by Royalty though Church and Palace were at the time of which we write, they were full of historic memories, and some of the older inhabitants of the town might almost remember the time 'when mass was sung and censer swung' within the aisles of the former, and the exciting scenes which the walls of the latter had but a few short years before witnessed. There they stood, silent it is true, but otherwise little changed, while close at hand lay then as now the mighty couchant lion of Arthur's Seat, keeping watch and ward over the old city at its foot.

Such were the limits of the Edinburgh of 1629. A town which, though its streets no longer witnessed the muster of men-at-arms to accompany their Sovereign on some war-like expedition, or saw the royal hunting train sweep in on their return from the chase in the neighbouring woods of Drumselch, had yet an individuality entirely its own. A quaint, crowded,

dirty, but withal picturesque town, not too orderly in its behaviour: full of a people somewhat *dour* and stern in manner, but with kindly Scottish hearts, fairly comfortable and well off, but without many of the luxuries of life. Although the King's presence at Holyrood was a memory of the immediate past, there were many signs to show that Edinburgh was not as other towns. Was there not for instance the 'riding of the Parliament' to be seen from time to time, when that august body assembled for its deliberations, when the Commissioners and noblemen all went in solemn state from Holyrood to the hall of meeting; did not the Lords of Session hold their Court within the town, the cases before them attracting litigants from all parts of Scotland, some of whom came with armed retainers and all the display of a feudal retinue? And if such scenes were not exciting enough for the taste of the inhabitants, they had not infrequently the opportunity of hearing the clash of steel and shout of war, as the dependants of two hostile factions strove with each other in the streets; then they might see a little group hastily bearing away a dark burden, their passage marked by trailing drops of blood.

We generally gain a knowledge of these sights and sounds from the sober pages of the historian, or from the musty leaves of some official record. Sometimes, it is true, light is thrown on them from the entries of a diarist gossiping to himself, or more rarely from contemporary letters. In both these cases, however, the matter is almost invariably written by one who did not look on the scenes which he describes with a fresh eye; he had lived all his life among them, and they did not strike him as they would a stranger. Strangers, indeed, were rare in Scotland in the seventeenth century and earlier, and the few who did come, and who have left us an account of their travels, have very generally passed over, as unworthy of notice, just those little details which we should have liked to know, and the knowledge of which help to make mediæval life so much more interesting to us. We are, therefore, all the more glad to meet with an account which has hitherto been unpublished, and which has not even been known to Mr. Hume Brown, who has done so much to familiarise us with the writ-

ings of the early travellers in Scotland; and the writer of which has been at the pains of describing many things for which we look in vain in other narratives.

The account referred to has been recently published by the Historical Manuscript Commissioners, in the seventh appendix to their thirteenth report, which deals with the papers belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale. It was probably written by Cristopher Lowther, afterwards Rector of Lowther, and describes a journey to Scotland and visit to Edinburgh made by himself (if indeed he is the C. Lowther whose name is prefixed to the narrative) and two others, Mr. R. Fallow and Peter Manson, in 1629. It is contained in a 12mo volume, and was likely written during the journey, as though it is graphic and full of information, the style is poor, and the language occasionally unintelligible, suggesting notes written by the way, and unrevised. The travellers appear to have started from home on the 5th of November, which was a strange time of year to select for a pleasure trip, as it seems to have been, for there is no hint of any business which took them so far from home. After leaving Carlisle, they came through the country of the Grahams, by Netherby, and so on by Canonbie to Langholm; the land about there being noted to belong to 'my Lord Bakpleugh.' It may be remarked that the narrator's power of picking up the sound of proper names appears to have been very defective, and though spelling was not a strong point with anybody in the seventeenth century, he makes even wilder work than usual with the names, both of persons and places. At Langholm, my Lord Maxfield's (*sic*) steward bestowed ale and aquavitæ on the travellers, and they stay for the night 'in a poor thatched house, the wall of it being one course of stones, another of sods of earth; it had a door of wicker rods, and the spider webs hung over our heads as thick as might be in our bed.' They might perhaps have grumbled less at the accommodation had they not been kept awake all night from fear of the 'outlaws' who were reported to be in the town, showing that the state of the Borders was still not so settled as it might have been. On the 7th November, Selkirk was reached, on the way to which they observed that all

the churches were 'poor thatched, and on some of them the doors sodded up with no windows in.' The church at Selkirk, however, is described as 'very pretty,' being cruciform, with four pyramidal turrets at the corners. On the outside are the jongs, or jogges, as our author calls them, 'which is for such as offend, but especially women brawlers, their head being put through it, and another iron in their mouth, so abiding foaming till such time as the bailiffs please to dismiss them, it being in the time of divine service;' in the church itself, it is stated, that as throughout Scotland, when the parson is saying prayers the people 'use a humming kind of lamentation for their sins.' The Selkirk inhabitants (or should we say 'souters?') do not impress the travellers favourably; they are a drunken kind of people, we are told, and 'we had a choking smoky chamber of drunken, unruly company thrust in upon us, called for wine and ale and left it on our score.' But the narrative bears additional testimony to the statement by Mr. Hume Brown, in his introduction to 'Scotland before 1700,' that in the seventeenth century the peasantry of Scotland enjoyed a degree of comfort unknown to the same class in France. 'They have good victuals throughout the kingdom, unless it be towards the south-west, but cannot dress it well.'

The next stopping-place was at Sir James Pringle's, near Galashiels. Here we have an interesting account of the hospitality they received, which gives a good idea of the manner in which a country gentleman of the period lived. Dinner and supper were brought in by the servants with their hats on, a custom which is corroborated by Fynes Moryson, who, writing in 1598, says that, being at a knight's house who had many servants to attend him, they brought in the meat with their heads covered with blue caps. After washing their hands in a basin they sat down to dinner, and Sir James said grace: the viands seem to have been plentiful and excellent, 'big pottage, long kale, bowe or white kale, which is cabbage, "breoh sopps," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison pie in form of an egg, goose,' then they had cheese cut and uncut and apples. But the close of the feast was the most curious thing about it. The table cloth was removed,

and on it was put a 'towel the whole breadth of the table, and half the length of it, a basin and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, then a little long lawn serviter, plaited up a shilling or little more broad laid cross over the corner of the table, and a glass of hot water set down also on the table, then be there three boys to say grace, the 1st, the Thanksgiving; the 2nd, the Paternoster, the 3rd, a prayer for a blessing to God's Church. The good-man of the house, his parents, kinsfolk, and the whole company they then do drink hot waters, so at supper, then to bed, the collation which [is] a stoupe of ale.' The whole account it must be said, is not very intelligible, and it must have been a somewhat formidable prelude to the post prandial toddy.

On leaving Galashiels, the route was taken by Heriot and Fala hill, Arniston and Dalhousie being both observed on the way. Passing through Lasswade and Liberton, they arrived at Edinburgh on the 9th of November. They lodged at a Mrs. Russell's, in Bell Wynd, which was a close leading from the High Street to the Cowgate, about half-way between St. Giles and the Tron. Having travelled from Carlisle within five days, which was fairly expeditious considering the time of year and the elementary condition of roads at that period, our travellers rested themselves on the evening of their arrival, but next morning they were ready to sally out on their round of sight-seeing like the ordinary tourist of to-day. It is probable, however, that they started at an earlier hour than that at which the modern disciple of Murray and Baedeker leaves his hotel in Princes Street. At four o'clock in the morning 'goeth a drum about the town.' The Court of Session, we know, sat at 8 A.M., so that people must have been fairly afoot for the day at a very early hour.

The value of the narrative under consideration is the minute, and so far as his knowledge went, accurate description of whatever particularly interested the author, though many matters which other writers mention he passes over in silence, or indeed in a very casual manner. But by comparing his account with that of Sir William Brereton, who visited Edinburgh some seven years later, and those of other travellers

which Mr. Hume Brown has edited, we are enabled on the whole to get a very fair idea of the town in the first half of the seventeenth century. As to the inhabitants, Mr. Lowther merely remarks that the gentlemen are courteous and affable, but hosts and the country clowns are 'careless and unconscionable' in their usage to strangers. Brereton is not so complimentary; he describes them as 'most sluttish, nasty and slothful people,' and there does indeed seem to be a general consensus of opinion that their habits were not over nice, 'only the nobles and better sort of them brave well-bred men and much reformed.' He also notices the costumes which struck the eye of a stranger: 'women (especially of the meaner sort) chiefly wear plaids over their heads, and which would reach almost to the ground, but that they pluck them up and wear them cast under their arms. Some ancient women and citizens wear satin straight-bodied gowns, short little coats with great capes, and a broad *bonne-grace* coming over their brows, and going out with a corner behind their heads, and this *bonne-grace* is, as it were, lined with a white stracht cambric suitable unto it. Young maids not married all are bare-headed; some with broad thin shag ruffs which lie flat to their shoulders, and others with half bands with wide necks either much stiffened or set in wire, which comes only behind,' showing that the Queen Mary collar was not altogether out of fashion. The custom of women wearing plaids did not commend itself to some persons, as it tended to conceal all evidence of the social status of the wearer. William Lithgow, writing in doggerel in 1628, terms it a 'shamles costume,' and proceeds to rail against it by asking—

'Should Woemen walke lyke Sprits? Should Woemen weare
Their Winding-sheets alyve, wrapt up I sweare
From head to foote in Plads: lyke Zembrian Ghostes
Which haunt in Groaves, and Shades,—like Fayry Hostes.

For in a word there's none, 'twixt both can judge
In show, the Matrone, from the Common Drudge.'

The street on which our travellers emerged from the evil smelling alley in which their lodging was situated must have presented an interesting and striking appearance on that

November morning. All travellers unite in testifying to the handsome appearance of this 'faire and spacious streete,' though Fynes Moryson objects to the projecting wooden galleries which were built upon the second stories of the houses, and Brereton alludes to the same blot, saying that it would be the most stately and graceful street possible were it not for a facing of boards which the houses have towards the street which did 'much blemish it and derogate from [its] glory and beauty. This lining of boards (wherein are round holes shaped to the proportion of men's heads) and this encroachment into the street about two yards is a mighty disgrace unto it, for the walls (which were the outside) are stone; so, as if this outside facing of boards were removed, and the houses built uniform, all of the same height, it were the most complete street in Christendom.' Notwithstanding these criticisms, it may be doubted whether these quaint wooden erections did not really tend to make the street more picturesque than it would otherwise have been, and we may be sure that the very irregularity of the houses gave much more character to it than would have been the case had the houses been built of one uniform height. The roadway was roughly paved with boulder stones, and formed a dry enough passage, though it was so rough as not to be ridden on without danger. So sensible of this were the authorities that, although in 1625, Parliament, in its wisdom, ordered that no Lords of Session should repair to the Court-house unless accompanied by their ordinary household servants, and that they should come, 'in a seemlie manner,' on horseback, with a foot cloth, yet the order was almost immediately cancelled since it was found that most of the Judges lived in narrow closes, 'where there is not a convenient passage for horse and the calsay so dangerous to be ridden upon.' Gutters ran on each side of the street, and had enough to do to carry off the quantity of filth which was thrown into them. The street itself was filled with a stirring, eager and excitable crowd of people of all sorts and conditions: Highland porters with dripping 'stoups' quarrelled and scolded round the wells, for every drop of water had to be carried into the houses. The people

were so lazy, we are told by one writer, that they did not get fresh water every day, but only every second day, which made it—as at its best it was not good—very bad to drink. Here might be seen a nobleman and his retinue in proud array and armed to the teeth, ready to resent any insult, real or fancied, which might be offered to their dignity; there a dainty page with his master's cognizance blazoned on his sleeve, carries a letter probably addressed to some fair damsel in the neighbouring Canongate; out of that 'close mouth' comes a Senator of that College of Justice, which had been founded not quite a century before, clad in his purple robes (which were always worn on the street), and gravely taking his way to the Court of Session; here and there a soldier from the Castle swaggers by with clanking sword, and hand on hip, attracting perchance a stray glance of admiration from some bare-footed servant lass, while all around, though the rattle of carts and carriages, which is so distinguishing a feature in our modern city life, is absent, a thousand noises rend the air. The ring of the armourer's hammer, the click of looms, the clang of St. Giles' bell, the thousand and one cries which proceed both from the peripatetic vendors of wares and from the more substantial burgesses as they walk up and down in front of their booths endeavouring to persuade the passers-by to make trial of their stock, all form a scene which testifies to the life and vigour of an ancient and prosperous burgh.

It was a scene something like this, then, that met the eyes of Mr. Lowther and his companions as they started that morning in 1629 to view the city. Proceeding up the High Street, they passed St. Giles, the 'krames' of various merchants nestling among its buttresses, in one of which, not so long ago, the great court goldsmith, genial George Heriot, carried on business, (his 'Hospital' without the walls, is mentioned, but can only have been in the course of erection at this time.) They were, let us hope, spared the infliction of seeing that dreadful piece of municipal vandalism, the Luckenbooths, which the fathers of the city built in the middle of the street; at least, the erection in its hideous entirety was not there, though part of it may have been. Past the grim old Tolbooth, its gables

not unlikely crowned with an array of human heads, up the steep street, passing on the way many fine residences of the Scottish aristocracy, some of which were then but newly built, with projecting gables and beautifully carved timbers. Arriving at the gates of the Castle, the party are obliged to submit to the rules of the fortress and give their swords to the porter till their return. It is described in a phrase which Mr. Louis Stevenson might use: 'Mounted on stately rocks, having the whole town of Edinburgh, Leith, and the sea, *in its eye*.' Its size was not impressive, 'being no bigger than Appleby Castle,' but its sights were duly admired—the hewn-stone well, thirty fathoms deep, probably the one poisoned by the English in 1572, from which the water was drawn up by a wheel 'which one goeth in,' apparently a species of treadmill; Mons Meg, then as now one of the great objects of curiosity to tourists, and about which we are told a very seventeenth century story, which appears to have formed part of the stock-in-trade of the guide of the period, as we find it related by several other travellers; and the little wooden watch-houses, rickety enough affairs, as Brereton tells us that one with a soldier in it was taken by a whirlwind and thrown over the Castle wall, 'and to the bottom of this high and steep rock, and the man not hurt or bruised, save only his finger put out of joint.'

From the Castle the party proceeded to the Law Courts, and it is in the description of these that the chief interest of Lowther's narrative centres. They appear to have possessed much interest for him, and he not only gives a very full verbal description of them, but draws a careful plan of the hall in which they were held. At the time of its institution by James V., the Court of Session is said to have sat in the Old Tolbooth, then of somewhat larger size than it was in 1629. The accommodation, however, never good, became ere long so scandalously bad that Queen Mary, in 1561, addressed a letter to the Provost and Magistrates charging them to take down the Tolbooth as speedily as possible, and to provide fit accommodation for the Courts. The Town Council, not unnaturally, were rather taken aback by this demand, for they did

not see why the city should be obliged to build a Court House for the Lords of Session. But, after much grumbling, and being threatened with the entire removal of the Courts to St. Andrews if they did not do what was required of them, they continued by dint of forced taxation, borrowing money, and pulling down for the sake of the building material part of the Old Tolbooth, and the whole of an old chapel in the churchyard, to the north of St. Giles', to erect a building called the New Tolbooth, a little to the north of the old one, and actually attached to the west wall of St. Giles' Church. It was here that the meetings of the Scottish Parliament were held until the erection of the new Parliament Hall in 1639, and the Court of Session also sat in it, the former occupying the 'Laigh Hall,' and the latter the upper story of the building. Wilson, in his 'Memorials,' says that the Laigh Hall was a large and handsome room with a fine plaster ceiling, with the rich pendants which were so characteristic of the decoration of the period. The walls were panelled in oak, and were not improbably filled with a series of portraits, one of which, supposed to be that of Mary of Guise, has fortunately been preserved.

The upper hall was, as has been said, devoted to the Courts of Justice, and we are able to make out pretty clearly the general outline of its arrangements from the plan which Mr. Lowther has most fortunately embodied in his account. On going up the stair the visitor found himself in an apartment occupying about a third of the whole hall, and separated from it by a wainscot partition; immediately to the right of the entrance and forming a sub-division of the apartment was the Commissary Court, which was in a small room by itself, the rest of the area being left as an unoccupied space where litigants, counsel, and agents could consult and perambulate. Passing through the wainscot partition alluded to above, you entered what seems to have been a kind of waiting-room for those connected with the cases in progress; to the left there was a set of benches raised in tiers for the accommodation of the public, who could enter them from the first hall. They were situated at right angles to the wainscot partition, and had

a barrier in front of them, probably spiked, to prevent access to the body of the Court. Immediately in front of this was a long high-backed form 'for lawyers and expectants'; in front of this again was the bar, with two openings in it, one for the entrance of judges, and the other apparently for a point of division between the parties in the case: at least we are told that 'on either side of it the advocates, defendant and pursuant plead.' This does not mean that one party in the case occupied a position inside the bar, and the other outside, but that they pled, one on the right hand and the other on the left hand of the door. Within the bar was a table, where the Registrars of Court sat, and beyond two staged seats, the lower of which was occupied by the Clerks and other officials, and the upper by the single Judge whose duty it was to preside in this, the 'Outer House,' the Inner House Judges taking this duty in rotation. It is not quite clear from the plan whether there was a screen immediately to the side of the Bench next the wainscot partition first mentioned; it is to be hoped there was, for the space between it and the wainscot partition is marked as 'a place for the idle advocates to chat and walk in': and it is not to be supposed that the junior Bar of those days were not gifted with just as much loquacity and fondness for gossip as characterise their successors in the Parliament House of to-day. If this was the case it must be confessed that the Outer House cannot have been a model of silence and decorum; and, indeed, if we are to believe another account, it was not. 'In this Court,' says Brereton, referring to the Outer House, 'I observed the greatest rudeness, disorder, and confusion that ever I saw in any Court of Justice; no, not the like disorder in any of our Sessions, for here two or three plead and speak together, and that with such a forced and strained voice, as the strongest voice only carries it: yea, sometimes they speak about two or three several causes at one and the same time, which makes an extraordinary disorder and confusion, so as no man breathing can hear distinctly or understand anything so promiscuously spoken.' This of course must be somewhat exaggerated, but after making every allowance for the pre-

judices of an Englishman, and his wish to tell a graphic story, there can be no doubt that the Outer House was but a noisy place, and must have contrasted unfavourably with the more dignified Courts of the Southern Kingdom. Habit however is everything, and this practice of conducting business in the middle of a hubbub and turmoil was continued in quite as great a degree down to our own times: for all through the first quarter of this century, and even later, the Outer House Judges sat in these recesses in the Parliament House, which are now filled with statuary, and the pleadings at their bars were conducted in the middle of a surging crowd of counsel, agents, litigants, and witnesses, conversing, arguing, scolding, and laughing, with all available lung power. Before we leave the Outer House an extraordinary custom may be mentioned. It is not alluded to in Lowther's narrative, though it probably obtained in his day; but a young law student of 1684, John Erskine of Carnock, whose Journal has recently been published by the Scottish History Society, under the editorship of Mr. Walter MacLeod, tells us, under date 29th March, that 'this being the last day of the Session, there was a party of the Town Guard (by whose order I know not) sent to the Parliament House to hinder the advocates' men, writers, and others, to break down the bench and bars in the Outer House as their custom had been formerly: but the new custom of bringing soldiers to keep the house in order was so far from keeping them back or restraining their wonted folly, that it animated the young men to be much more unruly than at other times,' and then follows an account of a fray describing how Lord Pitmedden (Sir Alexander Seton) came out and commanded the soldiers to go away, and when one of the latter seized him by the cravat or collar, how 'the lads' were so furious that they took their sticks—always a weapon very handy to an Edinburgh youth—charged the soldiers, and in the twinkling of an eye swept them triumphantly out of the Court. If this curious custom was so well established and had risen to so great a height as to attract the notice of the authorities in 1684, it was in all probability in existence in 1629, but

as our visitor was in Edinburgh at the beginning, and not the end of the Session, he did not see nor perhaps hear of it.

But to return to the Courts themselves: beyond the Outer House was a wall, the boundary of the Inner House, which occupied the last third of the hall: this third was again divided in half by a wall across its length. The space to the right was empty, save for a small room off it, which might be used for consultations, and which contained writing material. Going through the door in the partition wall the sacred precincts of the Court itself were reached, where the 'auld fifteen' sat in all their gravity and glory. There was here no accommodation for the vulgar crowd: a bar stretched across the apartment with a door in the centre, on either hand of which, as in the Outer House, the parties pleaded. At the back of the Court House was a large table at which the clerks had their places, and *in front of* this table the Judges sat, 'my Lord Chancellor in the midst' in a black gown, the Lord President on his right, in a purple gown faced with red velvet, and the rest of the Lords according to seniority, the Lord Advocate sitting in a corner by himself facing the Bench. There was a fine chimney-piece of plaster work at the side, and the law books which their Lordships might require, delightfully few in number, were ranged in the embrasures of the windows behind the table.

Having given us these details about the appearance of the Courts, the narrator proceeds to enlighten us as to their mode of conducting business, and his story is succinct and fairly clear, considering it is written with a sublime disregard of punctuation. The Inner House was not characterized by that noise which prevailed in the Outer House; on the contrary, it is described as 'very orderly.' The Judges seem to have gone into Court in the morning before any one else, and probably held any necessary consultations with each other. 'When they are all sat the door is shut and none but themselves there, they will ring a bell (and then openeth the Maser the door) when they have any business, and the Maser as they bid him will call the parties and their advocates whom they would have which go in thereupon with their cause; at which time

the Maser will suffer any stranger to go in and hear the cause pleaded upon acquaintance.' Then follows a description of the hearing of a case which, with all desire to credit the narrator, we do not believe he ever saw, though in all probability, the city guide of the period, or some wicked friend with his tongue in his cheek, were originally responsible for the statement. We are gravely informed that 'the advocates and their clients stand each on either side of the door through the bar, at the bar, and the advocates plead in Scotch before them, and in the time of their pleading their clients will put a double piece or more, with an ordinary fee with the poorest and will say to their advocates "thumb it, thumb it," *and then will the advocates plead accordingly as they feel it weigh.*' People were not very delicate in those days in the manner in which they either received or offered money, but it would have raised a blush, we think, even on the cheek of a seventeenth century advocate, to be feed in such a manner as this. The touch about modifying their pleading according to the thickness of the coin is quite delightful, and the retailer of the story to the travellers must have chuckled when he saw it swallowed with ready credence. But the whole appearance of the parties at the bar must have been but short in these days of written pleadings. 'Their pleading,' it is said, 'is but a kind of motion . . . after which they are all dismissed, the door shut, and then it is voted among the Judges and according to the number of the votes it is carried and then the Chancellor if present, if not, the President and if not he in order the next, giveth sentence accordingly, it still remaining hidden to the parties the carriage of the matter.'

The method of admission to the bar is next dealt with, and we are informed that most of the advocates had travelled and studied on the Continent, which, no doubt, was quite true, as it was in keeping with the custom of the day; and, besides, there was no other way of getting an insight into the civil law but by studying it abroad,—England entirely neglecting it, as she ever had done. Before being finally admitted as an advocate, the candidate had to 'dispute a question' before a Judge, probably on one of the Pandects of Justinian, a custom

the shadow of which has come down to our own day: it is almost needless to add that the disputation would be in Latin, but that could not be such a terror for candidates as might be imagined, as the language was taught in the schools to be used almost colloquially. The Courts of Law have always had a reputation for being a home of good stories, and our travellers picked up two in the New Tolbooth which are duly recorded. They were probably not very new then, and, undoubtedly, they are very venerable 'chesnuts' now. They lose their force by not being given in the vernacular, but Mr. Lowther was not equal to that. The first suggests the subsequent description of Cromwell's Judges as 'a wheen kinless loons,' and is given as follows:—'One being to be made Judge of the Session not long ago, he being on his oath not to be partial, he excepted to his friends and allies;' and there is another not unknown one:—'A borderer on a jury gave amongst his fellows wittingly a false verdict, and being asked why he did it, said "It is better to trust God with one's soul, than their neighbour with their geere."'

But we must not 'linger longer' over the Courts of Law: it may be seen from the above summary that Lowther's account of them and their frequenters is minute, interesting, and if not accurate in every respect, is, at all events, suggestive. Nothing that he saw in Edinburgh apparently attracted his attention so much, though this may have been because he was able to get more information from his friends on this subject than on others. On leaving the Courts, the party walked down the High Street and Canongate to Holyrood, which is said to be 'a very stately piece of work uniform,' (a description which we can hardly conceive as applying to the irregular pile of buildings which Holyrood consisted of at that period), 'and a dainty neat chapel in it, with a pair of organs in it, and none else in the city they being puritans.' The tombstones on the wall of Greyfriars churchyard are mentioned, and their absence from the interior of the church itself commented on.

There is an interesting notice of the University of Edinburgh, then quite in its infancy, having been founded by King James in 1582. It was a quaint and picturesque, though rather

mean collection of buildings, and had not yet attained to any great teaching powers. It was governed, according to Mr. Lowther's information, 'by a primate and other sub-regents to read to the several years which follow here in order, there be five classes or seats in it, 1st of Humanity, the 2nd of Greek, 3rd of Logic, the fourth of Natural Philosophy, the 5th of Mathematics and Arist de cals (Aristotle's De Cælo). The first year of students be called scholars, the 2nd semlbijani, the 4th bachelors, the next degree Laureates or Masters of Arts, and no further, tutors they call pedagogues.' It is curious that no vestige of these names with the exception of Masters of Arts, a term common to all British Universities, have survived in the University of Edinburgh. The names indeed were more characteristic than Lowther makes out; 'bejans' (bec-jaunes, yellow beaks or callow birds) was the name usually given in Scottish Universities to the 'freshmen,' in the second year, as the writer says, they were only semi-bejans, in the third year they might take the lower degree of bachelor (*bas chevalier*), so obtained that name during the session as a kind of brevet rank: the fourth year students who were completing their full course were more often called magistrands than anything else. It is interesting to note that the number of students attending the University at his time was about 300. Lowther probably gives this number on the authority of John Adamson the Principal, or, as he calls him, the Primate, who entertained our travellers one Thursday night at supper and 'made much' of them. Adamson was rather a remarkable man in his day. In 1598 we find him mentioned as Regent of Philosophy, and he afterwards became the minister of North Berwick, where he quarrelled with Sir John Home, who, losing his temper with the clergyman, struck him one Sunday, and then to prevent the consequences of a clerical investigation into the scandal contrived to have him removed to the parish of Liberton. In 1617 he was leader of the College Regents who disputed before the Royal pedant James VI. at Stirling, and he further attracted the notice of the King by collecting and editing in the following year all the orations and Latin and Greek verses with which the Sovereign had been greeted at various places

during his visit to Scotland, a performance which he repeated when Charles I. was in the country in 1633, on which occasion he had the honour of superintending the pageants got up to welcome the King. He held the office of Principal from 1623 to 1651, and is now chiefly remembered as having bequeathed to the University the skull of George Buchanan, a possession which it still retains. Lowther states that the Principal was a strict if not a stern disciplinarian, much to the disgust apparently of the students, as is instanced by a little story which will however not bear repetition here. We catch an interesting personal reminiscence of the man in being told that 'he hath a little dog following him and two fair daughters.'

Our author seems to have gone about Edinburgh with his eyes and his ears open, and to have lost no opportunity of gathering information, but his notices of other matters are short and scanty compared with those to which we have already alluded. The understanding heart, too, did not always accompany the open ear. In his account of the civic government, for instance, he says 'there is an officer they call the Danegeld which disburseth money for the town before the bailiffs, they call him lord.' Misled by the vernacular accent, he is obviously endeavouring to explain the office and functions of that municipal dignitary known as Lord Dean of Guild, and for 'bailiffs,' as is evident from another passage where they are mentioned in conjunction with the Provost and Councilors, we should read 'bailies.'

One picturesque pageant in the life of old Edinburgh, which happily still survives, the travellers had an opportunity of witnessing, viz., a Royal Proclamation from the Cross. The subject of it was very typical of the times: 'On the 10th of November, being Tuesday, at twelve of the clock, see we three heralds standing on the public Cross, which is in the form of a turret, but not gargetted, and a wood beam standing up in the middle, the unicorn crowned on the top of it, there is a door up into it. These three heralds, one after the other, did proclaim an edict concerning the Papists of Scotland, reciting them by their names, which get if possible; both before and after they proclaimed, these trumpeters sounded, and so still they do if

it be from the King or his Council but if some common proclamation not so in state. On this cross be all noblemen hanged and headed, as about nine years since, 1619, or thereabouts, the Earl of Orkney headed, his son hanged and others, for the keeping of a castle against the King, being treason; on this Cross be citations read, denunciations and hornings denounced.' With regard to this not too lucid description, it may be remarked that the Cross of 1629 was not altogether the original Cross of Edinburgh. That had been taken down in 1617 and rebuilt, the old shaft, however, being preserved; this cross, in its turn, was destroyed by an act of civic vandalism in 1756, but the shaft, after many travels, was again used in the reconstruction of the edifice, on a different though neighbouring site, a few years ago. It had witnessed many scenes in Edinburgh life; many executions took place under its shadow, and they were not confined, as the text would lead us to suppose, to noblemen. All sorts and conditions of men here suffered the penalties of the law; the Earl of Orkney above mentioned was Patrick Stewart, who kept great state in his northern island home, and had been in actual rebellion against the King. He was brought to Edinburgh, tried on a charge of treason, and beheaded in 1614. Amongst persons of a humbler degree who paid the penalty of their misdeeds at the Cross may be mentioned the Highland cateran Gilderoy, who was executed in 1636. It was also the scene of the infliction of those minor punishments which were characteristic of the time. Writing in 1652, Nicoll tells us that 'twa Englishes for drinking the King's health were taken and bund at Edinburgh Croce, quhair either of thame resavit thretty-nine quhipes on thair nacked bakes and shoulderis; thairafter their lugs were naillit to the gallows. The ane had his lug cuttit from the ruitt with a razor, the other being also naillit to the gibbet had his mouth skobit (gagged) and his tong being drawn out its full length was bound together betwix twa stiks hard togidder with ane skainzie-thrid for the space of half ane hour thereby.'

Not only does Mr. Lowther chronicle the sights he saw, but he gives a vocabulary of the strange words he heard, which is both interesting and amusing, though it must be confessed

that his ears not unfrequently deceived him. We learn that 'my dowe,' meaning doo, or dove, was then as now used as a common term of endearment, but the writer seems to have thought it was confined exclusively to a wife, which it was not. We note many homely Scottish words still familiar to us, 'gigot,' 'scriver,' 'blithe,' 'sib,' 'clans,' and several more are to be met with every day: we can even make a good guess at what is meant by 'mores,' which is translated 'hills,' 'locky,' an old woman (lucky), 'excamen, exchange,' (excambion), 'lumant, a chimney,' (lum or lum head), 'diswynes, breakfast,' (dejeuner or disjeune as it was more commonly called in Scotland), 'penyells,' in the sense of 'curtains,' might possibly be meant for 'penkle,' which Jamieson gave as a Perthshire word for a rag, but there are many puzzlers, such as 'chaull, a candlestick,' 'creen, rabbit,' 'sile min, bedtester,' 'a coase or leed garran, a kitte,' and several others, the entirely phonetic spelling which is used probably obscuring what otherwise might be intelligible enough.

Our travellers' excursion extended as far north as Perth, but our limits prohibit us from following their adventures in detail. It is sufficient to say that they went to Dowhill, then an inhabited castle, now a picturesque ruin on the estate of Blairadam, and stayed with the Lindsay who was laird thereof; thence they went to Kinross, passing a place which is chronicled as Geaney Priggle, under which curious guise it is somewhat difficult to identify Gairney Bridge. In Lochleven are said to be fish of various kinds—pike, many as big as a man, eels, perches, 'gelletoughes,' char, 'camdowes.' The latter are described as 'a kind of trout which have not scales,' and are also mentioned by Jamieson as 'camdui,' a Lochleven fish. As to 'gelletough,' we are told it 'is the high char, syssinge the she,' which perplexing statement we must leave to the consideration of ichthyologists. Passing the 'pretty little house' of my Lord of Burleigh, they proceeded by way of the Bridge of Earn to Perth, where they seem to have stayed some days. The route of their return journey is not stated, but on the 2nd of December they re-crossed the Forth with much danger, and again arrived in Edinburgh, where

they spent two days in taking leave of their friends. 'We were offered acquaintance to my Lord Chancellor, my Lord of Underpeter, and others of the nobles, but we weighed more our own pains in going down the street than their countenance,' from which statement we may conclude that the novelty of the place and of their travels was beginning to pall upon Mr. Lowther and his companions. It is unfortunate for us that they would not avail themselves of the proffered introductions, as it would have been interesting to know who 'my Lord of Underpeter' really was.

The account now given to the public by the Historical MS. Commissioners is an important addition to the narratives which travellers have left us of Scotland in the seventeenth century. It is wonderful how it has escaped observation so long, and we can only hope that its appearance may be the indirect means of bringing to light some similar documents which may be still slumbering among the dust of family archives.

J. BALFOUR PAUL.

ART. II.—MR. RUSKIN AS A PRACTICAL TEACHER.

THE impractical nature of some of Mr. Ruskin's teachings, especially in Political Economy, his startling assertions and vigorous protests against received opinions, and his apparently eccentric criticisms have, in times past, been often the cause of regret to his friends and the subject of severe animadversion of his opponents. Some have even provoked ridicule and supercilious banter. It is therefore a pleasant surprise to find in the recently published book of Mr. W. G. Collingwood, on the Work and Life of John Ruskin, that there was a remarkable amount of good sense and practical wisdom in the subject of this biography. It is a work carefully and cautiously prepared by one whose chief claim to our attention, apart from his intimacy with the man whose life and work he so aptly records, is the transparent honesty and fairness in

the estimate it forms of both. It was well that some one should undertake to clear Mr. Ruskin's memory of the charge of utter impracticability, and scoffers and unbelievers will be astonished to see here how much can be said in favour of Mr. Ruskin's practical good sense. Readers of this *Review* will be, moreover, specially pleased to discover that this is entirely attributed to his Scottish descent and Scottish acquaintances. As one is occasionally surprised and pleased to find an Irishman of one's own acquaintance—and we have known such—preternaturally calm, cool, and collected, and able to possess his soul in patience, and straightway puts it down to the fact that Scottish blood runs in his veins, so in the case of Mr. Ruskin what there is of practical common sense in his teaching on art and the art of life, both in practice and precept, is naturally attributed to his Scottish origin and breed, and the Scots who influenced his modes of thought and feeling, such as Sir Walter, Lord Lindsay, Principal Forbes, but most of all Carlyle. Mr. Collingwood informs us even that Scotchmen such as Hogg, Pringle, and Lockhart, were among the first to discover the genius of Ruskin. But lest readers of this paper should be, as Scotchmen, puffed up above measure, we could add the testimony of an Englishwoman who knew Ruskin intimately, Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, speaks in her personal reminiscences of Ruskin's 'conscience and common sense wrapped up and hidden among the flowers.' With the flowers of his poetical mind all men are acquainted, and their sweet odour is readily acknowledged even by his opponents; that Ruskin's conscience had a keen edge and was delicately formed to discern good and evil when others more obtuse morally could see little or no distinction in ethical niceties was never doubted by any one who had read say a dozen pages of his voluminous works. But that there was a practical mind which could with all sobriety of judgment address itself to the bare facts of life is a new revelation to not a few. When more than ten years ago, the present writer, as the founder and first President of a Ruskin Society in a northern town, was called upon to select a subject for his inaugural address, he felt it necessary to select for his theme,

'Ruskin as a practical teacher.' For addressing, as he did, an audience of enquirers into, rather than students of, Ruskin's methods of teaching, he felt that to remove prejudices on this head was his first duty. Since then, with more knowledge of his writings and progress in culture generally, such prejudices have been partially removed, and readers of Mr. Ruskin's books now come to them with minds better prepared and more favourably predisposed, so as to read them with more sympathetic insight and intelligence. Hence we find both from the information contained in that lately published biography, and from other sources, that these books are more widely read than ever, and that they actually furnish at the present time the chief source of income to their gifted author. This may be a sordid fact to record, but of very practical significance in the present day. And practical people may learn a lesson, too, from this. Here is Mr. Ruskin, who starts in life with a colossal fortune (of some £150,000 or £200,000) and we see him in his impractical way lavishing thousands in founding masterpieces of drawing, and collections to illustrate their teaching; in founding guilds for impractical objects, but on high moral grounds, and spending what remains, in large sums, for objects of private and public benevolence, until he is nearly left penniless; and lo! and behold! the books he writes in the face of opposition of all the commonsense, practical people, are now practically a source of wealth to compensate the writer for his noble unselfishness—the lesson is this, that of lucre as well as of life, it is true sometimes that he who loses shall find it, and here, too, wisdom is justified by her children. Of Mr. Ruskin as a man, little need be said here by way of introduction to his practical teaching. We may content ourselves with the modest estimate he gives of himself: 'Not an unjust person, nor an unkind one, not a false one; but a lover of order, labour and peace.' By many he has been regarded at times in the light of an intellectual despot and literary usurper, but mainly because he was misunderstood. The consciousness of having an important mission entrusted to him, to teach new or neglected truths to a generation unwilling to give heed to them, may have induced Mr. Ruskin to speak with an air of

authority, bearing a strong resemblance to positive self-assertion. But a careful perusal of his re-published works, and a close attention to the numerous footnotes, where he becomes his own commentator and critic, will soon acquit him of the charge of proud self-sufficiency, for they are full of self-depreciatory remarks on his own productions. And no one, in such a man, can doubt the genuineness of these expressions of humility and self-accusation. Unlike some of his affected followers, Ruskin is perfectly free from the 'consummate' pharisaism and self-idolizing aestheticism which are characteristic rather of the minor prophets of culture, sitting like the foolish soul in Tennyson's Palace of Art, on her intellectual throne, and saying (we cannot believe that Tennyson here refers to Goethe, though Professor Seeley thinks so):—

' I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal, rich and wide,
Be flattered to the height.'

He wished his followers, his biographer informs us, should live their lives to the full in 'admiration, hope, and love,' and in his address before the Cambridge School of Art, in 1858, Mr. Ruskin himself says to his audience: 'There is no way of getting good art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to *enjoy* it.' He shows that 'if the artist works without delight, he passes away into space, and perishes of cold; if he works *only for delight*, he falls into the sun, and extinguishes himself in ashes.' In other words, enjoyment there must be, but mere indulgence in artistic or aesthetic pleasure is of the evil; intellectual luxury may become a snare and a selfish hoarding of art treasures for private enjoyment, like every other form of selfishness, not to be encouraged; in short, artistic or literary epicureanism, Mr. Ruskin does not preach, or practice. He would have all the achievements of the mind, whether in literature or in art, serve a *practical* purpose. 'Thus end all the evils of life, only in death; and thus issue all the gifts of man, only in his dishonour, when they are pursued, or possessed in the service of pleasure only.'

Those who would have a competent knowledge of Mr.

Ruskin's theory of art, and its relation to the art of life, should read in the first instance the 'Lectures on Art' delivered before the University of Oxford. Here, as Mr. Collingwood reminds his readers, 'we must look for that matured Ruskinian theory of art which his early works do not reach, and which his writings between 1860 and 1870 do not touch.' Though the Oxford lectures are only a fragment of what he ought to have done, they should be sufficient to a careful reader; though their expression is sometimes obscured by diffuse treatment, they contain the root of the matter thought out for fifteen years, since the close of the more brilliant but less profound period of 'Modern Painters.'

But before we proceed to examine that section of the lectures which bears on our present subject, it may be as well to say a word or two on those impracticalities in Ruskin's teaching which it were vain to ignore, so as to clear the way for the unprejudiced consideration of the main argument. We remember how, some years ago, when conversing with the Rev. J. Ll. Davies on the economic theories of Ruskin, and the importance attached here to ethics, our interlocutor, by a shake of the head, gave us to understand he could not agree, and said, his only response, 'he is so very impracticable.' Less calm and cautious thinkers, and some less competent to pronounce judgment on the question, will be apt to be even more severe in their criticism on Mr. Ruskin's economic theories. As a matter of fact, Thackeray, as editor of the *Cornhill*, had to stop the publication of the essays which were afterwards republished under the title *Unto this Last*, because the public were incensed against the author of those strange definitions and descriptions of value and wealth, and the implied or expressed severe criticism on the prevailing modes of industry which they contained. That wealth is 'the possession of the valuable by the valiant,' put into big capitals; that to be 'valuable' is to 'avail towards life,' 'money gain being only the shadow of the true gain, which is humanity,' and such expressions as 'There is no wealth but life,'—this seemed at that time the ravings of a lunatic. When he described in *Time and Tide* competition 'as a confused wreck of

social order and life,' and suggested in these 'Letters to a working man of Sunderland on work' 'the necessity of some restraint on the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits,' when he speaks here of 'the deadly influence of the moneyed power,' when in his letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then in its infancy, (now republished under the title of *Arrows of the Chace*) defending his own as against the prevailing notions of the Economists, he said 'that wages are determined by supply and demand, is no proof that under any circumstances they *must* be—still less that under all circumstances they *ought* to be,' and that the laws of Political Economy are not those of the 'law of the wolf and the locust,' but the laws of justice, he was like one speaking in an unknown tongue. That much of what he said then in his virtuous indignation at the commonplaces of Economic science, falsely so called, was not always said wisely, that there was want of moderation in the outspoken severity of his criticism, as when in *Modern Painters*, quoted again in *Unto this Last*, he sweepingly asserts that 'Government and Co-operation are in all things the laws of life; Anarchy and Competition the laws of death,' no one can doubt. That his actual proposals for remedying the evils he attacks were far from practical at times must be admitted. All the same, the salient points in his ethical theory of Political Economy are no longer controverted, and his standpoint is now adopted by recognized teachers of the science, in a modified form at least. In the words of his latest exponent:—

'He showed, as others have since shown more calmly and completely, after he broke the ground for them, that the old Economy did not take in the whole facts of the case, as any true science does, and must do . . . he showed that competition, for example, was not a "law," but only a phase of commercial society. If it were a law, properly so-called, it would be universal and inevitable, like the attraction of gravitation; whereas, in many cases it was actually set aside at the will of one man or company of men, for co-operation; and in other cases, he showed, it stopped progress, and the flow of wealth which it was supposed to promote . . . and where the so-called laws of this so-called science were taken as practical rules for life and conduct, and clashed, as they often did, with plain morality, or were made the shield of selfishness . . . then he pressed the conclusion that it was a superannuated creed, no better than a

heathenism in whose name all manner of evils might be speciously justified :—"tantum religio potuit suadere malorum"—in short Ruskin's Economy points to an ideal, it calls a *practical* legislation to accept the principle, "I ought, therefore I can," and to drag the world up to a moral standard : whereas, the Old Economy's influence was the reverse. And in practical issues he was fully cognisant of human infirmities, and of the necessity for gradual evolution to the "moral culture" he speaks of.'

His biographer adds a curious anecdote to show the practicalness of this teaching, (which, however, we must add, Mr. Ruskin full well knew would not be received or acted upon by practical people for many a day,) that when the General of the Salvation Army was working out his social scheme, he told the Rev. H. V. Mills, the first promoter of the Home-Colony plan, that he was entirely ignorant of Political Economy, and asked for a book on the subject. Mills thereupon gave him *Unto this Last*—the *Munera Pulveris* would have been a more valuable gift as a guide to the science. The theories and schemes formulated in *Fors Clavigera* have been more than once called 'utterly impractical.' Mr. Collingwood points out, that what Ruskin suggested as an ideal, was never intended for immediate adoption, and differed from other Utopias in being 'far nearer realization than they.' We may add here, as an illustration of this, that one of his suggestions, the re-introduction of the old guild system, and making it universal, not local, to adopt it to modern needs, is held up as a social panacea at this very moment by practical statesmen in Austria and France, and has been partially attempted in the legislation of the former country. And what could be more practical than to say, as Mr. Ruskin does to the workmen in one of his letters in the *Fors*, 'Your prosperity is in your own hands. Only in a remote degree does it depend on external matters, and, least of all, on forms of government.' There are many sayings, no doubt, which are not so easily reconciled with practical commonsense. His definition, *e.g.*, of the 'civilized nation,' as consisting broadly of mob, money-collecting machine (by which he means the State) and capitalists, his unmeasured terms of contempt, in which he declaims against machinery, the exaggerated glorification of 'hand-labour,' and equally exaggerated dislike of steam 'smoking

kettles,' his sweeping condemnation of 'this age of steam and iron, luxury and selfishness,' and 'the discordant insolence of modernism.' All these must be put down as the excusable vagaries of genius, as the rash though vigorous utterances of a chivalric soul trying his lance in the defence of natural beauty and wholesome simplicity, as a champion of what is noble and true, as against all that is ugly, base and churlish, desecrating nature and degrading humanity. Again, his efforts practically to embody his ideals in the formation, *e.g.*, of the St. George's Guild :—

'A body of persons who think, primarily, that it is time for honest persons to separate themselves intelligibly from knaves, announcing their purpose, if God help them, to live in godliness and honour, not in atheism and rascality ; and who think, secondarily, that the sum which well-disposed persons usually set aside for charitable purposes (named the tenth part of their income) may be most usefully applied in buying land for the nation, and entrusting the cultivation of it to a body of well-taught and well-cared for peasantry.'

His rashness in putting £7000 into the St. George's Company, which we need not say was a bad investment ; his opening a tea-shop in Paddington Street, to be conducted on high commercial principles ; his organization of crossing sweeping between the British Museum and St. Giles's, on ethical principles, and that of bands of undergraduates for digging roads, so as to serve their day and generation by manual labour, and for the benefit of their own moral and mental culture ; in these things he cannot be said to have been eminently practical. They were protests against the false assumptions and inconsistent doings of selfish practical people, whom he perhaps too severely taxed with being given to 'sharp practice.' But in doing all this, he practised what he preached, which is not always true of the modern philanthropist. The principle which guided him is contained in the following passage, illustrating his intention in what may seem to some Quixotic attempts to realize his ideals. It is taken from *Unto this Last*, and distinguishes between true and false wealth, the methods of acquiring and using it when accumulated :—

'Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive

less tyranny, ruinous chicane . . . one man of money is the outcome of ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciaction which has created—another, of action which has annihilated—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by night shade; so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labour, and lying image of prosperity set up on Dura plains dug in seven-times-heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; an army-follower's bunch of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.'

Stripped of its gorgeous array of style, this passage has its practical suggestions, directly and suggestively on the great question, not only of getting, but also of spending the surplus of wealth at any given time or place; in short, on the relation of commerce to art, and the close connection that exists between the ideals of art and an ideal art of life. This more particularly as applying to our own times and country. For there comes a time in the history of every great commercial community, when the mere acquisition of money for its own sake gives way to the tendency of making a rational use of it in surrounding ourselves with objects of art, which, for their due appreciation, require a cultivated mind and refined taste, the results of leisure, liberation of mind from sordid cares, luxurious ease, and new dangers arise from these. This was the case in the rising towns at the close of the mediæval era, and partly in consequence of the discovery of new treasures in hitherto undiscovered countries. Such, again, is the case now, owing to the vast increase of wealth as the result of the discovery of steam and machinery, and numberless mechanical appliances taught by modern science. With it the interest in art and culture has been growing apace. Among the four causes promoting art studies in our own day enumerated by Mr. Ruskin in the '*Lectures on Art*,' there are at least two which affect Great Britain, namely, the frequent intercourse with foreign nations, as a result of maritime greatness, and this facilitates acquaintance with the masterpieces of foreign art; secondly, the impulse given to the production of art treasures

by the rapid accumulation of wealth, as a purchasing power to acquire them. Such, too, was the case with Italian towns of the Renaissance. Both causes operate in the same direction. They make us feel the want of a safe guide to the masterpieces of art, and a guardian to warn us against faults of taste in the encouragement of artists, but the search after the beautiful ends, as it undoubtedly has done in quite recent times, in æsthetic knight-errantry and sensuous degeneracy, a new faction threatening to dominate modern literature as well as modern art, which is apt to regard them as means to 'amuse indolence or satisfy sensibility.' Now this want of the age Mr. Ruskin may be said to supply. This evidently he considers to be his right province, all his works bear testimony to it, unconsciously at first, too consciously since, perhaps, he has made himself the art prophet of his age and nation. As such, it cannot be denied that he combines in his person and doctrine artistic thoroughness with catholicity of taste, having a fine appreciation alike for the lofty idealism and consummate execution peculiar to the 'old masters,' and the truth loving and truth expressing minute realism of the moderns. His lectures on Dutch art, delivered in Edinburgh, are an excellent example of the latter. But what is of still greater importance, he never loses sight of the truth not appreciated by the professed lovers of 'Art for Art's Sake,' that the fine arts are a moral force in society, so that 'the art of any country is an exact exponent of its ethical life,' or as Mr. Ruskin says still more distinctly in the *Crown of Wild Olive*, 'what we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.' In expressions such as these, scattered broadcast over all his writings, we found our argument that he is a practical teacher, showing the real bearing on every day life of every subject in science, art, or economics, on which he expatiates.

Thus in Mr. Ruskin's exposition of the relationship of art to use, morals, and religion, we have an epitome of his theoretical view of the true functions of art in human life, showing its serviceableness in the lower and higher aims of existence, as a means for the attainment of material competency, moral cul-

ture, and a refined religious cultus, with due regard to the intimate connection which subsists between taste and toil, ethics and æsthetics, culture and commonsense. 'The highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being.' And accordingly he goes on to say in the second lecture; 'The great arts . . . have had and can have, but three principal directions of purpose: first, that of enforcing the religion of man; secondly, that of perfecting their ethical state; thirdly, that of doing them material service.'

We may reverse this order, and dwell on the last of them first, so as to see what in Mr. Ruskin's opinion is the practical value of art studies and art productions. It will be remembered that he has given some hard hits to practical people, as when he says, in *Sesame and Lilies*, that 'a nation cannot with impunity . . . go on despising literature, despising science, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on pence.' Here the typical man of practical commonsense is ready to rejoin: 'True, man does not live by bread alone, but all the same he does not live very long without it.' If life simply becomes a graceful recreation, who will do the hard work and collect the pence for purchasing pictures and other art treasures? If Mr. Ruskin's father had not accumulated a fortune in the wine trade, his son could not have enjoyed the learned leisure required for writing *Modern Painters*. Mr. Ruskin would agree so far with the practical man reasoning thus. But he would add, as he says in the *Crown of Wild Olive*:—

'No nation ever made its bread either by its great arts, or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts and manufactures, by its practical knowledges, yes; but its noble scholarships, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold for a livelihood. You do not learn that you may live—you live that you may learn.'

In this work, too, showing the value of education and speaking on England's future, he shows that as all education begins in work, so 'the only thing of consequence is what we do; and for man, woman, or child, the first point of education is to make them do their best.' But this is an eminently practical

view of education; one of its ends, its chief end in effect is practical work, as thoroughness of workmanship is that on which Mr. Ruskin constantly insists in all his lessons on Art, never forgetting, however, the importance of 'fostering and guarding of all gentle life and natural beauty on the earth.' In short, in his own mind there is no violent sundering of those two, the *utile* and the *dulce*. Speaking of their art studies as part of the University curriculum, he says, in his inaugural address to the students of the Cambridge School of Art, 'You must get it (*i.e.* Art) to serve some serious work.' But nevertheless, it is the mission of Art, too, to provide the needful for our moments of leisure, and to add to the charm of cultured ease,—'Art adds grace to utility.' If impractical people are apt to get into raptures over sun-flowers and old china, and are in danger of a transcendental worship of the beautiful which strikes the practical mind as exquisite trifling, the practical man of the nineteenth century is but too apt to think that, as Carlyle says,—we quote from memory the thought rather than the words—there is no other heaven but success, and no other hell but failure, in the ordinary concerns of life. In this practical Utopia the profitable and the hideous are often close neighbours, the dwellers in a fool's paradise, which is only an earthly paradise of their own creation, being as much deceived by their illusions as are the least practical of dreamers. If we can manage to remove the ugly neighbour without going to extremes, there is no reason why in some way Philistia may not be turned into Arcadia. 'To get the country clean and the people lovely' by improvements in dress and dwelling, might, in a very practical way, increase our present stock of 'mental health, power, and pleasure,' and thus add to the 'joys of existence.'

Again, if as a commercial community, we pride ourselves on being matter-of-fact people, we are reminded by Mr. Ruskin, in these art lectures, that it is one of the functions of art to record *fact*, as in the case of drawing rocks, plants, and wings of animals, thus assisting in a serviceable manner the study of Geology, Botany, and Zoology. Now, all these are practical, and may become even profitable studies. In the faithful re-

production, moreover, of the appearances of sky, the phenomena of animal life, and the skilled portraiture of human features, art renders transitory impressions of fact more permanent and records otherwise easily neglected facts in an impressive manner. But, we ask, what can be more practical than facts.

Again, although it would be lowering our ideas of the functions of art simply to endeavour to develop art-skill with a view to profit, yet Mr. Ruskin even shows that a well-trained nation may ultimately profit by the exercise of its peculiar art-skill, though he adds, that art-skill can never be developed 'with a view to profit' successfully, though it may do so incidentally. For this reason he despairs of the English ever excelling in decorative design, because of the oppressive anxieties which cramp their mind as a commercial people. But this is only a question of degree. It is not denied that such skill can be acquired, and that its acquisition tends to profit, and this is pre-eminently a practical consideration.

Passing on from the lower to the higher function of art, from the material to the moral standpoint of Ruskin, as an art critic, we find him saying 'Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality.' But the brutal man is immoral. Hence, it would follow that art is a moralizing force. In what way may it be regarded as a moral lever in a materialistic age? Mr. Ruskin, with other social reformers of the day, speaks again and again of the need of more integrity and simplicity in modern life. He also points to simplicity and sincerity and truth to nature as the first requisites of true art, and recommends them both to artists and art-students. But are simplicity and sincerity the characteristics of an age which begins to take a deeper interest in art, so that the latter becomes actually an important ethical factor in the refining process of society? Art has mostly flourished in the midst of a corrupt society, the product itself of a perishing civilization, reflecting in its later developments a contemporaneous degeneracy in mind and morals. This is simply a historical common-place. Mr. Ruskin replies after this manner:—
Tracing the rise, progress, and decline of high civilizations, he

speaks of a period bearing strong resemblance to the times we live in, when 'conscience and intellect are so highly developed that new forms of error begin in the inability to fulfil the demands of the one, or to answer the doubts of the other.' 'Then,' he says, 'the wholeness of the people is lost; all kinds of hypocrisies and oppositions of science develop themselves; their faith is questioned on one side and compromised with on the other; wealth commonly increases at the same period to a destructive extent; luxury follows; the ruin of the nation is then certain.' He shows how in such a case art becomes the exponent of each successive step in the downward course, not as the *cause*, but as the *consequences* of such a state of things. 'If in such times fair pictures have been misused, how much more fair realities.' And if Miranda is immoral to Caliban is that Miranda's fault?

Ours it would seem is an age in perilous proximity to this stage in the development of civilization. If this be so, then the most powerful preservation of society is the creation and maintenance of lofty standards and high ideals to save it from corruption, affecting alike the canons of art itself, and the regulating principles of the art of life in their mutual action and re-action. The sensuous realism in some forms of modern art is not so much a return to nature as a reflection of a practical materialism. The highest efforts of art, whether in poetry or painting, are a rebuke to, rather than a reflection of, the prevailing utilitarianism or hedonism in ethics and æsthetics. The art of any country is not always 'the exponent of its social and political virtues,' nor is it true, invariably, that 'the art, or general productive and formative energy, of any country, is an exact exponent of its ethical life,' as Mr. Ruskin affirms in his inaugural lecture. For in the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, of Gothic architecture, and Renaissance paintings, we have the higher ideals of the best minds, the heroic efforts of a small remnant of high-souled artists living in a realistic era, and struggling against depressing and degrading influences around them, who, if they could not avert the coming catastrophe, secured at least the survival of what was best in an age of decay. In this way art may preserve the continuity of human

development in holding up the indestructible standards of order and goodness in the world. This moral function of art, appealing to the imagination, stimulating noble passion, and illuminating the path of duty, as a light in a dark place, is one of the most important truths taught by Mr. Ruskin in his works, and exemplified in his private and public career, 'the highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being.' He insists on 'the ethical state of mind and body,' the moral force which guides the hand, the mental energy which gives muscular firmness and subtilty to execution.' So, in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, he shows how 'the truth, decision and temperance, which we reverently regard as honourable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative or derivative influence over the works of the hand, the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect.' Here, again, we are on debateable ground, the question arises, how far can good work proceed from bad men? Is it true as an axiom in the theory of art that the moral temper of the workman is shewn by his seeking lovely forms of thought to express as well as by the force of his hand in expression? 'Thus to select an example from the Art of Poetry, is it possible that such a piece of work as the *Paradise Lost* could have been written by a Royalist contemporary of Milton, tainted though he might have been by the profligate surroundings of his class and party, as some of the best poems of Burns and Byron bear no trace of the feebleness of moral fibre in their composition? Burns and Byron were called the two 'most poetical geniuses of the time' by Carlyle, and no one will accuse Carlyle of obtuseness in moral perception. It is almost impossible at this time of day to decide whether any one but Milton could have written what is best in the *Paradise Lost*. But there can be no doubt that the sincerity and natural sensibility breathing through every line of Burns's lyrics remain unimpaired by the sordid coarseness of the man and his surroundings, while the earnestness and energy which mark the masterpieces of Byron's muse are as little weakened by the egotism of the 'Sulky Dandy,' or marred by the 'sulphurous humour' of this 'Chief of the Satanic School.' True,

in not a few of Byron's poems we see reflected the uncontrollable individualism of the man as well as the force and ferocity of his time. Unconsciously, he reproduces the stirring activities of that era of material progress, and the rapid triumphs of the pushing middle class. But, consciously, he rebels against all this and the social hypocrisies and paltry pride resulting therefrom. Thus Byron, like Burns, becomes a compound of inspired clay. What is best in both, *i.e.*, the inspired portion, the product of their best thoughts, conceived in their best moments—this survives, the rest is destined to perish, unable to bear the crucial test of time, 'when every man's work shall be made manifest.' And so the truth of Mr. Ruskin's dictum on the intimate connection between art and morals remains firmly established. 'If there be, indeed, sterling value in the thing done, it has come of a sterling worth in the soul that did it, however alloyed and defiled by conditions of sin, which are sometimes more appalling and more strange than those which all may detect in their own hearts, because they are part of a personality altogether larger than ours, and as far beyond our judgment in its darkness as beyond our following in its light.'

We come next to speak of the relation of Art to Religion, remembering what Butler says in his Analogy that 'Religion is a practical thing.' The object of Art is not only to support man in the battle of life and in the conflict with adverse forces in the universe, which is the province of the useful arts of life, promoting technical skill and ethics, promoting the habits in moral conduct, but, also, as Mr. Ruskin says again and again, with characteristic insistence, 'Art in its higher revelations is intended to vitalize religious faith and to supply aids for the furthering of the higher life.' This we have reserved for treatment in the last instance, not in the spirit of wayward caprice, but with a purpose; not because in a practical age we assign the first and foremost place to the practical value of Art, but because this arrangement enables us to treat of the three functions of Art in the ascending order of importance, taking the religious aspect last, as presumably the most important, even to practical people. Besides, it is not too much to assume that in the natural evolution of man in the nineteenth century, he passes first through the two stages

of Mammonism and Ethical Materialism before he reaches the higher stage of religious spirituality. We know, as a matter of course, that it is quite possible for religious idealism to co-exist with the worship of a 'splendid materiality,' the historian of Materialism lays this to the charge of the English people. There is no doubt such a thing as the 'Ethics of the Dust,' we mean here what Mr. Ruskin does not mean by this title of one of his books, we mean gold dust. But no one in his heart believes in these simulacra of morals and religion. They are those who, in the words of Mr. Ruskin, turn the 'household gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own.' The practical question before us is how far Art may aid religion in the present day, adding its 'sweetness' to the 'light' of religious thought, so that grace and truth may walk the earth together, and Art, in the best sense of the word, become auxiliary to religion.

The restlessness of our life at high pressure, wasting as it does, our energies in the pursuit of industry, and marring, as it also does, our enjoyments, snatched from endless occupations during short intervals of disturbed leisure; this restlessness of which we hear complaints on every side, is not without its effects on the religious life of the present day. It produces a species of stirring and exciting religionism which Mr. Ruskin severely, but not inaptly, describes as 'gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity.' How far may Art become serviceable in counteracting these tendencies and, as the handmaid of religion, help in adorning and beautifying her mistress? And in order to this we may inquire with Mr. Ruskin, 'how far in any of its agencies it has advanced the cause of the creeds it has been used to recommend.' He evidently considers the functions of Art to consist in producing feelings of reverence without superstition, aiding the exercise of practical piety as the most beautiful form of godliness. He shows how realistic Art, in its lower forms, does not produce this effect, addressing itself, as it does, to the vulgar desire for religious excitement; and in all this he is pre-eminently practical. He shows how for a long time, *e.g.*, the pictorial representations of Christ's Passion 'occupied the sensibility of Christian women, universally, in lamenting the sufferings of Christ instead of preventing those of His people. He ridicules

the 'gentlemen of the embroidered robe,' and reminds modern lovers of an æsthetic ritual that 'the melodious chants and prismatic brightness of vitrious pictures and floral graces of deep-wrought stone 'were not intended for their poor pleasure, or to serve as means for attracting "fleshly minded persons,"' but that the artistic love of these things should not exclude practical work among human beings, and the practice of common virtues in 'useful and humble trades.' At the same time, Ruskin admits that realistic art in its higher branches 'touches the most sincere religious minds' in fixing, re-calling and symbolizing truths in a class of persons which cannot be reached by merely poetic design. He points out that though religious symbolism has not unfrequently had a mischievous influence in enabling men and women to realize as true things untrue, as in the case of representing false Deities in Greek art, yet that these very representations, as the expression of perfect human form, exercised an ennobling effect on a naturally artistic people. From which it may be deduced that Mr. Ruskin does not regard the advance of art and religion as an unmixed good. This conclusion is strengthened by an allusion to another phenomenon in the history of religious art, the exhibition of a maiden's purity and maternal self-renunciation in the paintings of the Madonna, symbolizing the feminine virtues of Christianity, and thus becoming the means of softening and refining the manners of a rude age, whilst in the encouragement of the lower forms of Mariolatry the same pictures exercised a baneful influence in retarding the progress of religious culture. But in balancing the effects of art and religion thus much may be taken for granted if we accept Ruskin's well-balanced theory that, as art has often been ennobled by religion, so by the alliance of art with religion the ideal life of man has been exalted and transfigured, and that in the same way art may still prove a vital element in revealing or recalling noble truths to the religious mind, or become the acknowledged interpreter of religious thought and feeling. Thus it happens that the severe gloom of Egyptian, compared with the sunny airiness of Greek temples, that the massive solemnity of Gothic architecture, compared with the ornate style of the later Renaissance, suggest at once the

respective phases of religious thought and feeling under varying conditions as to time and place. Even we might try the patchwork of Church restoration in the 19th century, as compared with the solid and original work of 13th century church-architecture in some way symbolical of the contrast of religious life past and present, symbolizing, so to speak, the constructive and re-constructive tendencies of two religious eras, and reflecting the wide difference existing between the mediæval and modern spirit, the one rearing, the other repairing the edifice of religious opinion in the ages of faith and doubt, respectively.

We may mention here, too, an apparent inconsistency of Mr. Ruskin's in connection with this subject, the architecture and ornamentation of places devoted to sacred purposes. In the lectures on art there are some paragraphs directed against localizing the Deity in temples made with hands before 'we have striven with all our hearts first to sanctify the body and spirit of every child that has no roof to cover its head from the cold, and no walls to guard its soul from corruption, in this our land.' On the other hand, in the 'Lamp of Sacrifice,' though the main portion of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* was written at a time when Mr. Ruskin was under the domination of anti-ecclesiastical ideas, he speaks thus: 'I say this emphatically that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly both in domestic discomforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a humble church for every town in England, such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.' The inconsistency disappears if we note in this place that churches are regarded as national rather than ecclesiastical structures, and that it is the idolatry of sacred places at the expense of sacred human beings, and the building up of stately edifices instead of edifying humanity, which Ruskin attacks. He pronounces his severe strictures on the neglect of natural and domestic sanctities on the part of those who, in their eagerness, and at great expense, provide spiritual sanctuaries. As it often happens, in such attacks by men of strong feeling

and convictions against the abuse of a thing, they unconsciously omit to do full justice to its legitimate uses. 'I know,' he says himself, by way of apology, in the fourth Lecture, 'that I gave some pain, which I was most unwilling to give, in speaking of the possible abuses of religious art; but there can be no danger, if any, so long as we remember that God inhabits villages as well as churches, and ought to be well lodged there . . . in thus putting the arts to universal use, you will find also their universal inspiration, their benediction.' So far from being not practical enough in this way of subsidiary art teaching, Mr. Ruskin is almost more practical than the most practical people themselves in his wrath against their fussy and fidgetty methods of adorning religion externally, and surrounding religious worship with a stately magnificence, he would rather see them engaged in acts of practical beneficence. 'You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion,' he says, in *Sesame and Lilies*. 'You had better get rid of the smoke and the organ pipes, both; leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man: give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the doorstep. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.' In short, he prefers holy work to holy worship, the cultivation of virtue to religious cultus. He sees the great danger of modern religion becoming simply a graceful occupation of the mind, heart, and senses, an absorption in problems that interest, in emotions that please, and in religious observances which simply delight, and in the following of which the weightier matters are omitted or neglected; in short, he is deeply impressed by a sense of danger lest a graceful religionism should serve as a substitute to practical piety. 'The greatest of all the mysteries of life,' he says, 'and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action.' This, again, we submit, is a very practical view of the matter.

We may leave here the subject of the relation of art to reli-

gion, morals and use, and dwell in what remains of our space on the relative duties of men and women in self-culture, 'social action and affection,' and their common mission of life, taking here *Sesame and Lilies*, perhaps the most popular of Mr. Ruskin's works, for our text. The substance of the first lecture may be described in the words of Bacon's aphorism, 'Knowledge is Power.' Its purport is to show, besides, that companionship with the royal leaders of thought, hence the title, 'King's Treasuries,' is the most ennobling condition of humanity. Rules are laid down accordingly for a careful selection of books, and the manner of reading them. If we cannot quite reach Mr. Ruskin's own standard of minute analysis in reading, or his curious trick of nice discernment for the multifarious shades of meaning in every single word, and even syllable, of the books of great authors, we can at least see here the practical tendency of the specialist combined with both elevation and catholicity of thought. The advice he puts into the mouth of the great teachers of mankind, as addressed to small learners: 'You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence,' is an instance illustrating the latter. And it is the absence of this higher sense, as distinguished from common sense, which no doubt prevents the best ideas from gaining currency among the literary mob, and which renders the works of Mr. Ruskin himself caviare to the mixed multitude of general readers. These lack 'spiritual understanding.' And to give another instance to show the practical nature of his teaching as an apostle of self-culture—like Matthew Arnold, understanding thereby literary culture as 'the study of perfection' in the best authors,—'Consider,' he says, 'all great accomplishments as means of assistance to others.' Literature is not to serve the purpose of self-indulgent intellectual luxury, but to become the instrument for effecting the general good, mentally and morally.

It is needless to dwell on Mr. Ruskin's definition of the duty of men and women respectively; suffice it to quote a passage recalling some well-known lines of Schiller's *Glocke*, though, if space did permit, we should much like to quote an expansion of

the whole idea it conveys in the sixty-eighth paragraph of 'Queen's Gardens':—

'The man's duty, as a member of the Commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the State. The woman's duty, as a member of the Commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.'

It is touching to read the following words, too, on the true wife and the ministry of women, when we remember some of the sad experiences of the author of the words in his own domestic life, his ill-fated love for the beautiful Scotch lady whom he married, and the other whom he did not marry, but neither of whom were destined to be to him what he yearned after in the desire of a wife, a subject delicately skimmed over by his biographer, and which we must pass over in the same spirit:—

'Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The star may be only over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.'

On life in general it is well to listen to the weighty words of a man like Ruskin, who, whatever his faults and heresies as an economist or art teacher may amount to, commands reverential respect when he speaks on the significance of life as a whole, and the conclusion of this book contains the gist of the matter. 'Whatever our station in life may be,' he says in the last chapter, headed 'The Mystery of Life and its Arts,' 'at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty, ought first to live on as little as we can; and secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.' Thus, he thinks, the mystery of life may be solved in performing life's common duties, and by means of harmonious self-development to enrich the life of the race. It is the gospel of work by those well furnished by self-culture that is preached here, so it is in Goethe's second part of *Faust*, as pointed out by the present author in a previous paper in this *Review*, it is the religion of the cultured of the nineteenth century. But whatever we may think of it from a theological point of view, it

is eminently practical as a theory of life. It brings again Ruskin before us as a practical teacher, and this is all we try to prove in this paper. On this 'sacredness of work' he dwells in the *Crown of Wild Olive* as when he says thus, that the best grace before meat is the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner. What he says of the crown of wild olive, the reward of our labours, is true of his own work, which is to teach a practical age how to combine what is best and most elevating in labour and leisure, both being 'serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.' Throughout these voluminous writings we shall find the same lesson taught, the importance of practical every day duty, and the importance, too, whilst keeping to the firm ground of the real, never to lose sight of the deeper significance of life and its aims, its final goal. The useful arts of life, the ideal arts of the higher life, all human effort, in practical appliances and moral aspirations, religious inspiration and striving after spiritual excellence, in the opinion of Ruskin, serve the purpose, singly and collectively, of discipline for some distinctive good, making the increase of healthy life and development in the individual subservient to the progress and well-being finally of the race. For in spite of many melancholy and desponding utterances, Mr. Ruskin is all the time inspired 'by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature,' and 'in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality.' A complete solution of the enigmas of life we must not expect from him. New questions rise at every turn, demanding a practical reply which is not always forthcoming. To what extent the refinements of art and culture incapacitate man for the rough encounters of daily competition, how far in quickening the finer sensibilities of man we may weaken his moral fibre, and how much will-force may be sacrificed in the excessive development of our receptive and æsthetic faculties; how we may maintain a right balance between active energy and passive enjoyment—these are some of the practical questions which are suggested here, but not answered. Mr. Ruskin does not profess to answer them fully or finally. But we owe much to him for suggesting them, and stimulating inquiry in order to their ultimate elucidation.

tion and solution. He has done so effectually by the freshness of his treatment, the simplicity of his statements, the clearness of his reasoning, his fervid earnestness, scholarly integrity, and enticing truthfulness in style and treatment. In the pursuit of high aims and a noble purpose in life, he has helped as few have done in this practical age in transforming the common into the Divine by the force of commanding genius, the rhythmical cadence of his inimitable word music, itself, becoming symbolical of the chief endeavour of his life and work, to resolve the discordant tones of modern life into something approaching to harmonious unity.

M. KAUFMANN.

ART. III.—‘SOME ASPECTS OF THE MODERN SCOT.’

‘O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.’

PROPOS of the great lexicographer's definition of oats as ‘a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people,’ somebody (doubtless a patriotic Scot) is credited with the observation that while one country turned out the best steeds, the best people were the product of the other. But in these days, when, as with golf, whisky, songs of the North, and many other excellent things, the virtues of oatmeal porridge have long since been made known to the dwellers in the South, the point of this connotation loses much of its force. Both nations have indeed borrowed much from one another, as was inevitable in face of the enormously increased facilities of intercommunication thrown open to the two countries during the latter half of the present century. Nevertheless, in many respects, it is undeniable that Scotsmen and Scotswomen remain to-day, if not quite as much so as they did a generation or two back, still very markedly differentiated from their Southern kinsfolk. And, though to some it may seem a bold, if not presumptuous, undertaking, on the part of an Anglo-Briton, to make such an attempt, my aim

in this paper is to present to the reader a few personal impressions or character-sketches, if I may so style them, derived during the wanderings of many years, more or less in every county of Scotland, and into all sorts of odd nooks and corners therein. If one is to be permitted to venture upon *études* dealing with the characteristics of a people, I suppose constant travel among them with the eyes and ears open may be taken as one of the best credentials for the task. Moreover, has not the discerning Boswell truly said, 'that scenes through which a man has passed improve by lying in the memory: they grow mellow.' So also, I take it, of persons, manners, and customs.

It has, of course, to be noted at the outset in forming any generalised estimate of the Scottish character, that the Highland Celt and the conglomerate Lowlander are in many ways very dissimilar. In like manner, certain local and dialectic peculiarities may be traced, as *e.g.*, in the Aberdonian, the Ayrshire man, and the Borderer, while there are distinct contrasts between the people of two cities so near to each other as Edinburgh and Glasgow. But this is equally true of England, or almost any other nationality, while yet there may be sufficient assimilation of the various components to embody one marked main type.

It would be out of place here to enquire how far the racial varieties, the feudal environment of his ancestors, the diversified landscape features of his country, so largely moorland or mountainous, its climate, and sparseness of location, its admirable parochial system of education instituted near two centuries since, and so on—have contributed to mould the character and idiosyncrasy of the Scot, and to tint his pervading political complexion. Certain it is that these influences have carried him on to the present time a strongly marked individuality, contrasting with the rest of the inhabitants of our islands, and one which, it will be admitted, constitutes a very interesting study. Nay, has not a great living statesman paid a high tribute to the Caledonian pre-eminence. 'I say with national humiliation,' was the observation of Lord Salisbury on a recent memorable occasion, 'that England has not improved so fast as Scotland. But that is the result of that extreme superiority

in respect of all mundane affairs which is shown by all those who are born north of the Tweed.*

First, then, what is the dominant note in the average Scottishman's character? We hear much of his thrift, his caution, his perseverance, his dogged resolution, his faculty for pushing his way in the world, and undoubtedly these are strong representative constituents in his composition. But I think it may be asserted without fear of challenge that the keystone of his mental structure and disposition is self-esteem. The Scot's primary form of prayer has been waggishly described as 'O Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' oorselves,' and the answer to the petition when put up is, it must be confessed, seldom denied. The thing may be hidden in reserve, overlaid by shyness, dignified under gravity of demeanour, but all the same it is there, a sort of inward conviction of that superiority in mundane affairs we have just noted. You may soften it down by naming it self-possession or self-confidence, if you will, but draw a northern Briton into conversation in any rank of life below the gentle, and the strength of the sentiment will soon make itself apparent. The history of his country, his sanguinary and patriotic struggles against the hated Southern in days of yore, his extraordinary success in every quarter of the globe, the roll of great statesmen, distinguished viceroys and proconsuls, soldiers, divines, literati, merchant princes, he is entitled to boast of; all these are so many bays in the garland of laurel he is ever ready to entwine round the national brow, to minister to his own self-satisfaction.

This is not said invidiously: the Scot does well to be proud of his countrymen and their record; I only contend that intense self-esteem is the predominant element to reckon with in estimating his character. Often have I been amused with the calm assumption of perfect equality with the whole world†

* Speech in the House of Lords on the Government of Ireland Bill (8th September, 1893.) *Times* report.

† A Scotch M.P. [Mr. Hunter], speaking recently in the House of Commons, said that his countrymen would have no grades or ranks, and that they had always exhibited a passion for equality.—Debate on Scottish Grand Committees, 17th April, 1894.

evinced by Sandy, the farm hand, Davie, the railway porter, Wullie, the boots at mine inn, and such like worthies. The self-appraisal of a certain ducal clansman 'She's as goot as the dook, and maybe a little petter too,' entirely voices the general underlying conviction of the modern fisherman, crofter, or loafer in the Highland glens and estuaries, though it may not always be expressed exactly in that way. The shop-boy of the town, however, the artisan, the son of handicraft whatsoever it may be, lags but little behind the Highlander in this respect. Only the other day I had a specimen of this conjoined to great good-nature, or I may say kindness. In one of the quaintest of old-world slumberous villages, not a hundred miles from Dunedin, I accosted a fairly respectable-looking man, and asked if I was going right for the railway station. 'Man, ye're gaun a far *rod* tull't' was the rejoinder, and then he took me in hand, got the keys of the old show ruins of the place, did cicerone for an hour or more, and finally assured me it was not hindering him at all, for that 'naebody had ony business, like, in the toon, except just in summer when the visitors came.' I can recall another occasion when, having some official business to transact with a small educational underling in a Scotch parish, after the business was done he calmly invited me to join him and some other of his village gossips in a rubber of whist!

Then again, another manifestation of the same self-estimation is to be noted in the rarity of the use of 'Sir,' or 'Ma'am,' north of Tweed. This is very striking to an Englishman. Perhaps the freeborn Scot considers that to address such appellatives to others, in whatever grade of life, would be derogatory; an admission of inferiority, a badge of servility. Just so: the self-assurance coming out again. 'A man's a man for a' that'—have they not their national bard's word for it? The same with the children. Who ever sees a boy of the Scotch working-classes doff his cap, or a girl curtsy? No disrespect is intended, I firmly believe, in this general elimination of the stereotyped salutation customary elsewhere. The Scot is a born democrat, and this is one way of showing it. Personally,

I am bound to say, I have not seldom been treated exceptionally in this matter.

An apposite instance of a boy's abrupt bluntness of speech occurs to me. I had been sketching for two or three days in a northern glen, within a field where a halt herd-lad was tending cattle. Save for an occasional interval when he would stump off with imprecatory cry to intercept a straying beast, he had steadily taken his stand behind me and my easel, and gazed at the developing picture, but without ever uttering a word. At last, near about the finishing touches, almost out of patience with the youth's persistent but mute observation, I suddenly wheeled round and asked him, 'Well, what do you think of it—is it like.' 'Man—it's most horrible like,' was the sole rejoinder.

Having started with perhaps the least eulogistic trait in the Scot's mental repertory, let me now devote a few words to his pronounced sense of humour. The trite saying as to the Caledonian's difficulty in seeing a joke may be partially true in respect of plays upon words, turns of phrases, and so forth, as in the story of the Scotch M.P., who described a certain lanky lantern-jawed statesman as the greatest 'allegator' in the House, without the faintest perception of any wit in the appellation.* But none who have ever dipped into the delightful collection of stories by a late Scottish dean, which is now almost a classic, could doubt the North Briton's possession of a vein of genuine fun, and a broad sense of dry humour. Possibly, it is the half-unconsciousness or quasi-innocence of any attempt at joking, which so often enhances the real raciness of the things said. Or, the mere drollery in the way of

* A capital recent case in point on the part of one of our most brilliant Scottish statesmen was commented upon in some of the newspapers. Speaking of Mr. Rhodes in the Matabele debate of 9th Nov. last, Mr. Arthur Balfour said he thought 'we were exceptionally fortunate in having such a man, and his great resources, which had been so freely used for extending the blessings of civilisation, extending railways and telegraphs and extending roads' (much laughter) 'through those dark regions.' (*Times*, 10th November, 1893). The Right Honourable gentleman, so said the newspaper, failed to see the joke!

saying them may be what so appeals to one. The pew-opener who, seeing a young fop stopping in a church aisle to survey his brand-new Sunday garments, remarked, 'This way, my man, and we'll look at your new breeks when the Kirk comes oot,' is a specimen of what I mean. Very recently I was in a hotel 'bus *en route* to a railway station, a young woman being seated opposite me, quiet looking and rather pretty. On getting in I was smoking, and wanted to go outside, but 'boots' interposed at the 'bus doorstep with 'She'll no mind the smok-king—smoks herself. I shouldna' wonder,' in an inimitably good-humoured and patronising manner, which none but a Scot could emulate, the girl smiling with equal good-nature at the remark. A Cockney young lady in similar circumstances might probably have given the man something pretty sharp in return for his impudence!

On another occasion I was waiting at a station on the Highland railway for the up-express, when a goods train also bound southward came creaking and groaning along with great shriek and splutter of steam, and drew up at the platform. As the trains on this line are often mixed and unconscionably lengthy, so that a traveller is liable to get a little 'mixed' also as to where the passenger carriages come in, I asked an old weather-beaten porter if this was my train. 'Na, it's the *fesh* train.' 'But I suppose it's going to shunt for the express,' I said, 'and not going on ahead of us.' He laughed a broad laugh. 'Dinna you fear, ye'll just hae to wait on *her*. What's a wheen passengers the like o' you to oor company beside the fesh train.' Not till then had I fully realised the relative importance of convoys of men and of fish! Almost as good this in its way as *Punch's* railway official who, to the frantic vociferations of an irascible old gentleman, looking out of window of the starting train and spying his luggage left behind on the platform, calmly replied, 'Ye're liggage is no sick a fule as yoursel'—ye're in the wrang train.'

On the whole, I am not sure whether the Scot's quaint semi-serious manner of putting his sallies is not a partly conscious attempt to realise the aphorism *Ars est celare artem*.

As an illustration, however, of really unintentional humour

absolutely turning on the matter-of-fact attitude of the speaker, let me cite the following, which, so far as I know, is quite original. It came to me from a gentleman of large means in a midland Scottish county a good many years ago. This gentleman, Mr. C——, had a very fine hothouse vinery, which was celebrated for its choice produce. On a particular occasion when the Queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland, the Royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known through station in this county, and Mr. C—— availed himself of the opportunity so afforded to send Her Majesty an offering of his best grapes. In due course, a letter of acknowledgment expressing the Royal appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would be greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. C—— read it to him. The man of horticulture gravely listened, and this was all his comment: 'She disna say onything aboot sending back the basket!'

No one who is much given to moving about the country can fail to notice a familiar figure, which is for ever confronting him: the commercial traveller. Now, in many respects the Scottish 'bagman' is distinctly featured from his English or Hibernian brother. The trappings of his guild are, of course, very much alike wherever you meet him. The same piles of enormous dirty-brown stuffed bales and prodigious padlocked baskets blocking up the doorways of the inns, or laden upon hand-carts to be dragged from shopdoor to shopdoor, are always in evidence. These are the sign-manual of his craft, in every medium-sized town or village from Duncansby Head to the Bay of Luce. You cannot well escape him if you would, for in many of the middling Scotch towns the chief inn has no recognised coffee-room, and the only practicable substitute for all comers is very likely to be the 'Commercial Room.' Moreover, you soon discover that the 'commercial gentleman's' apartment is generally better warmed, better furnished, and better catered for than what would be assigned to you by way of so-called coffee-room. This does not, of course, hold good of the better class of hotels.

The Scotch man of bags is, I think, on the whole quieter and staidier in his deportment than the average Englishman of like avocation. I have usually found him well-informed and very shrewd in his passing remarks on politics or other current topics. He is generally courteous in his manner, and a kind of 'camaraderie' of the road appears to subsist among his fraternity. One sees, also, principally among the Scotch 'travellers,' that a silent grace is often said before meals, a mark of reverence not too frequent at public dining-tables. I like, too, their custom of greeting the company with a friendly 'good-night' or 'good-morning, gentlemen,' when retiring to rest, or on first appearance at the breakfast table. This urbanity is noteworthy, and I must say has sometimes suggested to my mind a refreshing contrast with the leaden taciturnity so prevalent in the coffee-rooms of the larger hotels among people of a higher social grade, or indeed in fashionable clubs where men meet and stare at one another for years, and never utter a syllable. Most commendable too, is the daily custom throughout Scotland of placing a charitable money-box on the table while the itinerant traffickers are taking their one o'clock prandial meal. This box is labelled 'Commercial Travellers of Scotland Benevolent Fund,' and is for the benefit of necessitous widows and families of deceased members of that Association. It is, I believe, *de rigueur* for everyone dining to contribute something to this box.

One amusing sub-variety of the bagman I have not infrequently met with is absolutely and peculiarly Caledonian. He is commonly of benevolent, self-satisfied aspect and elderly. On entering the room and hurriedly removing his wraps, should there be others of his calling present, he will at once seat himself by them, and after a moment's conversation launch out into a succession of those enigmatical northern grunts, which I am not sure that even any Scot has ever attempted properly to translate into intelligible language. I can only try to write them down thus :—'Ay, umh-umh—umh-umh, ay,' half to himself, half to his audience, with a momentary cogitation after each. My own idea after long study of them is that these guttural ejaculations may be taken to be nearly the

equivalent of 'Heigho! 'tis a weary world, and yet not so bad after all.'

In former days, I am told, the etiquette of the commercial room excluded from the *entrée* there all but those connected with trade, but this is not so now. Moreover, a lower tariff is charged to its occupants (if traders), but I have not found my hotel bills diminished by occasional admission thereto. A bumptious bagman is a very disagreeable individual to encounter, none the less so for being Scotch, especially when he proves too inquisitive as to your line of business. But in my experience these are rare, and in what situation of life are obnoxious people not to be met with?

It is, then, encouraging to find amid so much that is falling to pieces in these modern days that the race of 'commercial gentlemen' is apparently rather improving than otherwise. This, while partly perhaps the result of the spread of education, may also in part be due to the fact that, under the stress of existing trade competition, heads of business firms who used to rely entirely on their paid traveller, now to a considerable extent have taken to 'travel' themselves.

Another study not without interest is the fisherman of the Scotch coasts. I should describe him as stolid and reticent for the most part, and apt to be somewhat stand-off to a stranger. Of dogged pertinacity and deep-rooted prejudices, he is inclined to keep himself to himself, and has nothing of the frank outspoken bearing and almost polished courtesy of the southern English fisher folk (Devonshire or Kent men, for example). Ashore he is the laziest of operatives, lolling about the wharves and harbour-corners with his hands invariably deep down in his 'breeks' pockets, his women folk meanwhile doing most of the work, and toiling along bent nearly double under their heavy creel-loads of fish. Well does Jenny, Old-buck's serving-wench, put it,—'As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, deil a bit mair will the lazy fisher-loons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore.' Their method of baiting the lines with a multitude of hooks is very neat and pretty to watch,

the whole being arranged so systematically. In this branch of shore labour, the men do sometimes take a share.

Some of the fishing villages along the north and east seaboard of Scotland are singularly quaint and picturesque, Netherlandish almost in their details,* worthy studies for a Ruysdael or a Van de Velde. The rows of little split fish skewered on sticks or triangular lath-frames nailed along the cottage walls, are quite distinctive features. So also are the cottages themselves, with their vermilion pan-tiled roofs and outlying stairways; but these are fast disappearing and giving place to a modern style of tenement, which makes one miss the old-world forms and warm colour. Well were it, however, if primitive dirt and archaic scavengering could in many cases make way for more modern sanitary arrangements. The fisher folk of both sexes are very commonly of a serious inscrutable cast of countenance, generated, I suppose, by the precarious nature and constant risks of the seafaring occupation. 'It's no fish ye're buying,' quoth the masterful Maggie to Monkbarns, 'it's men's lives.' The men do indeed carry their lives in their hands, and it were strange if this did not give a certain solemnity and God-fearing set to their characters. The Eyemouth people still speak with bated breath of the terrible catastrophe which overtook them in the great storm or cyclone of some years back, and turned wellnigh every homestead into a house of mourning. The fisherman has a long memory for such visitations.

These littoral folk, as a rule, marry early, and in many villages almost exclusively among themselves. In fact, it is held to be a kind of breach of etiquette or traditional custom to assort out of your own particular locality. A natural consequence of this 'in and in' system of unions must surely be to accentuate in time one constitutional inter-tribal type, and not to its advantage physically or mentally. Indeed, this may account in part for the exceeding ugliness and gaunt, flattened figures of many of the older women. Swart and coarse-

* And without doubt the villagers themselves bear in their veins a strong hereditary tincture of Flemish blood.

featured, they look as if they had been shrunk up by scant fare, hard labour, and the rigour of the east wind. And, poor souls, the conditions of their life are doubtless for the most part trying. One also sees occasional specimens of the 'Muckle-backit' type; viragoes, huge, dirty, and defiant of aspect. But, on the other hand, here and there one comes across a fisher lass or young wife passing handsome, with ringed ears, sunburnt hue, smoothened hair, brown, or sometimes lint-white, and blooming physique.

Non-conformity, I believe, is largely predominant among the Scottish fishing communities, and as in religion so in politics, they are intensely gregarious. I was told of one large village on the north-east, which curiously is almost entirely Episcopalian. Quite recently I had the good luck to witness a fisher's wedding in one of the most notably archaic fishing towns in Scotland. The whole piscatorial population, pretty nearly, turned out in couples, headed by a piper, the juvenile belongings showering rice on the bridal couple from start to finish of the procession.

The hatred of these people to trawling is intense, and they are uncommonly wideawake to their rights and requirements in the matter of boats, mussel bait, and harbour facilities. If they, and the miners, can only be persuaded that benefits to their class are not the monopoly of one particular political party, the unexpected may yet happen in the future representation of the Scottish electorate.

Another fitting subject in national portraiture is the Scottish retail tradesman, since he exhibits points which strongly demarcate him from the rest of his genus. First of all, a certain air of gravity and solid respectability generally impresses you as customer. But something more distinctive is made apparent to an English apprehension after some little experience of the 'gentleman' in a Caledonian shop. While unfolding to him your requirements, you become aware not only of an intelligent readiness on his part to ascertain them, but also of a sort of kindly impulse or persuasiveness, as it might be of an interested Mentor, in the direction of your intended purchases. You feel it is genuinely meant and honest advice which is

being tendered, apart from and perhaps even counter to the vendor's interests; a feature by no means so frequent in a London mart. Yet withal, the Scottish retailer exercises over you a kind of gentle patronage—discusses the business on hand from a friendly standpoint, as it were—seems to concern himself about you apart from that business—and does so all the time with an air of equality which is yet so remote from all appearance of pertness or assumption that it is impossible to find fault with it. Nor, (and this we have already noted of his countrymen generally), does he usually address you as 'Sir' or 'Madam' after the wont of his Southern congener, yet again there is no impression of incivility about this. I have known a Scotch salesman to pat a lady affectionately on the shoulder to emphasize some point under explanation. Imagine one of Peter Robinson's or Marshall & Snelgrove's employees in London doing the same thing.

The subtle difference, then, between the Cockney shopman and the shopman of Edinburgh or Glasgow, Dundee or Aberdeen, is that with the former you feel yourself merely a customer; with the latter, a customer and something more—a man or woman 'for a' that.' It may be a spice, possibly, of the self-appreciation we started with, the sentiment, unexpressed but latent, that one man is as good as another, trade or no trade. Or, it may be the outcome of that prevalent benevolence and obligingness, which has given the Northern Briton the designation of 'the kindly Scot.' Certain it is that the relations across the counter, which obtain between the average Scotch shopkeeper—or 'merchant' as in the smaller localities he prefers to call himself—and his customers, are peculiar.* And they have always struck me as among the laudable characteristics of the national idiosyncrasy, in which opinion I am confirmed by many English friends.

Next to his self-esteem, and in a sense foster-brother to it, comes the Scot's love of independence. Down from the days of his forefathers, through successive epochs of turbulence and

* This racy contrast, however, between Scotch and English retailers is diminishing year by year with the march of the times.

insecurity: whether under the tribal sway of a number of bickering Kinglets; in deadly feud with the Norseman; in temporary bondage to a detested foreign garrison; during later mediævalism the prey of contending factions of rapacious nobles; or, again, in the subsequent periods of civil strife when it required all his shrewdness and calculation to steer an even keel; the Scot of the middle and lower classes has steadily asserted and stubbornly maintained, side by side with a persistent claim for popular rights, a character for sturdy independence. For this principle he has not hesitated in the past to shed his blood: for this doubtless he would in certain circumstances be as ready to shed it again. But times have changed; and the edifice of freedom he has slowly built up for himself is unlikely ever to be destroyed. Unless, indeed, he should allow himself to be hoodwinked by the false prophets of a vindictive demagogism bent upon dragging down not only Crown and Constitution, but creeds and classes, to their own dead level; and thus with his own hand pull out the corner stones of the structure, and uproot the foundations thereof.

But, happily, alongside of the intense impatience of control and jealousy of class distinctions, which the neo-radicalism of the day has done its best to rub into the Scottish masses, there exists in the national fibre a counteracting element—strong intelligence, deliberative caution, and on the whole, good common sense; while, above all, there is in the Scot a shrewd perceptiveness of his own interests. If these qualities, then, can but get fair play, may we not hope they may yet prevail against the mass of Jacobinism and Socialistic rubbish which is now being thrust upon him in all directions.

The sentiment of patriotism is one that the Scot has been assumed to possess in a high degree. In a sense this is no more than his due, but to-day it seems necessary to accept the claim with a limitation, and to ask ourselves the question,—how comes it that it is so difficult to enlist him in humble life for the regular military service of his Sovereign. There was a time not so long since when the Highland regiments, originally raised entirely among the territorial clans, drew mainly

from the same sources, and when the ruddy straight-limbed peasant of Ross or Sutherland, Argyll or Inverness-shire, was proud to take the royal shilling and serve his country. Now all this is changed. We are told of thousands of starving crofter people, of an army of unemployed soliciting work, of fisher folk struggling precariously for a scanty subsistence. Yet, the recruiting sergeant goes to remote localities, special parties are sent out to make the advantages of the army known: and all for the most part in vain. The miserable squalid occupant of a peat hovel will rather starve, idling with his hands in his ragged homespun pockets, and girding at his landlord, than take in exchange good food and raiment, a comfortable well-warmed airy lodging, reasonable hours of work and recreation, facilities for carrying on his education, an honest honourable occupation, with good prospect of promotion to the intelligent and well-conducted man. One need scarce go back a generation to call to mind the splendid material Scotland was wont to supply for the voluntary brotherhood, which has contributed so many heroic deeds of arms to the annals of British history. Probably more Scotsmen, proportionately to the other nationalities used to work their way up into the higher non-commissioned grades of the army. And fine steady responsible men of *weight* they usually were, in whom both the officers trusted and the private soldier believed. But now, no! 'Gie me ma luberty,' is pretty much Sawney's response to the appeal to follow his country's flag.

Why is this? The Volunteer force is undoubtedly popular in the country, and especially flourishing North of the Tweed. There is something akin to enthusiasm at times exhibited in its ranks. Those who know will tell you of artillery-men in some of the remote islands, farm labourers and others, walking seven or eight miles from their homes, after a day's work, to attend an evening drill, and this not seldom in the teeth of discouragement from their employers, who should know better. In other technical branches, too, the men of Volunteer Corps frequently work with marked zeal under great difficulties. Then again, the Militia man, with his month's training in the year, good rations and daily pay, out of which he saves, comes in readily:

it is a sort of healthful holiday outing for him. But to get recruits for real soldiering is quite another matter, though the Volunteers certainly do supply an odd one or two now and again. And the causes are not far to seek. There is the craze for personal independence—distaste to come under strict rule—a rooted dislike to rigid discipline. There is the short period of service, and the question what is to come after, in the absence of the old pension which provided for the discharged soldier in his declining years. Now we have ex-Tommy Atkins tramping about the highroads of the country asking alms, or besieging the Soldiers' Employment bureaux for work, which, until Government finds place for its deserving dischargees in its public service, can only be doled out to the few. And lastly, in the old days itinerant demagogues and paid organisers had not instilled into the crofter and farm labourer that it was the function of the State to dry-nurse its children and enable them to 'live and thrive' with a maximum of wage and a minimum of work.

So, then, the army does not tempt many to its ranks in the Scottish Highlands, or indeed elsewhere in Scotland, outside a few of the larger towns and manufacturing districts. Furthermore, there is said to be a curious traditional prejudice among the country folk against soldiering, especially in the North. I have been told that this is a survival from Culloden days, when the English dragoons earned for themselves an unenviable reputation. In some instances, too, local feeling among quiet country folk is adverse to the recruiting agent, possibly from a notion prevalent with some, but quite erroneous—that soldiers are less moral than the average of the civilian class they are taken from. To all this, it may be answered, that the Scotch are patriotic but not inclined to militarism; that the red-coat enters the army, for wages rather than from warlike ardour: that the operative classes are now better paid and better educated; and so on. But, all the same, the head and front of the recruiting difficulty in Scotland comes, I rather think, back to this—'We'll no pairt with oor luberty!'

In this connexion, let me mention an incident illustrative of the martial spirit which sometimes animated the young Scotch

recruit of former days. It was told me quite recently by a country gentleman, who at the time was adjutant of a distinguished Highland regiment. When the intending recruit was brought up to the orderly-room for inspection by the commanding officer of this regiment, he was measured and found to be a trifle under the regimental standard of height. Nevertheless, he was a strong-built and likely-looking young fellow. The colonel reluctantly decided that the youngster could not be accepted, being too short, and thereupon informed him accordingly, expressing at the same time his regret. The recruit became much excited, and exclaimed 'Oh, Col-nel, ye'll shurely no turn me back. I'm wee but I'm *wicked*.' ('Wicked' meant in this case, Scottice, spunky, mettled.) The colonel stretched a point and passed him.

By way of contrast to this, I heard the other day of a young man of the farming class in one of the northern Scottish counties, who had just enlisted out of a volunteer corps into the regular army. No sooner was this known to his people, than with speed the mother and sister hastened in to the sergeant who had enlisted him, both urgent to buy out the new recruit. It is curious, but the old traditional prejudice against anyone 'going for a soldier' is not confined to northern Britain. And yet it might surprise some people if they knew how many sons of gentle-folk now enlist into the army under the stress of high-pressure competition for commissions.

I hope I may without presumption be allowed to say a word about the Scotch minister, who figures so largely in Northern anecdotes of wit and humour, and whom one so often finds possessed of a racy individuality entirely his own. A charming picture has been painted for us of the Highland pastor of former days by an eminent and popular son of the manse, now gone to his rest. There was the homely, unostentatious, but snug and comfortable dwelling-house, with its sheltering porch and arboreal shrubbery planned out for 'a covert from the wind,' what time—

'November chill blows loud wi' angry sough,
The shortening winter day is near a close.'

There was the daily fare, plain but plentiful, at the hospitable board, everything good of its kind, and a never failing welcome to the friend or stranger who should come within the gate. There was the genial intercourse, the ready counsel and generous help to the poor and needy. There was the paternal tuition to the sons of the family, the helpmeet's matronly schooling of her daughters in the housewifely craft to fit them to become, it might be, wives and mothers in Israel themselves. And oftentimes with but slender purse, the young men were launched out into the university and thence passed on into the ministry or other spheres of professional activity, not seldom to turn out with marked distinction and success. It is a picture of Scottish home life, frugality, self-denial, determination, achievement; and happily in the Presbyterian Church of to-day, Conformist and Non-Conformist, there are still many subjects who might sit for the same portrayal.

But to anyone who can remember the Scotch minister of a generation back, the revolution that has taken place both in church fabric and pastor is remarkable. I can recollect when the hideous square or oblong erection, with commonplace roof and little squat 'campanile' covering its single 'chappin' bell, was the prevailing type of parochial church building in most country districts of northern Albion. Commonly, a low gallery or loft was reached by an external stone stairway (as in the fisher's cottage); the pews or pens were of unvarnished wood, the walls bare and whitewashed, doorways and window openings of unredeemed ugliness; and not a vestige of ornament or taste to soften the ministrant's hard, dry Calvinism, dry as the 'stoor' that was wont to be thumped out of the pulpit cushion by his intermittent oratorical exertions.

All this has well-nigh departed. An era of 'sweetness and light' has supervened with the advent of the young ambitious cleric, who is everywhere superseding those he doubtless regards as the effete fossils of days gone by. The old-fashioned dogmas may still be formally subscribed to at ordination, but the 'covenanted mercies' reserved exclusively for the elect, and the torments in store for the condemned, are no longer proclaimed Sunday after Sunday from a thousand rostra of the

National Kirk. A small remnant of the old Evangelical type survive, but they are conspicuous by their rarity: like the excavator's so-called 'buoys' or pillars left standing in the soil, only to mark and measure the surrounding mass of material which has been dug up and carted away.

I can recall, too, the primitive kirk-structures of remote Highland wilds, spots more out-of-the-way even than Sydney Smith's Yorkshire parish, which he described as being 'twelve miles from a lemon.' I can remember the service in sonorous Gaelic; the collie dogs of the shepherds present slinking into the pews to curl up under their master's feet; the hands of these same masters stealing out to the pew handles ere yet the parting blessing was come to an end; and then the precipitate outrush of all and sundry to the open air, as though with a profoundly thankful sense of a once-a-weekly duty legitimately finished.

Notwithstanding that one's own form of worship may be with accompaniment of surplice and liturgy, yet, inasmuch as in the less frequented localities an Episcopal service is not always available, one may share in the ministrations of the Presbyterian Church with satisfaction, and, I hope I may say for myself, edification. And I must confess to feeling strong sympathy with the movement in the Kirk which is assimilating so much from the sister Church southward of the Border. The immensely improved hymnal, the general introduction of good instrumental music; the beautifying of the church fabrics, the drawing towards liturgical and weekday services; the added order, reverence, and dignity in conducting the ordinances;—in all these points surely Scotland has done well not to be above borrowing what is good and seemly from her Anglican neighbour. On the other hand, I think some of our surpliced clergy might usefully take a hint from the sort of excellent preaching and good oratory one may not infrequently hear in Presbyterian pulpits: pointed, intellectual, reasonable discourses, with apt illustration and impressive fervour, which are surely better suited to the wants of the church-going multitude than elaborate analysis of dogma, or even than expositions of ritualistic symbolism. Still, there would seem to be a tendency

in the modern preacher of the Kirk, sometimes to over-transcendentalism, sometimes to a kind of enquiring scepticism or scientific research, cultivated in what is termed the modern philosophic spirit. Nay, we are told indeed, that this same spirit has largely 'caught on' to the Kirk's great seceded rival, and that the Evangelical guinea stamp which once distinguished the separatist communion of Chalmers and Candlish from the Erastian school of the 'Moderates' is gone.

Howsoever this may be, the fact remains that Presbyterianism, both as to pastor and people, has greatly changed in the lapse of a generation.

Many recollections of hospitality offered and accepted at odd times in country manse crowd over me. Among these, in the persons of one or two pastors still living who have celebrated their ministrating jubilees, I call to memory a type of rural minister perhaps the most interesting of all. Gentle, genial, courtly, and courteous with an old-fashioned flavour of manner; using hospitality and giving of their best without thought of return, I know not if the centuries to come will produce many of their like. One has presided over the same parish, in a rich carseland valley, for nearly sixty years. The pastorate of another, a veritable George Herbert, covers well-nigh as long a period. Yet a third, in a far-north retreat, nonagenarian almost, is, or recently was, still ministering to his flock, and not even laid by from occasional travel. To the old age of such as these may we not aptly apply the words of Cicero: '*Quiete et pure et eleganter actae aetatis placida ac lenis senectus.*'

From the Scotch minister it seems a natural transition to the Scotch Sunday, or, in local parlance, Sabbath. One may be no Sabbatarian, and yet thoroughly enjoy the reposeful quiet of 'the Lord's day' in an average Scottish village, or small country town. The stillness of the streets, no shriek of railway whistle in your ear, no display of wares in shop window or chaffering of merchandise in the thoroughfares by the itinerant chapman. The drinking-houses contraband for the day to all save the so-called *bona fide* wayfarer, to the enormous profit of the general community. Then the sound of bell and the

flocking to public worship. And in the afternoon or evening the quiet social stroll along the links, lane, or highway. It is in its way an idyllic picture. But here again there is change. Bicyclists in scores now fly through the quiet Boreal hamlets, and find their way to the public taprooms of a Sunday in the guise of *bona fide* travellers: while bands of excursionists packed into *char a bancs* shake the dust off their chariot wheels as they rattle past the village church, but go not into it. This is, no doubt, in accord with the *fin de siècle* spirit, the 'perfect law of liberty' after the up-to-date manner. And, in judging the poor man or the busy toiler whose week days give but scant opportunity for enjoying the God-given boon of fresh air and sunlight, let us not be too censorious.

Perhaps, after all, Samuel Johnson was not so far wrong in his quaint dictum about the observance of Sunday. 'It should be different from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity.' Excellent, though the inference is perhaps rather droll—that on week days one might throw stones at birds. Not unlike the plea I once heard put forward for polygamy: that it is only a *bishop* who in Holy Writ is enjoined to be the husband of *one* wife!

Did space permit, I should be tempted to enlarge upon the glimpses of Scottish peasant life that have been afforded me in many a tramp across moor and strath, along highway and by-way. But, in his exquisite idyll on the Caledonian cottar, the national bard has, in a few master-strokes, limned us a portrait of him and his home that will live to all time. Indeed, it might savour of impertinence to attempt here a necessarily feeble repetition of what has been so nobly and realistically done by Scott, Burns, Allan Ramsay, the Ettrick Shepherd, and so many other Scotsmen of genius and patriotism. Certain it is that Scotia's 'hardy sons of rustic toil' are a characteristic study, especially when drawing on into years. Thanks to their parish schools, they are almost invariably intelligent and fairly educated, shrewd and observant, 'takin' tent' to purpose of things in general. Get hold of an old Scotch farm servant, and the chances are you will find him full of sagacious sayings

and homely mother wit. I admire also his ruddy weather-beaten visage and, for the most part, sturdy well-knit if somewhat bent frame, product of the daily sweat of his brow. For, has not a noble devotee of husbandry well said, *Hominum generi universo cultura agrorum est salutaris*? The Scottish rustic's 'milieu' is behind the ploughshare and in the barnyard, but the breath of the strong northern breezes is for ever in his lungs, the scent of broom or gorse blossom in his nostrils, and the blue bloom of distant hills within measure of his eyesight. This is what, I take it, differentiates him from the ordinary genus of southern chawbacons, although it must be admitted that as to intelligence English Hodge is growing much more wideawake than he formerly was.

Knock at the door of the humblest rural homestead betwixt Cheviot and the Pentland Strait, and more often than not you will be greeted blithely by the goodwife: 'Come ben and sit ye doon,' or, 'Will ye no hae a cup o' tea or a drink o' milk?' will be asked with warmth and a certain innate dignity of hostship. And there, in the 'but and ben' dwelling, by the 'wee bit ingle blinking bonnily,' you will be bid to seat yourself, and speedily pass into friendly converse, while

' The mither wi' her needle and her shears -
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.'

Only be sure you put on no patronising or condescending airs, which the Scot, man, woman, and child alike, hates and resents, as implying his inferiority. You must meet the cottager as a brother man, and he in his turn will not, as a rule, be lacking in a certain respectfulness of demeanour. And I think the Scotch peasant, in common with most of his countrymen, has in the main a distinct appreciation of the landscape and seascape amenities of his native land. Probably the ploughman-poet of Ayrshire, whose songs, like those from the Hawthornden lyre, are so saturated with the burden of nature's loveliness, has done much to drive the inspiration home to many and make them realise the pricelessness of their common inheritance.

'Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.'

In truth, it has always seemed to me that in the intense insistence upon human brotherhood added to the fine sense of natural external beauty which informs the verse of Burns, is to be found a sort of reflex of one aspect of the Scottish character.

I have left nearly to the last certainly not the least interesting of the 'études' in my sketchbook—the Scotswoman. Like her masculine compatriot, she also has her varieties and sub-varieties. One of the first notes a stranger will make in Scotland is the reserve of the middle and lower classes of women in public places. Notice them in tramcars, railway carriages, steamboats, etc. There they sit quite silent and quiescent, seldom or never venturing on a remark one to another, the younger of them often pretty but 'couthy' and shy, those more matured self-possessed but reticent, if not stiff and at times even repellent in manner. Generally speaking, the Englishwoman and her Irish sister are, I think, easier in their bearing to strangers. The next point is the forbearance, or, let us say, the reluctance to find fault with or question public officials in their working arrangements. Scotswomen (I leave out of this count the upper classes) will stand an amazing amount of rough brusque treatment, not to say positive rudeness, from surly boorish underlings, such as tram conductors, railway porters, and the like; and some of these can be rude with a vengeance when it so pleases them. Where an Englishwoman would launch out on an official, and threaten to report him, take his number, or what not, her Scottish cousin will hold her peace and pass on. Not, I believe, from any real lack of spirit, but from natural complaisance and a certain shyness or shamefacedness inculcated in her upbringing. Well, 'a shamefaced and faithful woman is a double grace,' and to my mind this quality in her is far preferable to the sort of forward flippant pertness and feminine aggressiveness occasionally resorted to by her sex elsewhere.

'The beauty of a woman,' we read, 'cheereth the counten-

ance, and a man loveth nothing better.' Now, how fares the British Northland in this matter? It has been truly said that probably no quarter of the globe can show a greater proportion of pretty women than London. The pick of the world are to be seen there: the best-looking and best-dressed women from all quarters of our own land—to say nothing of the foreigner—find their way there at one time or another. And, no doubt, for refinement of feature, symmetry of form, freshness, and natural unaffected grace, Englishwomen need fear comparison with none other. To be sure, a humorous French author has made merry over a certain ungainly type of British female, flat-chested, angular, large of foot and tooth; and it is not infrequent to find Southerners associating a pronounced variant of this type with Scotswomen. And Scotswomen, undoubtedly, there are, large, hard-featured, bony, inclining to gawkiness; but these merely serve as foil to a much more representative and interesting variety. One sees, for example, the piquant, wistful face, nose a thought *retroussé*, grey or violet eyes, and brilliant fresh colour of damask or carnation—these set now and again upon a full robust figure moulded with all the shapeliness of the Cnidian Aphrodite. There may be neither 'style' nor the art of the *costumier*, but there is nature's modelling of limb and lineament, palpable and admirable. It may be a girl fresh from the labour of the factory, or a farm lass in kirtle and short skirt, barefoot and bare-headed, each perchance with a wealth of splendid tresses built up anyhow into a massive canopy, worthy setting for fair features and fine form. It may be the 'young lady' from the shop, the youthful school-teacher, the new-wed wife of the smaller professional or mercantile class. Everywhere north of Cheviot the type crops out instinct with a certain burgeoning bounteousness of vitality superadded to a gentle flavouring of womanliness, very attractive to the average man.

And yet, like her own plaintive and touching national music, full, yet with the minor note ever recurrent, with this sort of girl or woman, it seems as if the tears were not far behind the smiles. Nay, have not the very tones of her voice in speech as they ascend the gamut an appealing strain,

suggestive of her northern clime—cloud-shadows never far away from sunshine: or, again, as though we saw in her a survival of the archaic bitter-sweet minstrelsy of her laud. And herein we can trace the strong family likeness to her Cymric cousins.

I am well aware that such is not the presentment of man's modern rival most in vogue with the promoters of the Woman's Rights movement. To be strong of mind, unsexlike, assertive, and jealous of male ascendancy, are a side of her character, which falls more to be insisted upon by those who deem it an impertinence to suggest that women are to concern themselves with the art of pleasing men. But, fortunately, these views as yet are confined to a very scanty assortment of the sex in Scotland. I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who remarked that 'the brain-woman never interests us like the heart-woman,' and as yet the average Scottish lass has not unlearned this cardinal fact. Kindliness is of the essence of her manner, and a certain warmth and heartiness of demeanour pervade all classes. This I have always considered one of their strong points—

' Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love '

is the saying of an immortal writer, and who shall gainsay it?

The Scottish matron, too, like her younger sister, can be very charming. Often have I noted matured and even elderly women, ruddy, brilliant, with sparkling black eyes, and frames Titianesque but still shapely; every line of their physiognomies speaking of alert observation, common sense, and amiability. Of such I call to mind a sample much seen in the eastern parts of Scotland, as though a raven-haired stock had at some early time been grafted upon a blonde race. Then there is an auburn-haired variety, with beautiful soft complexion and oftentimes opulence of figure. I have seen striking specimens of this latter kind with hair verging upon pronounced red: a *throw-back* or atavism, possibly, from the primitive Celt.

From such reflections, one turns to Burns's delightful descriptions of his countrywomen, not the least felicitous of

his various appreciations. And who can refuse sympathy with their genuine touch of humanity, making the 'whole world kin,' that has nevertheless a sad savour when read into passages of the poet's own life.

' Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman :
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang
To step aside is human.'

The Scotswoman, then, remains an illustration for the most part of a certain northern 'naiveté' and naturalness, piquancy and semi-bashful reserve, which the advanced sisterhood have as yet failed to modify into a more obtrusive attitude. And so long as she retains these feminine attributes, with the natural charms she has inherited from the vigorous blood and bone of her race, and the life-giving air of her native soil—so long will the praise of her, as of her sex voiced aforetime in ancient writ, endure for ever: 'These bring glory unto men . . . and have not all men more desire unto her than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever!'"*

It would take too long to discourse on the 'canniness' of the Scot, and his inveterate dislike to give a direct answer to a question. 'Weel, I would na say but it micht,' I have heard a score of times in reply to queries which admitted of an absolutely affirmative response. The national caution is everywhere, and is writ large in the bewildering jargon of Scots law, which double-bars every conceivable loophole for evasion in setting out a bargain, yet 'without prejudice' to doing something else thereafter if desired. In the 'Epistle to a young friend' Burns has probably given us the most concise and telling crystallisation of this trait of Scottish character it is possible to have.

' Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' every other man
Wi' sharpened sly inspection.'

The advice has a somewhat Machiavellian ring, but, I fear I

* I. Eadras, iv., 17-19.

must add, is not altogether neglected by the knowing Northerner.

His pushing ambition is another of the commonplaces of criticism in respect of the Scot. Apropos of this, the oft quoted or misquoted remark of Johnson at a metropolitan tavern naturally comes up. 'Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to London.' And, were the great 'hogshead of sense' alive and amongst us now, no cause would he have to withdraw the observation. For the exodus of successful barristers, doctors, artists, business men, from the 'Land of Cakes' to the great southern metropolis is unceasing; and the Scot's determination to better himself has generally gone hand in hand with his efforts to acquire knowledge. 'There is something noble,' said Johnson, of the Hebridean farmer's son, who was wont to go annually on foot to Aberdeen for education, returning in summer and acting as school teacher in his native island, 'there is something noble in a young man's walking 200 miles and back again, every year, for the sake of learning.' On the other hand, a more critical view of the national peculiarities might incline to translate Scotch ambition as an eye to the main chance. Which at once brings to mind Dean Hole's capital story, as to why St. Andrew was selected to be the patron saint of Scotland, and the Archdeacon of Calcutta's suggestion that it may have been 'because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes.'

Out of the Scot's self-esteem grows his obstinacy, and his reluctance to change his opinions, or be shown to have been any wise wrong. We have heard of the raw Sawney who, at a public dinner, being served with asparagus, a dish that was new to him, began eating the wrong end of the stalk. To his next neighbour's suggestion that this was not the edible part of the vegetable his reply was, 'Much obleeged, but a' prefer it.' This is it exactly. And thus perhaps may his prevalent political mould be accounted for. But I must not stray into politics.

Lastly, let me say a word as to many memories of hospitality in Scottish country homes. England has grown too cos-

metropolitan and is too thickly permeated by the modernising railway to open the doors of its country houses freely to the chance way-farer. In the northern recesses of our island it is, or was different. Antique chateau-like demesne mansions, solid and deep-walled, with steep-pitched roof and dormers, flanking turrets, griffinish gargoyles, and carved escutcheons, crowd in upon the mind's eye. Old-world gardens trim and formal, with quaint sun-dials in their midst, lofty and massy box borders, enormous holly hedges. The ancient dovecot, near hand to the dwelling house, its walls honey-combed into cells for the domesticated birds. Stately belts of plantation clothing the knolls and uplands, within view of the laird's windows. Outside, the 'sough' of the firs, the white whisk of a rabbit's tail, the whirr of disturbed pheasant, the curlew's warning 'tremolo,' or the little sharp 'scream' of startled snipe from some marish hollow. Indoors, the snug well-found library with assortment of many generations of books, the corridors set off with portraiture of ancestral warriors point-laced and rapiered, and family beauties displaying ripe Cytherean charms that Peter Paul might have coveted to place upon his easel.

In such homes the essence of hospitality was to be met with. You had the genial welcome, the superabundance of good fare and good drink. There was the sturdy keeper, encased in gamebag and gaiters ready with his leash of dogs, should you like to try the hill. Or the gillie with gaff or landing-net was at your hest for loch or river, if the rod was your fancy. In time of snow or winter gale, when the woodcock were in and the blast roared down the chimneys, big cheerful fires lit in hall, reception room, and bed-chamber. Noteworthy, too, the forthright affability and care for your wants in the possessors of these secluded homesteads, sweetened in my own recollection by the graciousness of many delightful and accomplished women. It was as though the claims of 'the salt' were a traditional obligation, not to be set aside, a remnant of the fashion of earlier days before the world paced so feverishly fast, when locomotion was difficult, and society scarce. Among other laudable old customs was

that of 'passing on' a guest from one country-house to another. Money, to be sure, was not always too plentiful, and a *Caleb Balderstone* might once in a way turn up, though never in my experience with an empty larder. To-day, such is the stress of agricultural depreciation, Scottish estates have changed hands extensively, and upon an old territorial seat nowadays it is quite a chance if you find the historic name and race of former days. More likely, Timkins of Manchester or Jones of Hackney will have bought himself in, with a South country retinue as remarkable for superfluity of airs as for lack of aspirates. Or, mayhap, a successful Scots trader with a broad native brogue may be the latest proprietor. What this invasion of Scotland by the English and general upturn of the old properties is, none but those who go much about the country can conceive! In some respects, no doubt, the influx of wealthy newcomers to impoverished estates has its advantages, improving the dwellings of the tenantry, and circulating more capital all round to the benefit of the community.

The Scottish capital has always numbered among its residents many delightful gentlemen of the old school, cadets oft-times of ancient and noble families, whose lot it has been to pass into various avocations of professional life. These brought with them into the higher social coteries of their beautiful chief city the stately and dignified hospitality of their ancestry.

It has been the good fortune of the writer of these pages to meet with some such, and to have enjoyed their personal acquaintance. With mention of two, both of whom are gone to their rest, I will conclude these sketches. Of one I have already spoken, in connection with Scottish humour. The charm of his captivating presence and manner was the property of all. A singularly representative example, he, of the ancient 'gentle' breed and bearing, genial, dignified, courteous, soothfast, hospitable. No ostentation, no straining after show or effect, no abruptness, bustle, or hurry, in his manner or ways. The grace and amenity of a refined home were secured to him by the presence of the charming young ladies, kinswomen, who tended his household. He was brimful of excellent stories of the past. I remember on one occasion at

his dinner table being much struck with an observation he made very pointedly, evidently anticipating my surprise. 'My grandfather told me he knew a man who had seen Charles I. executed.' The statement seems *prima facie* difficult of belief; but, seeing that the narrator was far into years when I heard him tell the story (now some twenty years since), and his grandsire was a boy when he met the individual who had witnessed the execution, it becomes intelligible.

The other example of a race of 'Gentilhommes' nurtured in 'Auld Reekie,' was a scholar of uncommon research, a man of culture and latterly of leisure; one who fully realized the advantages of *otium cum dignitate*. Moreover, he was a philanthropist, and civic benefactor in no small degree. Here again was that indescribable charm of manner, the gentle urbanity, the unfailing sprightliness and play of humour, conjoined with the delightful gift of conversational power, which is so fast becoming a lost art at this jaded end of an outgrown century. And there was the hospitable board always spread for any friend who might drop in to partake of it. I remember mention by this gentleman of a circumstance as within his own recollection, that Mr. Gladstone was once on the point of offering himself as a candidate on the Conservative side for a certain Scottish constituency. One incident in which Mr. S—— personally figured, is worth relating. Travelling north from England by rail on a certain occasion, and not being a smoker nor liking the smell of tobacco, he had taken his seat in a non-smoking compartment. Presently, ushered in obsequiously by a railway official, enters a gentleman, pompous-looking and portly, who, seating himself opposite Mr. S——, proceeds to produce a cigar case, and take out a cigar. Mr. S—— hereupon politely ventured to draw his fellow-traveller's attention to the fact that this was not a smoking carriage, but was jumped upon instantly in a strong hectoring tone.

'And what right have you, Sir, to assume that because I took out a cigar I was going to smoke. Perhaps you will be good enough to mind your own business.'

Mr. S. said no more, but, after the imperious gentleman had alighted from the train, asked the guard if he knew who he was.

'Why,' said the railway functionary, 'that is — — —
The odd coincidence was yet to come.

On arriving home that night what should Mr. S. find awaiting him but a communication from a high official of State announcing in complimentary terms that Her Gracious Majesty had been pleased to confer upon him (Mr. S.) an honorary literary distinction. The State official and signatory of the letter was the *compagnon-de-voyage*, a well known senatorial swash-buckler.

To sum up. The sample modern Scotsman is genial, neighbourly, kindly, and full of 'pawky' humour. Square and solid in build, he is usually large of bone, and with strongly marked facial lineaments. Keenly intelligent, yet somewhat deliberate both in his bodily and brain movements, he is controversial and apt to be dogmatic. As a rule, he is weighty and law-abiding, staid and respectable, though not without a stray turn for conviviality. For the rest, he has a soft side to the diviner sex; as *Cuddie Headrigg* puts it in 'Old Mortality,' 'there's naeboddy sae rough but they have aye a kind heart to the lasses.' Having an abundant and unfailing conceit of himself, he is not easily disconcerted: but, on the other hand, he fiercely resents the suspicion of being patronised. Being at once ambitious and yet mainly democratic, he hates privilege till he has tasted its advantages, and despises all distinctions in the social ladder till he has himself climbed to the higher rungs. Less fanatic in religion than his forbears, he retains his attachment to the 'Auld Kirk,' and is not so insane as to desire her downfall, or the loss of that status and substance which contribute to her potentialities for good. Proud of his nationality, but not fool enough to clamour for a sham nationhood, he is shrewd enough to discern that his own lion-rampant would gain nothing by dissociation from the triple lions-passant of England. Hard at a bargain, provident and prudent, pertinacious and pushing, strong of will, long of head, and blunt of tongue, the average Scot makes shift to shoulder his way through the world, commonly with success, a staunch friend and a 'dour' foe.

In the typical Scotswoman we meet with neither pertness,

smartness, nor flippancy. She is quiet, domesticated, 'douce,' and sympathetic, but seldom either impulsive or volatile. Blithe, frolicsome, and often of madcap spirits while a school-girl, her adult maidenhood seems to take on a certain coyness and restraint, as though some lingering threads of her past Puritan garments still clung to her. Nevertheless, the northern lass can be both arch and 'sowsy,' while frank and simple-minded withal. Moreover, she has plenty of character when the time comes to bring it out. She is usually reflective and observant, well taught as to school learning; sagacious but not sharp, with a good stock of common sense. In countenance she is often high-coloured, piquant, and expressive, though the even-featured prettiness of her English sister may be lacking. In figure, commonly tall, robust, and of vigorous vitality. In matronhood, and even advanced age, the Scots-woman is wont to retain her fine health-tints, the sheen of her eyes, the fair and full proportions of her shape. Child or maiden, wife, mother, or grandame, her sense of melody and love of song cleave to her, they are her national gifts. Finally, she is imaginative and often original; practical, but penetrated with an undercurrent of ballad lore and romance. And, like most of her sex at all periods of their life, she fully appreciates a 'proper man' when she sees him.

If, then, I have not overdone the colouring of the above sketches, my readers will doubtless find some excuse for the rather rhapsodical utterance of a popular modern and patriotic novelist—'the happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman.'

T. PILKINGTON WHITE.

ART. IV.—MOLTKE.

1. *The Prussian Staff History of the Campaign of 1866.*
2. *The Prussian Staff History of the War of 1870.*

I REMEMBER when it was thought treason to question the perfection of Wellington's conduct in the great struggle that ended on the field of Waterloo, yet history has given her

verdict for the doubting sceptics; and Lord Wolseley has lately ventured to say that had Napoleon retained the vigour of his youth, the allies in 1815 would have fared as ill, as Beaulieu and Colli fared in 1796. A similar change of opinion may take place, hereafter, in the case of the warrior whose achievements have been held up to the admiration of mankind, since the great war of 1870. We cannot feel surprised that victorious Germany should have given Moltke the name of 'the great strategist,' and should have declared 'that he invented a new strategy,' and that he 'surpassed Napoleon in the direction of war;' the intoxication of success may excuse this judgment. Nor can we expect France fairly to describe her conqueror, or to avoid detraction and caricature, though Moltke's campaigns have been thoroughly studied and appreciated, in the main, justly, by two or three Frenchmen of eminent parts.

It is to be regretted, however, that in Great Britain, the Prussian chief has, with few exceptions, passed into the hands of a class of critics, ill-adapted to pronounce on his exploits, who have erred on the side of extravagant eulogy. These writers are nearly all soldiers, some not without professional mark; but, like many soldiers, they have been led astray by the false worship of mere success. Under the influence of lessons, that appear suggested by the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-1, they have underrated 'the divine part of war,' that which belongs to genius in the field, and have dwelt too much on its 'terrestrial part,'* that which relates to mechanism and organization; and, being unaccustomed to weigh evidence, voluminous and extremely conflicting, and to search out the truth through masses of details, they have swallowed the German accounts of Sadowa, of Gravelotte, and of the national rising of France, as if these were in all respects trustworthy, and little was to be said on the opposite side. They, have, accordingly, extolled Moltke as an ideal warrior, supreme not only in the preparation of war, but also in the direction of

* See the beautiful passage in the Napoleon Correspondence, 32, 123. It should be studied by every real thinker on war.

armies; they have glossed over, or disregarded facts, which tell against the views they have formed; and they have misinterpreted whole passages, in the great conflict of 1870-1, which ought to have been placed in their true aspect. A reaction from this system of undiscerning praise has set in of late in British opinion; and it will be accelerated by the publication of German works, which have proved that Moltke and his lieutenants committed grave mistakes, after the triumph of Sedan, mistakes from which he was by no means free in many of his other operations in the field. In this slight sketch I shall endeavour to show what Moltke was in his real nature, what estimate should be made of his exploits, and what is his place among the great men who have organized victory, or led armies. It would ill become me to speak of myself; but few in civil life have possessed the means I have had to master the principles of war; and education and experience ought to have made me fitted to conduct an enquiry, in its essence, judicial.

The features of Moltke's strongly marked character, as they were moulded by nature, or shaped by habit, are evident to a thoughtful observer. He was God-fearing and had deep affections, throughout the course of a domestic life of singular beauty in all its aspects; he was admirable as a son, a husband, a brother, a staunch friend, and a loyal comrade; and the old age of the warrior, amidst his youthful kinsfolk, as it flowed on beside the woods of Creisan, forms an idyll of peculiar charm and interest. Moltke, too, was very brilliant in the social hour; the austerity of his bearing to strangers was put off when he was among friends; his conversation was pregnant and keen; and it is wholly untrue that he was 'a morose recluse,' the 'military monk' of more than one French writer. His accomplishments, indeed, were so great and various that he could not fail to delight companions, whatever might be their rank or station; and he had the learning, the culture, the force of expression, nay, the delicate, vivid, and light fancy, which would have gained him distinction in the sphere of letters, though, curiously enough, few of these gifts are exhibited in his writings on war. These are always able and

thoroughly worked out, but they are not striking in thought and language, the opposite, in this respect, to those of Napoleon.

Moltke's qualities, however, are most distinctly seen in the various phases of public life in which he played a conspicuous part. His greatest gift, perhaps, was immense strength of character, the chief excellence, Napoleon has said, of a soldier; and though fortune was seldom adverse to him, this stood him in good stead on more than one occasion. His intellect was not of the very first order, but it was admirable for its clear perception and force, and within certain limits it approached perfection, especially in the calculations that precede war. His industry and perseverance were intense; we see them in every turn of his career, whether in the assiduous studies of his youth of hardships, in his work as a teacher or a surveyor, in his incessant training of the great Prussian Staff, in the far-reaching and never-ending toil, by means of which he prepared victory. Moltke, too, was a daring and ambitious man; some of his movements in war prove this clearly; and the hesitation and slowness to be detected, in more than one of his operations in the field, are not to be ascribed to a want of boldness or energy. The conqueror therefore of Sadowa and Sedan, had many of the natural gifts of a great warrior, but he was deficient in some that require attention. He did not possess the imagination that sees into the unknown, and intuitively grasps and interprets facts; this was apparent in more than one part of his career, especially in his hazardous advance on Paris. He excelled in carrying out preconceived plans; but he was wanting in dexterity and art, and was liable to be perplexed and deceived, as appeared in several striking instances, though this cannot be deemed surprising, if we reflect that he was an old man when he first directed war. He had nothing of Napoleon's marvellous skill, in what we may describe as 'tours de force' in the field, and he seems to have been wholly devoid of the great master's genius of surprise and stratagem, one of the most splendid of Napoleon's gifts. The most marked defect of Moltke's nature, however, was a certain inability to understand men, and to

interpret rightly the teachings of history. We see this repeatedly in his writings; and this, added to his hatred and contempt of Frenchmen—the bad creed of a Prussian junker—led him into errors in 1870-1, the results of which will long remain manifest.

In 1858, through the influence of the Prince Regent, afterwards King William and German Emperor, Moltke was made Chief of the Prussian Staff. He had by this time reached his fifty-eighth year; and if he had seen very little of war in the field, he had long commanded the Staff of the 4th Corps d'Armée; he was thoroughly versed in military work; and he was one of the most learned and accomplished of soldiers. The main labours of his life begin at this point, and those form his principal title to renown. The Chief of the Staff has always held a conspicuous place in the Prussian army, and Moltke, partly owing to his great abilities, and partly to the power of his staunch friend, the King, acquired, ere long, a well-marked supremacy. His principal work, as Chief of the Staff, was to select the best officers for the service of the Staff, to superintend their training in its different branches, and to make them thoroughly fulfil their duties; and under his incessant and skilful care, this most important part of the army became an admirable instrument for its many uses. Moltke too, always attentive to the prospects of war,—a tradition indeed in the Prussian service—inaugurated the practice of seeking information on the state of the great Continental armies, especially of those of Austria and France, and the elaborate statistics that were thus compiled, proved, when the occasion came, of the very highest value. War, however, the diligent enquirer knew, was chiefly to be understood, so far as regards its large combinations and highest parts, by the study of the exploits of great captains, and Moltke employed many pens on the Staff in compiling narratives of different campaigns. The series began with his account of the war of 1859, a characteristic, but masterly sketch, full of sound criticism and careful description, if sometimes rather too minute in its details, and wholly without imaginative power.

Moltke, however, was far more than a Chief of the Staff; he

became the master spirit of the armed strength of Prussia. To the King and Roon was, no doubt, due the great increase of the Prussian army, which took place after 1859, and which gradually raised it to 700,000 men, including the large reserve of the Landwehr, and also the general arrangements for these vast masses, with the material they required to take the field. But it was Moltke who fashioned the mighty instrument of war, and gave it its terrible power and efficiency. It was his peculiar and distinctive merit that, better probably than any soldier of the time, he saw how the circumstances of a new era must create new conditions of war, and that he turned them to the very best advantage. Since the long peace which succeeded Waterloo, the population of every State had been rising; education had been diffused through the masses; agriculture had improved, roads had been multiplied, and the railway system had been developed; the electric telegraph had been invented; and weapons of destruction of the most formidable kind, the rifled gun and the breech-loading musket, had been brought gradually into use in armies. Moltke adapted with admirable resource and skill these facts of the time to the military force of Prussia. He saw that the immense size of modern armies, the result of population ever on the increase, would make them unmanageable in a single hand; and he insisted that the armed forces of Prussia should be formed into separate armies under independent commands. He saw that mental culture had improved the soldier; and he laboured hard to develop the self-reliance of the individual man in all parts of the service, making him an intelligent warrior, not a fighting machine, and thus greatly increasing his effective power. He saw again, that war could be made more rapid and decisive than it had ever been, owing to increased facilities of obtaining supplies, and improved methods of locomotion; and he drew fruitful results for operations in the field, from the growth of husbandry, of roads, and of railways. He made also material inventions of the age to minister, with success to his art; he caused the steam engine and the telegraph to yield their best uses to the events of war and the conduct of armies; and he laid it down clearly that the new warfare must cause fire to

be the chief force in battle, and not the shock of charges, however fierce; though it was some time apparently before he thoroughly understood the relations of the three arms in these days.*

The higher organization of the Prussian army, for actual operations in the field, was, therefore, in the main, the work of Moltke. That army, too, it should be remarked, remained formed on the local territorial system, that is, was divided † into distinct corps, according to the provinces of the Prussian Monarchy, and with all their requirements at hand, on the spot, an arrangement which made its assembly rapid, and secured celerity in its first movements in war. The Prussian infantry, too, at this period, was the only infantry generally armed with the needle gun, a breech-loading rifle; and this single circumstance gave it an immense advantage over the footmen in the other armies of Europe. Two additional points require to be noticed in this brief survey of the armed force of Prussia, as it was fashioned by degrees after 1859. True to the traditions of Frederick the Great, and perfectly familiar with the lessons of war, Moltke spared no pains to ensure that the army should be always ready to take the offensive, and to possess the initiative in the field: and indeed many of his reforms had this object in view. It seems probable, too, that through his influence with the King he had much to do with nominating to the higher commands. It is certain at least that the Prussian generals, if none could lay claim to supreme genius, became leaders of a very superior order, bold, active, resolute, trained to work in concert, and skilled in every part of their calling; and this was Moltke's idea of what they should be, as we see repeatedly laid down in his works.

Though not so perfect, as it was made afterwards, the Prussian army thus soon became by far the best of the great Continental armies. It could be divided into units not too

* See 'a Retrospect of the Tactical Retrospect.' The translator of this work, Colonel Ouvry says it was from the pen of Moltke under a feigned name, though this has been denied.

† The single corps d'élite of the guards is, in some respects, an exception.

great in size; it possessed extreme celerity, and ease of movement; it had been brought up to the level of the age, in every kind of material invention; it was better commanded and more formidably armed than any hostile force it could meet in the field. The results appeared in the great war of 1866, especially in the campaign in Bohemia, to a considerable extent directed by Moltke. I can only trace this conflict in the barest outline, though it is one of the deepest interest for the true student of war. When hostilities began on the 15th of June, the Prussian armies, about 270,000 strong, and divided into three great masses, the Army of the Elbe, the First and the Second Armies, were disseminated along an immense front of from 180 to 200 miles,* from the Middle Elbe to the Upper Neisse; and Moltke at once assumed the offensive. Saxony was overrun by the 20th of June, and on the 22nd orders were given that the three armies should invade Bohemia, converging in double lines, and from wide distances, on Gitschin, a point many miles south of the great mountain ranges of the Gebirge. The Austrian army, perhaps 260,000 men, taking into account its Saxon contingent, had been, by this time some days in motion, from its principal leaguers at Brünn and Olmütz, one corps and the Saxons being on the Upper Iser; and the object of its commander, Benedek, was to reach the table land between the Iser and the Elbe, and to separate and defeat the Prussian armies before they could effect their junction. By the 25th the Army of the Elbe, and the First Army, both now directed by Prince Frederick Charles, were close to the line of the Upper Iser; but the Second Army, under the Crown Prince of Prussia, had not even crossed the Bohemian frontier, being eighty or ninety miles away from its supports; and though Benedek, who had moved very slowly, was probably by this time too late to carry out his original plan, a grand opportunity lay open to him. On the 26th and 27th of June the mass of his army was on the Upper Elbe, from Josephstadt to Opocno, and Tynist in the

* The Prussian Staff History makes the distance between 100 to 125 miles. But this must be a misprint. See p. 29.

rear; and had he drawn towards him his corps exposed on the Iser, and directed his main force against the Crown Prince, the Second Army, immensely inferior in numbers, would hardly have escaped a serious reverse.* Benedek, in fact, at this moment, possessed a central position, and interior lines against converging armies widely apart; and what great captains have done with this advantage has been shown from the days of Turenne to those of Lee, and has been illustrated by Napoleon with peculiar splendour.

Benedek, however, was merely a brave soldier; he had none of the powers of a great commander. He made no use of his position of vantage; and in his subsequent movements he simply played into his enemy's hands. His corps on the Iser, his left wing, remained isolated and open to attack; he endeavoured to push forward the main part of his forces, his centre, when there was no longer time; and he directed only two corps against the Crown Prince, to the right, instead of falling in full force on him. The results developed themselves with amazing quickness. Prince Frederick Charles assailed the weak Austrian left in a series of combats, and advanced on Gitschin; the Crown Prince suffered a defeat at Trautenau, but broke the feeble Austrian right at Nachod and Skalitz, and Benedek's centre stood as it were paralyzed, unable to give either wing support. In these engagements the Austrians lost from 30,000 to 40,000 men, the Prussians not more than 10,000; and though bad generalship was chiefly to blame, the overwhelming superiority of the Prussian armies in every respect was made clearly manifest.

By the 30th of June the three Prussian armies were advancing on a broad front towards the Elbe, still however, with a wide dis-

* This is admitted by the *Prussian Staff History*, pp. 65, 67. The writer, however, followed by Major Adam's *Great Campaigns*, p. 415, says that Benedek had no information, but this is flatly contradicted by the *Austrian Staff History*, 3, 48. Lord Wolseley, an enthusiastic admirer of Moltke, *United Service Magazine*, October, 1891, p. 4, significantly remarks 'Had the great Napoleon commanded the Austrian armies, the Prussian forces would have been hurled back into the mountains and defeated in detail.'

tance between them, a movement which has been very differently judged; and Benedek, drawing in his defeated forces, was falling back on all points to the Bistritz, an affluent of the Elbe, to the north-west of Königgratz. Moltke had ere long taken the direction of affairs; but he lost contact with his beaten enemy, a marked fault often to be observed in him. By the 2nd of July, however, Prince Frederick Charles ascertained that the Austrians were behind the Bistritz; he resolved to attack with his two armies, but as Benedek would be largely superior in force, about 200,000 to 124,000 men, he sent a message to the Crown Prince, at Königshinof, about 10 or 12 miles from his camp at Kamenitz, to come to his aid with part of the Second Army. Moltke, however, as he was at this time at Gitschin, saw that this was a bad half measure; * and he ordered the Crown Prince to advance at once, with his whole forces, to support his colleague, a most admirable move as affairs stood, but, owing to the distance between the Prussian armies, by no means promising certain success. The great battle of Sadowa followed, but I can only glance at the broad results. The Army of the Elbe and the First Army made little progress in the attack for hours, and were in considerable danger for a short time; for the Crown Prince could not speedily appear on the field. At last, however, the Second Army, after immense exertions, came into line, from 90,000 to 100,000 strong. It fell on Benedek's right, which had been exposed, and reached his centre, almost by accident, and from that moment the battle was lost to Austria. The defeat, though decisive, was not overwhelming, for Benedek drew off the mass of his forces, and the conquerors were unable to pursue. The strength of Austria was nevertheless broken, and peace was made in a few weeks.

* Colonel Lecomte, sometime Jomini's first aide-de-camp, an admirable and well-informed critic, distinctly asserts—*Guerre de la Prusse*, 1, 406—‘that this all important order was not sent in duplicate, which would have been a grave omission. This has been scornfully denied, and reference is made to the *Prussian Staff History*, p. 166. The passage may well mean that one single order was sent to Prince Frederick Charles at Kamenitz, and another to the Crown Prince at Königshinof.

An immense majority of soldiers believed the victory of Austria certain in 1866. The decisive superiority of the Prussians was, however, manifest, though the needle-gun was for a time set down as the paramount cause of the triumph of Prussia. Moltke's strategy, too, was generally condemned, especially the advance, in a double line and at wide distances, into Bohemia, the Austrian army being not far off: no critic of repute attempted a defence until after the war of 1870-1. Since that time apologies have been profuse, for success will always command advocates, even though the movement set at nought principles of the military art that may be deemed axioms. Most of these pleas, however, cannot stand the test of impartial enquiry, when fairly examined. We may reject the argument of the Prussian Staff, for it does not meet the facts, and it avoids the issue. Benedek, we may concede, had not time enough to carry out his original design, to reach the table-land between the Iser and the Elbe, and to strike right and left at the Prussian armies; had he persisted in this course he might have been crushed between them. This circumstance, however, did not prevent him from gaining a central position and interior lines on the 26th and 27th June, and from having it in his power, on those two days, to direct a preponderating force against the Crown Prince, and afterwards against Prince Frederick Charles; and his possession of this advantage, which might have been made decisive, was wholly due to the fact that the Prussian armies were drawing towards him with a wide gap between them.

We may also summarily disregard the view that the electric telegraph reduced the danger of Moltke's operations almost to nothing, for it enabled him to keep the converging armies in hand and to regulate their pre-concerted movements. In the first place, it did nothing of the kind, for Prince Frederick Charles, in his advance on Gitschin, did not march as had been projected; and, in the second place, Benedek had the advantage of the electric telegraph rather more than Moltke, and his gain was as great as that of his enemy; it can be proved, I believe, that it was much greater. Nor can I admit the justice of the last plea I shall notice, that Moltke, as may have been

well the fact, knew that Benedek was a bad general, and that the Austrian army was a bad army, and therefore ventured on operations, in theory false, but not actually hazardous as affairs stood. As Napoleon has written over and over again, and Moltke has more than once remarked, a whole plan of a campaign founded on the notion, that the adversary is certain to make gross mistakes and to do everything wrong, is open to censure, whatever liberties may be safely taken with an incapable enemy actually within reach.

The Prussian army, in 1866, was infinitely superior to the Austrian army, in the real elements of military power. Why then did Moltke disregard a principle of supreme importance in the conduct of war, with this result that the Prussian armies would have been in the gravest peril, for two days at least, had Benedek been a capable chief? We must seek in events that preceded the campaign the only true apology that can be made for him. Moltke wished to assume the offensive as soon as the forces of Prussia could be assembled, that is long before the middle of June, and in that case, there is reason to believe he would have invaded Bohemia on a single line. King William, however, would not hear of this; he refused to collect the Prussian armies, for weeks, and kept them, when collected, in a defensive attitude; and it was not until the last moment, when the three armies were spread along the frontier, that he gave his consent to attack Austria. Thwarted and restricted as he had been, Moltke, therefore, had two alternatives only, either to invade Bohemia on double converging lines, taking risks impossible to avoid, or to lose time in drawing together the Prussian armies, along the widely extended front they held, and making the attack on one line only. In this situation of affairs, it appears probable that he took, on the whole, the better course, beset as it was with danger; and though good judges have denied this, their arguments do not carry conviction with them. Under the special circumstances of the case, therefore, the strategy of Moltke may perhaps be justified; but it can be excused in this way only; and it is no grand illustration of the art of war. As to the direction given by Moltke to the Crown Prince to march on Sadowa, with all his forces, this

was a fine and well-conceived movement; but, here again, success was very far from certain, as the Prussian armies had been kept apart, and Benedek, with his defeated army, had a good chance of victory for some hours.

Moltke gave proof, in the Campaign of 1866, of boldness, readiness, and force of character, but assuredly not of strategic genius. He was the chief architect, however, of the armed strength of Prussia; the Prussian army had completely eclipsed the Austrian; and this was his real title to fame. We do not know exactly the part he had in the immense aggrandisement of the military power of Prussia, which followed the triumphant Peace of Prague, and in the development and improvement of the German armies, but unquestionably it was great and conspicuous. Within less than four years from the day of Sadowa, the Prussian army had been increased by nearly a third; the states of southern Germany had joined Prussia, and had given her large auxiliary forces; the armies of northern and southern Germany reached the prodigious total of 1,100,000, including the Landwehr, as a reserve, the standing army being about 600,000, and extraordinary exertions had been made to bring these vast arrays to the highest point of excellence. By this time war with France was known to be at hand; but Napoleon III., crossed by routine and faction, endeavoured in vain to make the army of France fit to cope with its coming gigantic enemy. Even in numbers that army was very inferior, it had only 336,000 men in first line, and the great mass of its reserves was only a force on paper. Its organization too, was antiquated, and out of joint; it could not assemble with ease and quickness; the three arms in it were not well trained, and its chiefs versed in Algerian warfare, had little knowledge of the higher parts of war, and of the strategy and tactics of great modern armies. The French infantry, indeed, had, in the Chassepôt rifle, a better weapon than the Prussian needle gun; but this advantage was more than overborne by the superiority of the German artillery; and the French cavalry had almost lost the habit of exploring, at great distances, in which the German had been taught to excel.

Apart from numbers, there was no comparison between the two armies as instruments of war.

The war broke out in July, 1870, and Napoleon III., enfeebled by disease, assumed the supreme command of the French army. His plan for the campaign had been formed for some time; it was borrowed from that of his uncle in 1815, and it was based on the principle that an inferior force, if ably led, might contend with success against divided enemies superior in numbers. The Emperor hoped to assemble 250,000 men behind the great strongholds of Metz and Strasburg; to cross the Rhine between Maxen and Germersheim; to separate the armies of North and South Germany; and then, calling up a reserve of 150,000, supported by Austrian and Italian contingents, to fall in full force on the Prussian armies. This forecast, however, quickly proved vain; the military organization of France broke down; the assembly of her forces was very slow, and they were left without all kinds of requirements, and even in numbers they fell far short of what the Emperor had been led to expect. Eight corps indeed, were formed, and sent towards the frontier, but they hardly exceeded 200,000 men, even by the closing days of July, and they were still in the need of many appliances to enable them to make a bold offensive movement. In these circumstances, the ill-fated sovereign left the mass of his forces spread along the frontier, on an immense arc from Thionville to Belfort, in positions exposed to a most dangerous attack, his enemy being at hand in irresistible force. He probably ought to have fallen back speedily, but he dreaded the wrath and contempt of Paris, one main cause of the disasters that followed.

Unlike what had happened in 1866, Moltke was not hampered on this great occasion, and he was freely given the chief direction of the armed strength of Germany. He had anticipated the design of Napoleon III. by summoning the South German forces to support the North; and the Emperor, in any event, would have probably failed. The assembly of the united forces of Germany, from the Niemen to the Rhine and the Moselle, was one of the most marvellous of events in war. The system of organization, brought gradually by Moltke

almost to the point of perfection, worked with a celerity and precision that astounded Europe; but organization was sustained by a mighty effort of life, and Germany rushed to arms against her ancient enemy. The gigantic movement was completed in about sixteen days, and three armies were set on foot: the First, about 60,000 strong, in the region around Trèves, under the veteran Steinmetz; the Second, not less than 130,000, spreading from Mayence along the roads to Lorraine, and with Prince Frederick Charles at its head; and the Third, about equal in force to the Second, having the Crown Prince of Prussia as its chief, in the tract around Landau, overhanging Alsace. These vast arrays, fully 320,000 men, were supported by reserves of 150,000, and they were already threatening seven French corps, now perhaps 210,000* strong, disseminated widely on a vulnerable front. The general plan of Moltke was to take the offensive; to invade France on her weakest frontier; to penetrate into Alsace and Lorraine; to overthrow the armies opposed to him; and having driven them towards the northern provinces, to make his way to the capital of France. With certain changes, due to the accidents of war, he carried out this plan with unflinching constancy, and with a success that probably he had not ventured to expect.

There was nothing original in this design of Moltke; the invasion of France, upon these lines, had been arranged as far back as the day of Gneisenau; and Moltke borrowed in this the thoughts of others, as he had followed the example of Frederick the Great, when he entered Bohemia before Sadowa. What is really to be admired in these operations, as a whole, is the proof they gave of the supreme excellence of the organization for war of the German armies; and here again Moltke may claim high praise. Yet an opportunity was given Napoleon III., which a great general might have turned to advantage. The First Army was isolated for a few days; and it was possible to have directed against it a force largely superior

* There is no official French account of the war, and these numbers can be only approximate to the truth. Of the eight French corps one, the 6th, was at Châlons.

in numbers; a movement which might have had immense results, and given a new turn to the whole campaign.* The Emperor, however, remained inactive; and after the puny demonstration of Sarrebruck—which, however, made Moltke pause for a moment—the tempest broke over Alsace and Lorraine. The Third Army, moving across the frontier, routed a French division, dangerously exposed, and ignorant of the approach of the enemy, owing to the bad exploring of the French cavalry, around the old frontier town of Wissembourg; and on the 6th of August, it completely defeated the right wing of the French army—known by the general name of the Army of the Rhine—in position on the Sauer in front of Wörth. Meanwhile parts of the First and Second Armies had attacked a corps of the French Army, preparing to fall back from the Sarre, and after a fierce struggle on the heights of Spicheren and the adjoining tract, the French retreated beaten.† These battles, however, were altogether premature, were fought against the wish of the chiefs in highest command, and certainly were not well directed, as far as regards the German movements, though Moltke, who was far distant, was in no sense to blame. At Wörth, 46,000 Frenchmen resisted 100,000

* This is well pointed out by General Hamley, *Operations of War*, p. 334, ed. 1889; and is made very clear, and in full detail, by General Derrécagaix in *Guerre Moderne*, I, 512-13. The *Prussian Staff History* and the worshippers of success in England maintain a significant silence.

† The descriptions of Wörth and Spicheren in the *Prussian Staff History* are not always candid or trustworthy, and some of the accounts compiled by the courtiers of fortune in England are worse. For instance, a writer in the *United Service Magazine*, of January, 1894, practically denies that the situation had become critical with the Germans about mid-day; that the noble charges of the French cavalry were of any use; and that the 1st Bavarian corps had a most important influence in deciding the battle. He is contradicted on these points by the *Prussian Staff History*, I., pp. 162, 163, 177, 187, 191. He is, however, more fully confuted by General Derrécagaix, *Guerre Moderne*, II., 178, 199, whose careful and exhaustive account he appears not to have read. The *Prussian Staff History*, it should be added—and most English writers blindly follow it—assumes that the French were largely superior in numbers at Spicheren; but General Derrécagaix, who gives precise figures, emphatically denies this. *Guerre Moderne*, I., 535.

Germans, and had for hours a distinct advantage, a result which could not have been obtained, had not the German attacks been made piecemeal; and at Spicheren the Germans must have been defeated, had the French corps received the assistance of large supports, a few miles from the field. The consequences of the defeats of Macmahon and Frossard, the commanders of the French in these engagements, were certainly, as affairs stood, very great; but considering the immense superiority of the invaders in force, taking into account the theatre of war, they might unquestionably have achieved more than they did.

Wörth almost destroyed Macmahon's force, and sent its remains, in rout through the Vosges, whence, joined on the way by the corps under Faily, they ultimately arrived at the Great Camp of Châlons. Spicheren compelled the other parts of the army of the Rhine, placed in a position critical in the extreme, to fall back on all points through Lorraine, in a state of confusion, distress, and terror, greatly aggravated by all kinds of conflicting orders. Yet Moltke, who was in communication with the victorious hosts by the telegraph, on the whole scene of action, made no effort to pursue the enemy; in fact, even the chiefs of the Third Army scarcely tried to press the wrecked troops of Macmahon. The invading armies made a well marked pause; Moltke's object being, in part, to call up the great reserves of his second line, and, in part, to carry out leisurely, without gathering fruits from his recent success, the plan of operations he had formed for the campaign. The Third Army began to move on the 8th of August; made its way very slowly through the passes of the Vosges, and proceeded to the region around Nancy, reaching this early on the 16th, and having completely lost sight of the enemy. The First and Second Armies, which had assembled on the Middle Sarre, in immense force, did not begin to march until the 10th of August; they formed the pivot, in fact, for the wider sweep to be made on the left by the Third Army; and they were not on the Nied until the 13th, having, also, nearly ceased to be in contact with the French. The object of these movements was to bring an irresistible force upon the Moselle, a

line the French army, it was supposed, would defend; and having defeated the Army of the Rhine, to drive it northwards, and to advance on Paris.

This strategy is not to be lightly censured, and, in the end, it completely succeeded, if this is no real test of its merits. An invasion of France has been always hazardous; Moltke thought the French would make a stand on the Moselle—a very strong, nay formidable line—and he seems to have believed this part of the Army of the Rhine was still about 200,000 strong, though it is difficult to give this statement credit.* Nevertheless, an impartial student of war can have little doubt but that at this conjuncture, a great opportunity was lost by the German leader. I may pass by the question whether the Third Army might not have annihilated Macmahon's routed force, had it made a real effort at pursuit; the feeble attempt it made was in the wrong direction, and was abandoned within a few hours. The First and Second Armies, however, had it in their power to destroy the remaining part of the Army of the Rhine, and in this way probably to cause the war to close in a single and completely decisive battle. That army, not yet joined by the corps from Châlons, was only on the German Nied on the 8th of August. It was not more than 135,000 strong; chiefs, officers, and men had lost heart; even when the corps from Châlons reached it, it was not more than† 170,000 strong, a great part of this force being mere levies; and it was not on the French Nied until the 11th. But on the 8th of August not less than seven corps‡ of the First and Second Armies, with large reserves in their rear, were collected upon the Middle Sarre in possession of the great main roads from the frontier; they must have been

* *Prussian Staff History*, I., 280. This statement seems to have been made to excuse the loss of the opportunity that Moltke had.

† See the numbers given by Bazaine. *L'Armée du Rhin*, p. 46. General Hamley's *Operations of War*, p. 320, ed. 1889, make the figures considerably less.

‡ *Prussian Staff History*, I., 271, 279. The seven corps were the 1st, 7th and 8th of the First Army, and the 3rd, 4th, 10th, and Guards of the Second.

200,000 men in first line; they were not more than twenty miles from the French on that day, and it is idle to deny that, had they advanced at once, they would have reached and overwhelmed their much weaker enemy. This was not done,* and a grand occasion was missed; but this was thoroughly in keeping with Moltke's leading. With advantages Napoleon never possessed, he was not to be compared to Napoleon on the path of victory; he excelled in carrying out well meditated plans, but he had little of the inspiration and resource of that first of warriors.†

While the German armies were thus advancing slowly, the French, we have seen, were falling back from the frontier. The intention of the Emperor at first was to retreat far to the Marne and Châlons, and being, as he was, not pressed by the enemy, he probably could have attained his object. The fear of opinion in Paris, however,—his curse and that of France in this part of the war—induced him to stand on the French Nied, as if to challenge his approaching foes; but this unfortunate resolve was soon given up, and the Army of the Rhine, less by Macmahon and Faily's forces, fell back once more seeking to reach Metz, and, we repeat, in a most disheartened state. The chief command was now taken by Bazaine, and that Marshal received directions to march through Metz, and to advance to the Meuse, with the object doubtless of getting to Châlons at last, and effecting his junction with Macmahon. The retreat of Bazaine was extremely slow; but, shameful as his conduct

* That an opportunity was lost is practically admitted in *The Prussian Staff History*, I., 280. It states, in its wonted guarded language, 'The Germans were apparently lingering in their advance.'

† An English apologist for Moltke, writing in the *Broad Arrow* of Nov. 18th, 1893, denies that the French Army, retreating through Lorraine, was in a state of demoralization. I may refer him to Bazaine, *L'Armée du Rhin*, pp. 40-41, Bazaine, *Guerre 1870*, pp. 42, 43, 44. As to the opportunity lost by Moltke, see Major Adams, one of his chief admirers, *Great Campaigns*, pp. 614-15. 'The one quality in which Von Moltke seems deficient is that of reaping the full and instantaneous fruits of victory. The time that was permitted to elapse, after the first struggle, lost to the Germans the opportunity of bringing the war to a rapid and brilliant conclusion.'

became afterwards, it would be unfair to blame him for this, for he only just had his troops in hand; and, curiously enough, his first idea was to attack the Germans, now at a little distance, a movement that might perhaps have succeeded. By the 12th of August the First and Second Armies had almost come up with the retiring French; and Moltke ordered the First Army to move to the French Nied, supported by two corps of the Second Army. Had Bazaine fell boldly on, on the 13th,* he would not improbably have gained a victory; but he was already defiling through Metz, and an opportunity was, perhaps, lost to the French. By the 14th of August a part only of the French Army was west of the Moselle, the other part being still on the eastern bank, for the march through Metz had been greatly delayed; and this part was attacked by two divisions of the First Army, supported ere long by a third, and by reinforcements from the Second Army. The battle was well contested and stern, and from a tactical point of view was drawn;† but strategically it kept the whole French army back, and this gave the Germans a great advantage.

Moltke drew fruitful results from the conflict known as Colombey Nouilly or Borny. The Third Army was now approaching Nancy, a considerable part of the Second Army was sent across the Moselle to the west of Metz, and the First Army was brought towards the fortress, its advanced guards drawing near the Seille, an affluent of the great stream of the Moselle. This movement, screened by masses of horsemen, was admirably executed, and has been justly admired; but it may be remarked that it simply carried out the general plan of the operations of Moltke, and his ability, in this respect, has been never questioned. A great mistake, however, was here made, which might have been attended with the gravest results. Moltke had wished that the mass of the Second Army should

* See General Derrécagaix, *Guerre Moderne*, II., p. 57.

† This has been contemptuously denied by the writer in the *United Service Magazine*, before referred to. Major Adams *Great Campaigns*, p. 534, says, 'Night fell on a drawn battle, in which both sides claim the victory.'

advance westwards, and attack Bazaine, intercepting him on his way to the Meuse, and striking him, in force, in front and flank; but Prince Fredrick Charles had convinced himself that this operation would be too late; he resolved to follow Bazaine at once; and he directed two corps only, to positions in which he hoped to assail the rear of the Marshal, assumed to be in precipitate retreat. This was a feeble and most erroneous movement; how far Moltke has to account for it, will probably not be known for years; but it deserves notice that he was apprised of the Prince's intentions on the 15th of August, and counter orders were not despatched.* These arrangements led to the great battle, fought on 16th, and called by the Germans *Mars la Tour*, a battle glorious for Germany, but which might have been fatal to her. Bazaine had retreated only a few miles from Metz: he had about 140,000 men in hand, and he was successfully assailed and brought to bay, at first by a few thousand men only, and even to the last by a very inferior force. Each side lost about 16,000 men, in an indecisive struggle only closed at night; but had Bazaine been a real general, his enemies should have been trampled in the dust.

The operations of the contending armies became, at this point, of peculiar interest. There was but one opinion in the German camp, either that Bazaine would attack on the 17th, and so try to force his way to the Meuse, or that he would march northwards, and avoiding a battle, would seek to retreat in that direction. Preparations were made for either attempt, and Moltke no doubt is responsible for them. The Third Army was left where it was, its chiefs intent on a march on Paris; but two corps† of the First Army were placed near Metz, to the west of the Moselle, while the third corps‡ was

* *The Prussian Staff History*, I., 351-7, if carefully studied, shows that this account of these operations is, in substance, correct. Mr. Archibald Forbes, *United Service Magazine*, March, 1894, has written a well considered description of what he has called 'Prince Frederick Charles's Misconceptions.' I noticed this mistake as far back as 1891, in my *Great Commanders*, p. 290; and more fully in my study of Moltke, pp. 146-49.

† The 7th and 8th corps.

‡ The 1st corps.

left on the eastern bank of the river, with directions to observe and menace the fortress, and, if attacked in force, to fall back to the Nied. Meanwhile the five corps of the Second Army, at hand, were ranged in a line of about eleven miles in extent, from the right of the First Army at Ars,* to Hannonville on the main roads to the Meuse; and one corps† in the rear, not yet across the Moselle, was ordered to cross, and to join the main body. Contact had once more been lost with the enemy, save where the First Army approached Metz; and the general plan of operations was that the part of the First Army, west of the Moselle, should hold the French engaged on the spot, and should form the pivot for the movement either to attack Bazaine, or to follow him should he retreat northwards.

These arrangements occupied the 17th of August, and Bazaine did not attack on that day. Let us now consider what had become the situation of the German armies, on the night of the 17th, and until the next morning. One corps only of the First Army was on the eastern bank of the Moselle; the Third Army was far away; and eight corps of the First and Second Armies were gathering together west of the Moselle, with little means of knowing the movements of the French, their leaders, besides, being, one and all, convinced that Bazaine was marching westwards for the Meuse. On the other hand, Bazaine, at the close of the 16th, was only eight or ten miles from Metz; and once within the fortress, he would have a great opportunity for an offensive movement, for he would hold the chord of the arc on the field of manoeuvre, and the communications of the Germans lay exposed before him, covered only by the one corps of the First Army, an insignificant force compared to his own.

Experience has shown what, in these circumstances, he might have accomplished had he had the genius, the readiness, the decision of a great commander. He had ample supplies of food

* That is the right of the two corps of the First Army, west of the Moselle.

† The 2nd corps. All these movements should be studied in the *Prussian Staff History*, 2.

and munitions;* and had he made up his mind, on the night of Mars la Tour, his army, leaving the killed and wounded behind, and perhaps making demonstrations to conceal his purpose, might have been around Metz on the morning of the 17th. To cross the Moselle should have been now his object; he had six bridges already made,† and three or four might have been constructed; and, leaving a detachment in the fortress behind, and giving his troops supplies for four days, he could have passed through Metz, and reached the eastern bank of the river by the forenoon of the 18th. The country before him was open, and the great roads excellent; and it is not too much to suppose that by nightfall he could have been on the French Nied—a distance of less than ten miles—with from 100,000 to 110,000 men, moving, with their impedimenta, on a broad front. The single corps of the First Army, if not defeated, would, according to orders, have fallen back; and it is scarcely possible that Moltke and his lieutenants could have been apprised of Bazaine's movement with anything like an approach to certainty until the Marshal was on the Nied. Any general placed in a situation like this would have required some hours to form a decision. Moltke, as his career distinctly proves, would have paused for some time, surprised and perplexed; and bearing in mind that the German chiefs all thought that Bazaine was on his way westwards, and not eastwards, as in the supposed case, and that to direct huge masses of men to a direction contrary to that laid out for them, is an affair of immense difficulty, causing delay, it is idle to contend that the German armies, or even a considerable part of them, would be in a position to retrace their steps, and to follow Bazaine until the 19th at soonest. But this operation would have been too late; the Marshal could have reached the Sarre on the 20th, long before the Germans could be even near; and he would thus have seized the communications of his foes, and practically compelled them to think of themselves. In that event he would have saved himself and his army, have caused

* *Report of Riviere*, pp. 31, 34, 38.† *Ibid.*, p. 22.

a suspense of the invasion for weeks, and given the war a wholly new turn.*

Bazaine, however, a most worthless chief, was incapable of making a movement of this kind. He arrayed his army, about 125,000 strong, along a range of uplands to the west of Metz, and awaited his enemy in an attitude of passive defence, a bad attitude as the experience of ages has proved. The Germans, immensely superior in force, and ultimately more than 200,000 men, marched against Bazaine on the 18th of August; but they had all but lost sight of the French army; and their march was at first in the wrong direction, a false move that had bad results. This led to the great battle of Gravelotte, the most fiercely contested of the whole war. The advance of the Germans, when they learned where Bazaine was, has been justly admired, as an instance of admirable organization in the field; but the battle was not well conducted by the German leaders, whatever may be urged by the courtiers of fortune. The first attack on the French lines was made at the wrong place; the Prussian Guards were nearly cut to pieces; the First Army was almost routed, and that this sacrifice was

* This movement has been indicated by the late General Hamley, with a slight variation, *Operations of War*, ed. 1889, 329-32. That it was practicable is virtually admitted by the *Prussian Staff History*, II., 533. I believe it would have been accomplished certainly by Napoleon, who, at Arcola, succeeded in carrying out an operation somewhat analogous, but far more difficult; probably by Turenne, Eugene, Villars, or Frederick the Great, who all performed feats at least as arduous. It is a complete mistake to suppose that General Hamley is the only soldier who thought of this movement; it suggested itself to two Generals at least of Bazaine's army, to the Austrian Staff, to the illustrious Chanzy, I have reason to believe, and, as I know, to one distinguished General of the British army since dead. Mr. Archibald Forbes has tried to prove in the *United Service Magazine* of February, 1894, that the operation must have failed, and would have been defeated by the Germans. I think he has shown that General Hamley did not suggest the best course that could have been adopted, but I dissent from his main conclusions. His reasoning looks at war like a game of chess; assumes that the German generals saw at once all the pieces and moves on the board, and had perfect knowledge of the facts; and, above all, ignores the element of surprise and perplexity that must have delayed, perhaps paralysed their movements.

intended is an idle tale; and the great turning movement by which the battle was won was only just successful, and might have been repulsed with ease. On the other hand, the French, who had regained heart from the results of the fighting of the last few days, displayed remarkable valour and constancy; they successfully maintained their positions for hours, though prevented from making counter attacks; and they would have baffled the decisive turning movement had Bazaine—he was actually not on the field!—sent the Imperial Guard to support his right wing. The German tactics, in a word, were far from good; how far Moltke, who was on the spot, is responsible, will perhaps be never known; but it appears most probable that his constant habit of not keeping in contact with his enemy was the cause of delay in the first instance, and afterwards of precipitate attacks, ill-directed, and frightfully wasteful of life. The ultimate results of Gravelotte were immense; but the battle itself reflects no credit on the skill of the German generals in the field; and this may be the reason that attempts have been made to misrepresent the real force of the opposing armies, and to conceal how largely superior the Germans were in numbers.*

* I believe I can lay claim—see the *Academy*, 19th December, 1891—to the credit of having been the first writer to point out the flagrant miscalculation made by Moltke in his *Precis of the Franco-German War*, I., 84, as to the numbers of the armies engaged at Gravelotte. Attempts have been made to excuse him, at least as to one gross mis-statement, but they have either been futile, or have got him out of Scylla to fling him into Charybdis. It is said that he did include the 2nd corps in his enumeration of the German forces in the field, but that he wrote the figure ‘seven’ corps instead of ‘eight.’ This is improbable in the highest degree, and it deserves special notice that the *Prussian Staff History*, which Moltke, no doubt, had before him, vol. I., 438, refers to ‘seven’ corps only, and only includes the ‘eight’ corps in an appendix. But, be this as it may, Moltke, taking this apology as correct, confessedly omitted the whole of the German cavalry, about 25,000 sabres, out of the account, and this was very nearly the strength of the 2nd corps. No one has attempted to justify his omission of part of the 1st corps of the First Army, which shelled Metz from the eastern bank of the Moselle; very possibly kept the Imperial Guard on the spot; and certainly played an important part in the battle. In short, in any view of the case Moltke has under-rated the German

The operations of Moltke, from Wörth and Spicheren to Gravelotte, have been more or less censured. Passing by the idolaters of mere success, General Hamley has remarked that the German leader gave opportunities and missed chances; and I certainly think that he ought to have crushed his enemy before he reached Metz; that Mars La Tour ought to have been a German defeat; that Bazaine, had he been a great captain, might have severed Moltke's communications and escaped; and that Gravelotte, in itself, was no triumph to boast of.* Moltke, with remarkable daring and energy, invested Metz after the battle of the 18th, with the First Army and part of the Second; but the investment was at the outset so weak, that Bazaine, the Prussian staff admits,† might probably have broken through the German lines, a tolerable proof of what he might have done had he struck the blow indicated after Mars la Tour. The operation astounded soldiers in Europe; but Bazaine had already given proof of such complete incapacity in the field, that Moltke, as the event showed, was probably justified in adopting a course without an example in war before. How Bazaine made no real effort to escape, how he even neglected to husband the supplies which would have enabled him to hold out much longer than he did, and how he dabbled in treason and betrayed his country, is one of the

forces at Gravelotte, by at least 30,000 men. As to his enumeration of the French forces, he has over-estimated them by from 60,000 to 55,000 men; and this has not been seriously disputed even by his most ardent admirers. The French were not 180,000 strong, as he asserts, but from 120,000 to 130,000 at most; and this is a higher figure than those of Bazaine, of General Hamley, and of Col. Malleon. Curiously enough, the *Prussian Staff History*, vol. II., p. 10, lets the truth out in one passage, and says, 'the enemy was estimated at 100,000, or 120,000 men.' No one wishes to charge Moltke with wilful misrepresentation, but his mis-statements are not less most palpable, and it is really too much to ask any reasonable person to swallow the German figures in many parts of the war of 1870.

* That Moltke was not satisfied with his own operations at this conjuncture is evident from the *Prussian Staff History*, II. 165-7. These pregnant comments are probably from his pen.

† *Prussian Staff History*, II. 533.

darkest tales in the annals of France; no one is equally to blame for the results of the war.

Moltke now formed the Army of the Meuse, and directed it with the Third Army against Macmahon's forces, as a prelude to the intended advance on Paris. Macmahon had by this time assembled from 130,000 to 140,000 men at Châlons, and his first resolve was to fall back on the capital, and to defend it with the last army possessed by France. How he was turned aside from this judicious purpose, partly by an ambiguous message from Bazaine, but chiefly from dread of Parisian opinion, once more causing immense disasters, is known to every student of the war of 1870-1, and I need not repeat an often-told tale. I shall not dwell on his fatal advance to the Meuse, ending in the catastrophe of Sedan, for I examined the subject in this *Review* lately; * suffice it to say that operations in war were never worse conceived or worse carried out. Moltke's plans, if somewhat tardy, were admirably laid, and the movements by which the German armies were directed against their doomed foes, were those of a real master of war. Fine and just conception, and able execution, were the characteristics of these great efforts, but when it is asserted that they surpassed all that Napoleon achieved, the student of the History of War smiles. The march to Sedan was not to be compared to the march on Ulm and the march that led to Marengo.

After Sedan Moltke advanced on Paris, with his mind bent on the plan he had formed, and in the exultation of immense success. The invaders on the march were but 150,000 strong; Bazaine and his army lay in their rear, imprisoned certainly, but a real danger, that kept a great investing force on the spot; the German communications with the interior were hardly opened; and not one even of the main railway lines leading to the capital had been mastered. This operation was founded on the contempt Moltke entertained for the French character—a sentiment that has cost many a warrior dear—he believed that France would not lift her head, and he was convinced that Paris would at once succumb, and that the war

* See *The Scottish Review*, January, 1894, article "Marshal Macmahon."

was close to its end. The calculation, however, was wholly vain; the movement, it is admitted now by the Germans themselves, was a mistake resting on false assumptions; and King William, who judged correctly what the patriotism and resources of France were, protested against it to no purpose.*

Moltke was completely undeceived before long; he succeeded, indeed, in investing Paris, and maintaining his hold on the great city, but the Germans were placed in grave peril for months, through the efforts of the beleaguered capital and the heroic national resistance of France. The invaders, in fact, owed much to fortune, and other accidents if they triumphed at last. Had Bazaine broken through their lines at Metz—and this remained possible for many weeks—they could hardly have escaped a disaster; and but for the premature and unexpected fall of the fortress, the Army of the Loire would, after Coulmiers, have marched on Paris and raised the siege with consequences of supreme importance. Even afterwards, save for Gambetta's mistakes, D'Aurelle and Chanzy might have reached the capital, defeating on their way the covering armies, ill placed and greatly inferior in numbers; and the issue of the contest remained uncertain, until Bourbaki was directed to the east, and recklessly involved in a second Sedan. Surrounded as they were in the midst of France by the waves of a gigantic national rising, of which their commanders never dreamed, the invaders were endangered for a considerable time; indeed, until Paris was subdued by famine, and this too, after triumphs in the field, without a parallel in the annals of war. The march on the capital, therefore, in the circumstances in which it was made, was a capital error, it involved risks enormous alike and needless.

The operations of Moltke, too, in the second part of the war—by many degrees its most attractive part if slurred over by mere soldiers—were often imperfect and very mistaken. Excellent in carrying out pre-arranged plans, he was perplexed when confronted with a state of affairs on which he

* I cannot read German, but can refer the reader to a review of the works of Kunz and Hoenig, contained in *The Times* of the 8th and 9th February, in which this is distinctly asserted.

had not reckoned beforehand; and not possessing the searching eye of genius, he was greatly troubled by the rising of France. For weeks after the investment of Paris, the German movements were weak and tentative; they exhibited indecision and want of knowledge, and they were badly arranged on more than one occasion. Moltke, at a conjuncture of extreme importance, sent large forces in the wrong direction, deceived by an apparition of a French Army of the West; before Coulmiers he was surprised, after Coulmiers he was wholly at fault in separating the Grand Duke and Tann; and he was again surprised by Gambetta—a man of extraordinary powers despite his faults—when the Army of the Loire was collected in front of Orleans, before the battles of the first days of December. He was, also, baffled by Chanzy—a real chief whose premature death was a great loss to France—and in the last stages of the contest he had no conception that Bourbaki was being sent to the East, and he was ignorant of this movement for many days. His idolaters take care not to dwell on these things, and simply point to the result of the war, but history notes, and pronounces on them.*

But if these mistakes of Moltke were grave, and very nearly changed the course of the war, he rose superior to the threats of fortune, on the only occasion when she appeared frowning. His grand strength of character stood him in good stead, while he was struggling for a time in a sea of troubles; and his capacity became again manifest towards the end of the contest. He took the right course in investing Paris, and not risking the perils of an assault; and when it had become evident that the rising of France, and the stubborn resistance of her heroic capital had imposed on him a gigantic task, he addressed himself to it with unflinching constancy, disregarding murmurs and fears in the German camp. By degrees, owing to his fine arrangements, a great external zone, composed of troops marched to his aid, was thrown around the zone of investment; and this double barrier repelled the

* See for most of these mistakes of Moltke the review of Kunz and Hoenig before referred to. I may say they are one and all anticipated and explained in my study on Moltke.

efforts of Paris and of the provincial armies advancing to her relief. The distribution of these forces was sometimes incorrect, but ultimately Moltke gained and secured a central position and interior lines against the enemy on the theatre of war ; and from this position of vantage he directed operations against the French levies, marked, in some instances, by conspicuous skill, especially in the march against Bourbaki, which really put an end to the war. Yet these exertions of Moltke might, perhaps, have failed, had he not been seconded by a great national movement, which has not been sufficiently kept in view. The war, in its last phases, became a strife of races ; Germany, aflame with intense and revengeful passion, flocked across the Rhine to support the invasion ; and this powerfully contributed to her final triumph.

France was stripped of two of her most loyal provinces by the unwise and ominous Treaty of Frankfort. Moltke insisted on the cession of Alsace and Lorraine ; on this, as on several other occasions, exhibiting a want of knowledge of human nature, and a contemptuous dislike of the French character. His memory will probably have to answer for this ; Germany and Europe may yet lament the day when the Tricolor was torn down from Metz and Strasbourg, and the pride and patriotism of France were wounded to the quick. My estimate of this most remarkable man may be collected from what I have already written. Moltke was truly great in the preparation of war, though even in this department of the art, he achieved no marvels like those achieved by Napoleon in providing for the descent on England, for the invasion of Russia in 1812, for the reorganisation of the military force of France in 1813 and 1815. But Moltke had the faculty to perceive with a fulness of insight that approached genius what were the new conditions of war in his age, and he adapted the armed strength of Prussia to them, with an intense perseverance, an attention to details, a far reaching, and sound and practical judgment which entitle him to the very highest praise. The Army which conquered Austria and France was mainly his creation in its highest parts ; it proved irresistible in the field, and was perhaps the best instrument ever forged for war ; and this is Moltke's enduring title to renown.

In the conduct of war the Prussian leader did not excel in the same degree. His success in the field was indeed astounding; Jena and Austerlitz were less decisive than Sedan, but this is not a real test of his powers as a warrior. Moltke had almost always an overwhelming superiority of force; he was opposed to generals of a very low type; he had the advantage of mistakes on the part of his enemy, especially in 1870-71, beyond all example, and his prodigious triumphs were due far more to these causes than to his capacity to lead armies. Genius is not seen in his conceptions of war; the plans of his campaigns were all borrowed; and if he could work out most ably preconcerted schemes, he was unequal to sudden and brilliant resolves, to those strokes of inspiration and power which are the distinctive marks of the greatest captains. Feats of arms due to rapid decision, to stratagem, to craft, to bold surprises, are not to be found in his operations; and though as a mere strategist he was extremely able when he had time to mature his projects, his strategy was not of the very first order. On the other hand, he committed at least his full share of mistakes, especially in his advance on Paris, in his constant and very dangerous habit of losing sight of a defeated enemy, and scarcely ever trying to pursue; and his movements, after Wörth and Spicheren down to the investment of Metz, disclose many and plain shortcomings, and have been rightly subjected to adverse comment. He was never tried by what is the true criterion of generals of the highest type; he never was victorious with an inferiority of force; he never made genius supply the want of numbers; he did nothing that can be compared with what Napoleon accomplished in 1796, in 1814, and even before Waterloo. It may safely be affirmed, as we survey his career, that he could never have achieved exploits like these: strong, patient, able, but requiring time to work out what he had designed, he could not have carried out the movements that have made Arcola, Rivoli, and Montmirail immortal. Nevertheless Moltke holds a real place, if not the highest, among great commanders; he was admirable in executing operations in the field, grand, complicated, vast, and often very difficult, based on plans he had

laid down beforehand ; here his power of organization appears again ; and on several occasions he certainly gave proof of the readiness, the daring, nay the perfect skill which generals of renown possess. Had he been a younger man when he first directed war, his military career might have been more brilliant.

To superficial observers the most striking feature in the great wars conducted by Moltke was the superiority in organization of the German armies. Their celerity, their ease and power in manœuvring were as remarkable indeed as their immense numbers, and as the skill and good will of their chiefs in acting in concert. From these facts it has been inferred that mechanism, and not genius in war, is the most decisive element of success ; Moltke, it has been said, ‘ has displaced the axis of ideas in the art ’ ; a great organizing chief ranks higher than a great commander. This is a false and most dangerous notion ; and Moltke himself has protested against it. That mechanism and organization can do much in war is a truism on which we need not dwell ; but superior direction has always been, and will always be, the dominant force that decides the issues of campaigns and battles. The wars indeed of 1866 and 1870 exhibit this truth with remarkable clearness. Napoleon, even with Benedek’s army, would probably have overthrown Moltke, in the advance into Bohemia on a double line ; the Germans must have lost Mars la Tour, would have had, it is likely, their communications severed, and would have not been successful at Gravelotte, had Moltke had a real general in his front. Assuredly Wellington, in Macmahon’s place, would never have marched an army to Sedan, but would have fallen back and defended Paris, a movement which would have given a new turn to the war, and have saved France from an ignominious peace. The issues of war in their main results depend on the powers of man more than on anything else ; mind rules matter, and will always rule it, a great captain, with forces even nearly equal, will subdue an adversary of inferior power.

WILLIAM O’CONNOR MORRIS.

ART. V.—GERMANY IN 1826.

*Extracts from a Diary of the late Rev. David Aitken, D.D.,
Minister of the parish of Minto from 1827 to 1864.*

[THE 'Diary' from which the following passages have been taken consists simply of rough jottings written down from day to day, with considerable gaps here and there. Apparently it has never been revised. Missing words have not been supplied, and some names, familiar enough to the writer in later years, are misspelt (*e.g.*, 'Washington Irvine.') This fact, while detracting from the literary finish of these records, adds to their historical value. They are the impressions of the moment in the mind of a sympathetic student of German theology and literature. I have added brief notes here and there on some of the less obvious allusions. Readers of the *Scottish Review* may be able to throw light on some matters that I have failed to explain or in respect to which I have fallen into error. I have to acknowledge the very kind help of Dr. Fairbairn in identifying for me several of the theological writers referred to. The recent publication of the *Life of Dr. Pusey* has recalled attention to the controversy raised by 'Rose's book,' which had just appeared before Mr. Aitken's visit to Berlin, Halle and Leipzig, and the opinions of various German theologians on the book regain a fresh interest. With regard to the interview with Hegel I confess a certain disappointment. It is less picturesque than the description which Dr. Aitken in his old age (it must have been in 1873 or 1874) gave me of his visit to the philosopher. He told me how, as he entered the room, he saw at first only a cloud of smoke; as the smoke cleared away he discerned 'a jolly German in a dressing-gown,' who talked to him about English politics and *The Edinburgh Review*. Being asked whether it would be possible by attending a lecture or two to get any idea of his philosophy, Hegel answered: 'In the first *Semester* you would know nothing about it; in the second *Semester* you would know

nothing about it; in the third *Semester* you would begin to see something in it, and in the fourth you *might* begin to make progress.' But did Hegel smoke? To the Nürnberg schoolboys he spoke of smoking as *eine unanständige Unsitte*—'a bad-mannered bad custom': yet this and his constant snuffing do not absolutely prove that the Berlin professor did not smoke. But it is possible that, after so many years, Dr. Aitken's memory may have mixed up the picture of Hegel's outward aspect with that of some other Berlin professor. The deterrent advice about attending a stray lecture is characteristic enough.

D. G. RITCHIE.]

[Berlin] Sunday 16 [April, 1826]. At 7 a.m. heard Schleiermacher in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche, a plain, circus-formed building. Text, Christ's address on having washed his disciples' feet. Leading idea, that true Christianity consisted in displaying the obedience and service due to our master, Jesus, by love and beneficence to his disciples, our fellow-men and neighbours. Illustrated, plainly but interestingly, the value of this connection of love to God and beneficence to men, and that charity performed in this spirit had a higher character and more valuable influence than when practised as a separate duty. The true end of individual exertion thus achieved, and instead of losing himself, or what is due to himself, the Christian attained both the welfare of others and his own by this service tendered to Christ through his disciples.* S. has nothing striking in appearance or manner, speaks in a low tone, yet with distinct enunciation. The church thin, but this might be owing to the wetness and cold of the morning. A considerable proportion of students, and not a few of the military present.

At 9 went to the Dom church. This is one of the most modern and least meritorious in its style. Its towers are of the pepper-box form. The building is meant to be Doric. Within, it is narrow and long; arched over, the galleries resting on rows of Doric pillars. Strauss† very different from Schleiermacher.

* This sermon, on John xiii., 12-20, preached on *Jubilate* Sunday (third after Easter) 1826, will be found in Schleiermacher's *Werke* II^{te} Abth. Bd. 9 p. 387 *seq.*

† Gh. F. Alb. Strauss, a native of Iserlohn, born 1786, from 1822 Professor of Theology in Berlin and Court preacher; a very influential man both in Academic and Court circles. He is referred to in *The Life of Pusey*, i. 78.

A spare, tall, dark-looking man, with powerful, not unmusical, voice, bold and animated in manner. This sermon was very orthodox, and, as these sermons not unfrequently are, somewhat declamatory. The subject was the Christian victory, the weapons by which it was to be fought, and the crown with which it is accompanied. The first part refuted the opinions of those who make the chief value of a character consist in the enlightening of the understanding, in the attainments of the mind. This was done on the ground that to perceive and to perform were not the same thing; that to know what is right may be attained without leading to the performance thereof. It was then shown in what the victory consists, in conquest of the world, sin, ourselves, weaknesses, and propensities. The means of attaining this, firm faith in Christ. It was certainly a trait of the military character of the place that he appealed to his audience as soldiers, who knew how often large armies had been routed where there was a want of confidence in the leader, and how, on the contrary, the smallest bands had conquered where there was the conviction that their general could not be overcome. This may be called a seven-years-war simile. There was another *argumentum ad hominem* of the same kind, where he appealed to their knowledge of the serenity with which the dying warrior could enter on his rest—which might be extended with greater force to the Christian hero. There was certainly pith and energy in the discourse, in style as well as delivery. The church, a large one, was full, but this might be owing to the circumstance that this was the *Hauptpredigt* [principal sermon] as much as that this was the most popular preacher. But popular men are usually of the same mould and stuff as Strauss.

Returned to the same place at 11 and heard Neander. Sermon coincided with my idea of the man. Fluent and feeling. It treated of the fluctuations of life, and painted in a ready style the cases in which it was most apparent, or those where it was most disguised; with the consolation against this evil. The whole might have been improved by a little of Strauss's superfluous verve. None of the three clergymen I heard wore the Lutheran ruff or wig. The service shorter than in Hamburg—a few verses sung before the preacher enters the pulpit, short prayer, sermon, benediction, and a concluding psalm; but neither the minister nor the greater part of the congregation wait for this. . . .

Monday 17. Began to deliver my letters. Went first to Schleiermacher. Found a number of his catechumens [grown-up girls] waiting for him in an antechamber, so that there

was no room for conversation. Had no idea on seeing him in the pulpit how very diminutive he is. A small, spare figure, with shrunk visage, and a few elfin locks straying on his forehead. Enter from the antechamber or lobby at once into his study, a large room flanked with books. Through this a door seemed to lead to the sitting-room of the family, from which the sounds of a piano proceeded. Such a neighbourhood and study, nay, occupation, presented Schleiermacher in another light than the imagination of a stranger is apt to place him.

Next found Prof. Marheineke,* whose study and looks seemed those of a man of the world. Received me politely, yet spoke somewhat reservedly. Promised to make out a list of useful theological books.

The third person I visited was Dr. Lachmann, a youngish man, probably turned of thirty,† agreeable and conversational. Fair in countenance, verging to sallow. Talked at length on old poetry, especially that of Germany. Spoke rather dispraisingly of Tieck's *Minnelieder* [absurd system of spelling], Scheller's *Reineke Vos*, and Von der Hagen's‡ merits, although he allowed that the writings of the latter were deserving as having disseminated a greater knowledge and love of the subject. Said the *Klage* not to be compared with the *Nibelungenlied*. *Tristan*, rather dry. Publishing with Benecke a new edition of *Iwein*, the text of which by Lachmann, and the notes by Benecke; the work ready, only awaiting Benecke's *Anmerkungen*.§ Spoke of Irish fairy tales translated and prefaced by Grimm, cutting off or curtailing the excrescences of the English annotations.|| Grimm says, in them the spirit and turn of Sir Walter Scott; good in him, bad in his imitators. Seemed very desirous to learn whether or not any German MSS. existed

* Best known now, perhaps, as one of the editors of Hegel's *Works*.

† Lachmann was born in 1793. He is best known in this country as editor of the *New Testament* (1831 and 1842-50) and of *Lucretius* (1850).

‡ Professor of German literature. 'The first to bring old German into the circle of academic study' (Goedeke).

§ Lachmann and Benecke's edition of *Iwein* was published in 1827.

|| Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm published in 1826 *Irische Elfenmärchen aus dem englischen*—a translation of *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (1825), which was written by T. Crofton Croker. Croker published a second part in 1828, and Part III. (same year) contains a Dedicatory Letter to Dr. Wilhelm Grimm and a translation of the Brother Grimm's Essay on Elves. Jakob Grimm is the brother here spoken of by Lachmann, as the *Deutsche Grammatik* is his.

in England. The second volume of Grimm's *Grammar* almost too learned—Grimm himself not aware to what length the work might extend. No good dictionary of the Old German language—best notices and explanations to be had in the Glossaries to Benecke's *Bonerius* and *Wigalois*. Acquainted with the Danish language, but sparingly with the Icelandic. Expect from him a list of books.

Called on Neander. Found students waiting in an ante-room. After they had been with their Professor some time, I entered a small room booked round and littered with literary lumber. No parade or display of a library. Their owner equally unpretending—a thin, common-looking personage, with dark hair and Jewish look, wearing an old blue chintz morning-gown. Not talkative, speaks in isolated sentences, without continuing a subject or supporting conversation. Knew Erskine,* who sent his books to him, and had read M'Crie's works with pleasure. Talked of the Scotch as having a biographical talent, and said of the practical turn given to theology in Scotland that that was what ought to be. Spoke praisingly of the efforts made by societies and missionary bodies in England. Talked of Merle.† Indicated indirectly and in passing words a warm and Christian spirit. Kindly gave me a letter of introduction to Raumer, whose work he commended, and whose studies he said were continued. Could not be less pretension or pomp of circumstance about any man. Promised me likewise a list of books.

My last call this day was to Dr. Hegel, Professor of Philosophy—a free and communicative man with whom I had a long, but not very philosophical conversation, although upon philosophy. Better lodged and garbed than Neander. Spoke of Scotch metaphysics, the leading principles of which he knew, but apparently not from the originals and not very profoundly. I endeavoured to impress him with some idea of Dr. Thomas Brown.‡ An intimate friend of . . . § of whose talents and knowledge of German philosophy he spoke highly. In answer to a question of mine repeatedly said that there was no book or books which he could recommend as giving a correct idea of German philosophy. That the Germans wrote for themselves, and not only that, but also only for men of profession, and did not possess the talent of writing for the public. Tennemann and Tiedemann's histories both bad,

* Of Linlathen.

† i.e. Merle D'Aubigné.

‡ Those who have heard pupils of Brown speak of him will know the admiration and affection with which he was regarded by those who came under the spell of his personal influence.

§ Name illegible: seems to be 'Anstie.'

the Abridgment by Reichardt [?]* of Leipzig, which I have, better. Expected a work from Krause of Göttingen,† which would be 'gediegener,' [more solid]. Kant's philosophy not only no longer in vogue, but to be a Kantist something like a term of reproach—that, nevertheless, Kant's philosophy explained in his and other lectures as forming an era, and being the foundation of modern German metaphysics. Kant's best works—*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, *der praktischen Vernunft*, and a third . . . *kraft*.‡ . The work upon religion never made a great public impression, yet internally very interesting. Hegel ascribed the commotions of modern theology to the circumstance that philosophy or reason was excluded from theological enquiry. For, if it be adopted as a principle that reason can judge or decide nothing, then there must be another source from which our notions and views are derived. This exists—the Bible. But the Bible is subjected to exegetical interpretation, and thereby every sect and every party bring out of it just what is desired. No one of Schelling's writings (the last person who has formed a system) gives a good idea of his principles. They rise and are concatenated—has expressed them most condensedly and decidedly in some numbers of a *Zeitschrift*.§ Thought that little possibility of German philosophy being known out of the country. Said that, whatever difference there might be in the development, the radical principles of the French and British philosophy were the same, viewed in contradistinction to the German. The starting point of Kant Hume's scepticism. An —|| person, though perhaps a little commonplace sometimes, and not possessed of much clearness of utterance. Read *Morning Chronicle* and *Review*.**

* The abridgment of Tenneman is by Wendt, published by Bahrdt. Can this be confused with Reinhard's *Compendium Historiæ Philosophiæ*, Lipsiæ, 1724?

† Krause went to Göttingen in 1823. He never published a History of Philosophy.

‡ The syllable *kraft* is written and a space left; but the missing title, *der Urtheilskraft* has never been written in—clear proof that the diary is quite unrevised.

§ Schelling edited the *Zeitschrift für speculative Physik* in 1800 and 1801, the *Neue Zeitschrift für spec. Phys.* in 1802, and, in combination with Hegel, the *Kritisches Journal der Philosophie* in 1802-1803. Hegel probably refers to the 'Exposition of the system as a whole' in the first of these.

|| The missing word I leave my readers to supply for themselves.

** The *Edinburgh Review*, I suppose; but the word may be 'Reviews.'

Tuesday 18. Visited Von Raumer and had a conversation with him for more than two hours. Of littlish stature, lively, active and pleasing expression of countenance. Talked of various subjects, of history in particular. Has begun to prepare a work on the Reformation,* which he expects to be equally voluminous as the other. Does not mean to publish any part till the whole is ready. Knew M'Crie's *Life of Knox*. Had studied particularly the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary. Said it was rather odd that Robertson in the preface to his history so confidently avowed his ignorance of the German—disappointed with Fox's history †—had read Burke's sketch of early English history, ‡ which he regarded as a gem. Kindly shewed me his library, and gave me a list of the most interesting books. Müllner [? has written] a novel where several old English poets are introduced. Praised Madame Stieh's § Juliet.

Visited Dr. Blume, collaborator of the *Bibliothèque*, || but found him engaged. Expect to see him Thursday. Visited Waagen,** director of the Kunst Gallery—a plain sallowish countenance. Talked of Rumohr, †† whose attainments as well as talents he admired. The most attractive objects have their repelling side—complained of the heat of Milan and the gnats of Venice. Spoke favourably of Hogarth and Wilkie—one picture of the latter ('The Opening of the Will') he had seen, belonging to the King of Bavaria, and admired the truth and character displayed therein. (Schenkel the architect travelled to France and England, meant to proceed as far as Edinburgh.)

* This refers, I suppose, to his *History of Europe from the end of the 15th Century*, (1832-50, 8 vols). 'The other' must be the *History of the Hohenstaufen* (1824-26, 6 vols).

† Charles James Fox, *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.* Published after Fox's death, in 1808.

‡ Burke, *Abridgement of the History of England* [to reign of King John].

§ Auguste Düring, afterwards Madame Crelinger (died 1865).

|| There is no further allusion to Dr. Blume in the diary. I do not know whether 'the Bibliothèque' [sic] means some publication, or refers to the Royal Library. In the latter case 'collaborator' would seem to be written by mistake for some other word.

** A book on *Works of Art and Artists in England*, by G. F. Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin, 3 vols., was published by Murray in London in 1838 (translation by H. E. Lloyd). Waagen wrote similar works on pictures in Paris, etc. He speaks of himself as a native of Hamburg.

†† K. F. L. F. v. Rumohr, 1785-1843, author of works on Italian art, etc.

Met with an equally kind reception from Prof. Strauss, whom I visited this afternoon. In him perhaps, more than in any other I have seen, more of the bustle and consequence of kindness. In darkness of look and in manner perhaps a little of Dickson of the West Church.* Likewise spoke favourably of the theological condition of Scotland, and of the circumstance that the clergymen seek less to be distinguished as authors, than as useful pastors. Spoke of Rose's book.† Approved of it on the whole, and said that it was approved of by the more evangelical party, though censured by the Rationalists.‡ (Strauss was not in Berlin when Rose was here.) Still the work is only true as speaking of the condition of Germany four or five years ago, for since that time a very considerable and increasing change had taken place. This change he ascribed to a variety of causes. At the beginning of the century state of religion very low. The war which followed the *Befreiungskrieg* [War of Liberation] especially deeply impressed the public mind, and regarding that as a sort of chastisement and reproof, they were brought to contemplate Christianity in another light. The origin of the Bible Society at Elberfeld co-operated powerfully. This place, from the time of the Reformation, has contributed in an extraordinary degree to the maintenance of Scriptural religion. The Royal Family, in this respect, have very considerable merit—the sentiments both of the King and Queen decidedly favourable to the supernaturalist side of the question (Anecdote of Sack,§ who offended the Queen by naturalistic *examina* and was so mean as to apologise, and express his willingness to alter his creed)—and lastly, the efforts of some distinguished men in their works, and the circumstance that an unusual number of young men had come forward, impressed with pious principles, and who had exerted themselves with zeal and fidelity in the ministry. For the true way to operate on the whole and to advance it is for each individual in his own circle 'to do what his hand findeth to do.'

Knew Chalmers by name, but so little of his writings, as to

* St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, of which Dr. David Dickson was minister from 1803 to 1842.

† *The State of the Protestant Religion in Germany*. Cambridge, 1825. The German translation had just appeared at the Leipzig spring fair.

‡ See *Life of Pusey*, I., 149 ff.

§ Dr. Fairbairn suggests that this is the famous court preacher, F. S. G. Sack, who died 1817, not his son, Prof. K. H. Sack, who was then still more a Professor than preacher, nor his father, A. F. W. Sack, the court preacher to Frederick the Great.

ask if he were evangelical. Likewise knew M'Crie's *Knox* and Alison's *Sermons*—little of Christianity. These points were touched, not merely in the house, but continued during a walk in a public garden in the neighbourhood, where we were joined by two young Swiss. Seemed rather strange to hear myself introduced as '*Herr Prediger Aitken aus Edinburg.*' The two brethren had lived some time studying in Berlin: they were both from Zürich. They seemed more *fromme Seelen als geistreiche Köpfe* [pious souls than brilliant intellects]. On the whole, sometimes a little mawkishness in our talk. Spoke of the examination of children and preparation for Confirmation—points which in Germany constitute a great and important part of pastoral duty. By many this superintendence is conducted in a very effective manner. A complete system of Theology is taught, historical, doctrinal and moral. The Old and New Testament gone through, with a general survey of the history of the Church; and by means of *Sprüche*, or texts collated and explained, the doctrinal points taught after a Socratic manner. This is continued, not for a few days or weeks, but, in some instances, for months and years. When the course is once finished generally, it is resumed, always extending the range of objects comprised. This is a labour to which all devote themselves, and it was in this way that I found even the profound and philosophic Schleiermacher engaged, when I called on him. Strauss expressed the idea that such a course might be begun, and the *Sprüche*, or texts, committed to memory even when the children could not understand them. The understanding will come in time, and, on the other hand, by delaying till a ripe period, there is a great risk that the matter may be put off altogether. We understand few things when we begin them—*γύπτω* committed to memory by rote before its signification of any consequence. . . .

Wednesday 19. At 7 A.M. heard Prof. Marheineke in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche, this being a *Buss- und Bettag* [day of penitence and prayer, 'Fast-day']. The sermon was plain and very evangelical. On conversion—spoke of three degrees of it: (1), Conviction and confession of sin; (2), Sorrow on account of it; and (3), Belief of forgiveness through the Saviour. Afterwards the Sacrament of the Supper administered. Communicants approach the altar standing in the passage thereto. An address is then delivered of what their sentiments ought to be; and on being asked if such be theirs, they answer together '*Ja.*' They then kneel where they stand and confess their sins: when rising, the clergyman, by virtue of his office,

declares to them remission of their sins. They pass by him (first the male part of the congregation), and in groups of three or four receive into their mouths from the hand of the clergyman the bread; so with the cup. Almost the whole present communicated, and the church was rather full for the morning service. The form observed in Communion in this church was according to the new royal liturgy.* Several congregations still resist it.

Heard Dr. Ehrenberg† in the Dom at 9—a hale, stout person. Subject—Be ye reconciled to God. Except for the perfect orthodoxy of the sentiments, the sermon not particularly remarkable. Part of the royal family were present, and it is seldom, I believe, that royal personages elsewhere hear such sound Scriptural truths.

At 11 in the same place, heard Neander again. Was struck with the resemblance of his voice in beginning to speak with Gordon's.‡ Preached on the perverted direction of our wishes and endeavours as turned away from heaven and God. In both sermons I have heard from this divine, although the train of feeling and thought was strictly evangelical, in neither was there much doctrinal matter. The peculiar truths of Christianity were alluded to or implied, but not made the subject of separate or exclusive instruction. In both sermons a tendency to dwell on the ways and doings of human life, its cares and changeableness, its passions and pursuits. This was done with much ease and elegance of language and fineness of feeling: at the same time more remarkable for the qualities of the heart than the head. The church was full.

The weather, though cold, was clear and sunny, so that a number of pedestrians were pacing along under the Linden. The arrival of the Duke of Wellington and the paying of visits to him caused also no little stir among the fashionables. Saw the Crown Prince drive up to the Hôtel de Rome, where W. lodged, in a Russian *Droschke*. . . Had a visit to-day from Prof.

* The liturgy was introduced in 1822, by Frederick William III., and was intended to symbolize and give effect to the Union of the Lutheran and Reformed (Calvinist) Churches, which had been attempted in 1817, in many parts of Germany, especially in Prussia. But this liturgy hindered, rather than helped, the Union.

† F. E. Ehrenberg, born at Elberfeld in 1776, settled in Berlin from 1807, was the author of several religious works.

‡ This, I suppose, is Dr. Robert Gordon, minister of the 'New North' Church, Edinburgh, from 1825 to 1830, and of the High Church from 1830 till the Disruption of 1843.

Marheineke, who gave me a list of books. In the evening went to the Opera to hear Haydn's 'Seasons.' . . . Had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated Hummel—a stout, not young man: plays with inimitable sweetness, and, to my liking, far superior to Moscheles. . . .

Thursday, 20. Visited Gernberg—is preparing a *Bericht* on the theological state and sects of Scotland.* . . .

Afternoon, visited Neander and walked with him, his sister, and a Dr. —hold † from Stuttgart, to the Thiergarten. Sister speaks English. Spoke with Neander of Rose's book, which he knew by the translation—said it was *ein seichtes Buch* [a shallow book]; the person must be *ein hölzerner Mann* [a wooden man]. Said an error of head might be none of heart, ‡ that it was possible that one might entertain erroneous notions of religion without ceasing to be a Christian. So it was at the time of Arius. At present engaged in a history of the Church, of which he had published the first part of the first volume, and which he meant to continue without attempting any other work. Lectures on Dogmatik, Church history, and Exegesis. Only short holiday at Easter and 4 weeks in Autumn. Said it were desirable to have more time for private study. Knew Henderson.§

Friday, 21. Meant to hear Schleiermacher lecture, but found unfortunately that he was sick. Visited Marheineke, Lachmann, and Waagen. [After visiting picture galleries with Waagen—]. Dined together. Anecdote of Strauss and Von Raumer of Tieck's pietistical novel. S. a man divided against himself, holds by the Pietists, a party of whom at Court—notions prevalent among the officers—at the same time seems himself to feel the extreme to which such things have been pushed. Marheineke, little for himself, thrown into the arms of Hegel. Hegel a man of great original genius, but not able to express himself well. Writes and lectures in abrupt sentences. Von Raumer early employed by the State, gave up good hopes (from Hardenberg) from love to science.

* Gernberg, pastor at Seebach and Struensee in the Mark Brandenburg, author of a work on the Church of Scotland, *Die Schottische Nationalkirche nach ihrer gegenwärt. innern u. äusseren Verfassung*, pub. 1828.

† First part of the name illegible.

‡ Cf. his favourite saying, '*Pectus facit theologum.*'

§ Dr. Fairbairn suggests that this is Ebenezer Henderson, the Icelandic missionary, author of works on *The Minor Prophets*, on *Inspiration*, etc. (see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

Won this by an early work on *Staatsverwaltung*.* Schleiermacher very musical—gives sometimes music-opera of Gluck in his own house. Society of Charlottenburg, where sometimes lively, witty, sometimes not. Fame grounded before he came here.† Professors in general so employed that they have done little afterwards. 1,600 students in Berlin.

Passed the evening by ‡ Gernberg, a Prussian officer and Swiss preacher present—talked of Scotland and of the attack made by a Scotch troop of infantry, at Waterloo, on a regiment of horse.§

Saturday 22. Visited Schleiermacher, found him disengaged—lively and friendly—fine-featured face—*de republica*||—in his younger days had principally studied classical learning, and, as in Scotland, had confined himself to a general knowledge of Christian truth, but since he had become professor had made it his chief study. Had still many literary undertakings in view, and death would probably overtake him, before he had accomplished them. Was of opinion that Rose's book, for an Episcopalian, was *gründlich* [thorough], and in every respect creditable¶—met Rose, but Rose did not visit him. Schleiermacher of opinion that no important change had since occurred; but only a temporary and fluctuating one, as sometimes one party and sometimes the other came more into view. Talked of theological faculty, and professorial duties in Scotland and Germany. Though sickly and one who had suffered much pain in his day, he had but on one occasion been confined to bed. There is, he said, a health of the will as well as of the body. Said that he must see to get some release; had a strong desire to visit England. Lectures in summer from 6 to 9.

Visited Waagen, got a letter to Schelling** and hints for my journey. Revisited Hegel, talked of English politics and newspapers, of which Hegel was a constant reader. . . .

* Probably refers to his work on *The British System of Taxation* (1810).

† Schleiermacher went to Berlin in 1819.

‡ I.e., bei, chez.

§ Does this refer to the 42nd at Quatre Bras?

|| This probably means that Schleiermacher was at work on his translation of Plato's *Republic*, which was not published till 1828.

¶ Pusey, writing to J. H. Newman, in January, 1827, says: 'I have heard only one voice in favour of Mr. Rose's book (Schleiermacher's).' Liddon's *Life of Pusey*, I., p. 150.

** I have found no record of any visit to Schelling, who at this time was lecturing at Erlangen. He became professor at Munich, when the University there was founded in 1827.

[Halle.] Monday 24th. After breakfast visited Wegscheider, introducing myself as a stranger. Was politely received. Wegscheider has a high and intellectual forehead, with an expression of countenance not remarkably open. Complexion brownish, rather low in stature. Said I would not have found the situation of the German Church so heretical as had been alleged, and that I must have found a *Mysticismus* unusually prevalent. Spoke of Rose's book as unjust in this respect and partial: and yet there were theologians in Germany of the same opinion. Shewed me the last edition of his *Institutiones*, at the close of which he shewed me the text which expressed his creed (love one another).^{*} Recommend[ed] *Die Aufstellungen der neueren Gottesgelehrten in der Christlichen Glaubenslehre von 1760 bis 1805* (Leipzig), although a somewhat superficial book, written by Fuhrmann † in Westphalia, and at the same time as containing the opinions of the Rationalizing party. Röhr's *Kritische Predigerbibliothek*, a periodical work, 7 volumes. ‡ Invited me to his summer house out of town, if I meant to stay longer in Halle. Knew Stewart's || writings.

Visited Tholuck, ¶ a young man about twenty-six to appearance, agreeable exterior, though with a singular twisting of face and rubbing of knee. Got a letter from him to Niemeyer.^{**} The Kanzler was engaged in the morning, but I had the pleasure of finding him at three. A stout, genteel-looking man. Of opinion that in these times a want of Christian love and excessive acting upon the principle that whosoever is not with us is against us. Received from him, as *Andenken* [keepsake], a pam-

* The Preface to the 5th edition of Wegscheider's *Institutiones Theologiae Christianae Dogmaticae*, dated 'Halæ d. xvi. Martii a. 1826,' closes with this quotation from John xiii. 35; ἐν τούτῳ γινώσκονται πάντες, ὅτι ἐμοὶ μαθηταὶ ἐστέ, ἐὰν ἀγάπην ἔχητε ἐν ἀλλήλοις.

† W. D. Fuhrmann (1764-1838) is mentioned in Winer's *Handbuch der theologischen Literatur*, as the author of several works; but the title of none of them corresponds to that here given.

‡ J. F. Röhr's *Letters on Rationalism* were published in 1813; the *Kritische Predigerbibliothek*, continuing earlier periodicals of a similar kind, was published from 1820-1848.

|| Dugald Stewart, I suppose.

¶ Tholuck had just been made Professor at Halle. Cf. Liddon *Life of Pusey*, I., p. 87.

** A. H. Niemeyer became 'Kanzler' (Chancellor) and *Rector perpetuus* of the University of Halle in 1808. He died in 1828.

phlet which he had published in defence of the scientific pursuit of theology * . . .

In the evening visited Tholuck, where I met Russel and Guericke † another *attaché* of the University. Spent somewhat such an evening as with Gernberg. Limited impressions, and accidentals for essentials. Talked of the propriety of deciding positively of the religious character of another. Distinction between supernaturalists and true Christians. In Germany, an idea not unprevalent, that the Old Testament is not inspired—the Book of Daniel attacked with much force by Gesenius, ‡ so that T. himself confessed that he was unable to decide on the matter. . . .

[Leipzig.] Wednesday 25th. Called on Prof. Lindner, § and delivered Neander's introduction. Professor squat and paunchy. Talked of Rose's book, which he blamed in the *Auffassung* [*Scotice*, uptake]. Tittmann || threatens a potent review. An old Literarius Berg translated the discourses. ¶ . . . Lindner considered theology as overstudied in Germany, and that it was better to give the outline in lectures and leave the student to fill it up by his own reading and study.

Thursday 27th. . . . Expected to have met Tittmann at Lindner's, but was disappointed. . . . In the garden of Lindner, after the battle of Leipzig, employed in carrying off and burying the bodies for several days. English wished to bombard the town with rockets—prevented by Emperor Alexander. Battle all round the town, hottest to the east of it. Lindner hid in cellar.

Found countenances handsomer and shapes better than in Berlin. The dialect difficult to my ear. Saw Tauchnitz. . . .

* Niemeyer published in 1825 a *Vertheidigung d. wissensch. Lehrmethode d. Theol. auf deutsch. Univers. geg. harte Anklagen und scheinbare Einwürfe* (Winer *Handbuch d. theol. Lit.*)

† H. E. F. Guericke, b. 1803, d. 1878, was a student at Halle from 1820 to 1823, became a licenciate in theology there in 1825, and Prof. (extraord.) of Theology in 1829.

‡ Prof. of Theology at Halle since 1810—the well-known Hebrew scholar.

§ F. W. Lindner, b. 1779, d. 1864, became Prof. of Catechetics and Pædagogic at Leipzig in 1825.

|| J. A. H. Tittmann, 1773-1831. Prof. of Theology at Leipzig since 1805.

¶ Rose, following the *Theologisches Literaturblatt*, ascribes the translation, published anonymously, to 'Herr Prediger Rosenmüller.'

[Dresden] Saturday 29th [April]. Visited Tieck—with a mild, delicately expressed countenance, but of diminutive stature, and decrepit by rheumatism. Visited him in his study. Russel's book unfair*—unworthy of an Englishman to enter into all the little absurdities of the German students. Knew Coleridge intimately, and highly impressed with a sense of his genius. In Germany, a prejudice against Coleridge founded on imperfect notions picked up by travellers in England in conversation, or derived from the popular reviews. Washington Irving visited Tieck, fell into a discussion about Scott's treatment of supernatural personages, where Tieck maintained in opposition to Irving that herein Scott was defective. But Irving probably was unable to follow Tieck, not understanding the language sufficiently. Lady Macbeth a weak character, unable for what she had undertaken, contrasted with Margaret of Anjou. Liked Kean *mässig* [moderately], and the concluding scenes of Kemble's Coriolanus, best pleased with Kemble's Cardinal Wolsey.† Prejudices of a political nature in England against Elizabeth's reign. English character then different and the language much superior. Uncommonly versed in old English literature, talked with Douce,‡ and found him not so profound. Not certain whether Shakespeare might not have travelled, was not so illiterate as has been represented. Knew French, Italian,§ which was then at court what the French has since been, and probably was able to read the easiest Latin classics, such as Ovid. Of opinion that Schiller's *Robbers*, both in language, poetry and character, though somewhat *riesenartig* [gigantesque], one of the best of Schiller's plays. F. Schlegel lost himself in his religious feelings and had withdrawn from his studies and the pursuit of the arts. *Tristan* one of the best Old German poems. Sterne overpraised, now underrated in England; in some things superior to Jean Paul. A good and critical edition of Fletcher much wanted, to ascertain

* The book referred to is, I suppose, *A Tour in Germany and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire in the years 1820, 1821, 1822*, by John Russell, Esq. In 2 vols. (2nd Edit. Edin.: Constable, 1825.) Chapter III., on the German Universities, gives an account, unsympathetic certainly, of German student life. In Vol. I., p. 220, there is a quaint account of Müllner, 'the great living dramatist of Germany.' The 'Russel' [sic] met at Halle is, I suppose, the same person.

† Tieck visited London in 1817.

‡ Douce's *Illustrations to Shakespeare* were published in 1807.

§ Not the pronunciation, certainly—witness 'Stephano' in *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., corrected in *Tempest*.

the date of his writings and how much is to be ascribed to Beaumont. Watson, a young traveller, much liked. Article in a London [periodical], containing a critique on Tieck and translation of a *Mährchen*, able—wished to know the author.* Müllner, author of *Schuld*, not highly ranked. Plan of Müller's history of Schweitz † defective in parts, far too minute—individual treated with no proportion to the whole. Raumer's history of the three last centuries half finished.

Walked in the *grossem ‡ Garten*—in the style of an English park. Some fine trees, but all far back owing to the backwardness of the Spring. The cowslips and the birch leaves only seasonable sights. Towards the farther end of the garden a distant view of the basaltic caps so famed in geological controversy. In the evening drunk tea with Tieck *en famille*—his wife quiet, with the remains of beauty—the younger daughter tall, blonde, handsomish, and accounted a talent—has translated Shakespeare's Sonnets.§ A quiet and peaceful domestic circle; the ladies knitting or sewing, and taking occasionally part in the conversation. Spent the evening agreeably, though the conversation did not flow, and the subject too often changed to permit of much interest. Though T. ready and affable, yet does not enter into a subject with enthusiasm. Invited to return when [not] engaged in the evening.

Sunday, 30. Storm and rain like a day in November. Heard Schmalz || preach a sermon of the same kind as the printed one. Spoke of the views which rulers entertained towards religion, as a bridle to govern, a prison to confine, a chain to fetter. That now, as in the first ages, tho' ministers aided the State, received no support or encouragement from it, so that its teachers were obliged to throw themselves on the

* This cannot refer to Carlyle's translations. His *German Romance* appeared in 1827, and none of it seems to have been published previously.

† Johannes v. Müller's *Schweizergeschichte* was finished in 1805.

‡ *Grossem* has been written evidently through the influence of '*im grossen Garten*.'

§ August v. Schlegel published a translation of 17 of Shakespeare's plays (1797-1810). Tieck undertook to complete the translation, but the work was actually done, under his supervision, by his daughter Dorothea and Count Baudissin.

|| M. F. Schmalz, b. 1785, became in 1819 pastor of the Neustadt, Dresden: attracted attention by his polemic against Catholicism in sermons, published in 1825 and 1826 (*Deutsche Biographie*).

confidence of their hearers. Schmalz, a dark countenance, black singularly combed hair, with good voice, and manner alternating between the formal and familiar. The service here nearly as in Hamburg, with silent prayer—very long and tedious service.

Afterwards went to the Catholic Church, the Frauenkirche*—modern Greek. In the sermon remarked at least one good idea, viz., that men then only could hope assistance from God when they were found zealously doing that which was in their power. The music at Mass is praised, but I did not find it equal to that at Antwerp. The congregation mostly of the very lowest class of the community. Saw the King present, an old and formal looking person. The weather being stormy, remained the rest of the idea [*sic*] in the Hotel reading Neander's *Church History*.

May 1st. . . . Visited Deacon Leonhard†—a little commonplace, powdered hair, black knee-breeches, and stockings with silver buckles. Of opinion that Rose had truly described the condition of the German Church in general, though he might have erred in individual things. That Neander's opinion to be ascribed to his own amiable character, the society in which he lived, and the theological condition of Berlin. L. wished Bishops—therein agreed with Rose—signed symbolic books. . . .

[Vienna] Sunday 21st [May]. . . . In the evening visited Schlegel,‡ found his lady, a niece of Schlegel's, and a young *Geistlicher* [clergyman] together. After an hour Schlegel came with a Herr Buchholz. Talked of an essay of his brother's § on proper names. The Greeks noble origin. The Romans from vegetables—Cicero, Fabius, Lentulus. So also the French. The Germans from trades or places—Schleiermacher, Buchholz, etc. Of the German language that words of classical origin almost entirely excluded from poetry, admitted where universally acknowledged in prose. The Dutch the only people who have translated

* This must surely be an error. The Frauenkirche is Protestant, and in Russell's *Tour* (1820-22) it is distinguished from the Catholic Hofkirche.

† In Winer's *Handbuch der theol. Lit.*, Gf. W. Leonhardi is mentioned as the translator of a book of Thomas Erskine's—*Bemerkungen über die Gründe d. Wahrheit d. geoffenb. Religion aus dem engl.* Leipz., 1825. I do not know whether this is the person here mentioned.

‡ Friedrich Schlegel. He died not long after this, in January, 1829.

§ August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Professor of Literature at Bonn. I have failed to find this essay among A. v. Schlegel's Works, or any reference to it.

the whole—spelling according to the etymology, not the pronunciation. Schlegel and Maccabeus the same signification.* Händel, Hanly—hen.† Goethe, from an Italian family, Guido, settled in Frankfort, which, corrupted, gave the name of Goethe. Heard from Buchholz that Schlegel has been studying Egyptian hieroglyphics. Schlegel considered the English translation of his work good, wishes to know the author, and to send him a copy of his book.‡ His niece, an artist, going to Rome. Appearance—grey hair, old roundish face, depending head, keen eye, and broad over the eyes. . . .

Thursday, 25. To-day being *Frohnleichnam*,§ a great holiday, there was a splendid procession to the Stephanskirche. Saw the whole pass first in the streets. The usual banners, crosses, symbols, etc., wreathed with flowers. The orphans, boys and girls, forming a part—several of the religious orders in their monastic garbs, the military, the nobility, and part of the Royal family joining. The soldiers who guarded wore a handful of leaves on their caps. Afterwards saw the ceremony in the church and heard the music. After dinner visited the booths and show shops in the Prater; a vast concourse of persons; carousel and see-saw the favourite amusement. All persons fond of diversions and in quest of them, yet did not find their liveliness in enjoying them so very remarkable. No place for similar entertainments equally well situated—rival bands of musicians blowing and jingling to drown each other and attract customers. Towards 6 the fashionable drive again crowded with carriages, the promenades with pedestrians. The horse-chesnuts in their fullest luxuriance of blossom and verdure. Drunk tea with Schlegel, who had a number of his friends with him. Talked of the depressed state of the drama, and that nothing but horrors, etc., could gain popularity. Kotzebue translated and acted in

* Schlegel = *Schlügel*, from *schlagen*, = 'hammer.'

† This is what seems to be written. Query, *Hühnli* (South-German) = *Hühnlein*, 'cockerel?' Heintze (*Die deutschen Familiennamen*) derives Händel from *Hand*; Pott derives it either from *Hans* or from *Hahn*.

‡ *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern*, translated from the German, was published by Blackwood in Edinburgh in 1818. This appears to be the only work of Friedrich Schlegel's which had been translated into English before 1826. In the translation of it, published in Bohn's Series (1859), this earlier translation, or rather 'free abridgement,' is ascribed to 'the late Mr. Lockhart.' John Gibson Lockhart died in 1854.

§ Corpus Christi.

Italian, which happens rarely, French, Spanish, English, nay, even in Arcadia, and at Irkutsk—a man of many talents. Preferred Müllner to Grillparzer. Tieck's *Genoveva* his greatest work, and what established his reputation. In Vienna MSS. of Charles V., many written in his own hand, several confidential letters to his sister, state papers, and other documents of great interest; from the perusal of which a greater impression of the abilities and foresight of the Emperor produced than is generally entertained. Written mostly in the French of that period, some in Spanish, more in Latin, and a few German. S. had consulted these MSS., which are now properly arranged, and gave the result in his lectures on modern history. After knowing them, Robertson's history seems like a romance. And yet R. might have availed himself of them, as they were at that time in Brussels. Speaking of historians, commended Weltman's (?) * *History of the Crusades*; had read the first vol. of Raumer, but did not admire him—want of '*Festigkeit*,' [firmness], '*zu wankelnd*,' [too wavering]. Saw a niece of S., a young *Künstlerin*, [artiste], who had been in London and had met Russel in Dresden. Thought him too *anmassend*, [assuming]. Schlegel had also seen Lingard's *History of England*,† and entertained a favourable idea of it; in opposition, but not unfairly polemical—also liked the style. . . .

Monday, 29th. Weather sultry and thundering. Visited Schlegel to take farewell—in distress from the death of his sister. French *Geistlicher*, the second ecclesiastic I had met—read few of Scott's Romances—made like gun manufactory—one the lock, one the barrel, another the stock. Sismondi, originally called Simon: gave me a letter to this *savant très célèbre*.‡ Saw Madame Pichler,§ the female Walter Scott, as she was styled to me, of Germany—a round, stout lady with consequential air, sporting little bits of sentiment. Talked with raptures of the idea that a suicide was one who dreaded a few years and had no fear of eternity. . . .

* The ? is in the MS. Fr. Wilken *Geschichte der Kreuzzüge* is probably the book referred to. It appeared in 7 vols. at Leipzig, 1807-1832.

† Lingard's *History* began to appear in 1819, but was not completed till 1830.

‡ As these words are given in French, the foregoing remarks are probably those of the French priest.

§ Karoline Pichler, 1769-1843. Her collected works are in 60 volumes.

[München] 28th June. After dining with Porth [?] in our hotel, evening went to Cornelius.* The festival of his baptismal eve, the holiday observed by Catholics in lieu of the birthday. A pretty large and very interesting party. Began by the party greeting him on his return from work—his children performing a little music—his wife [bringing him ?] presents—the procession of the students with torches and military band—of the former upwards of 200; the latter played some of Weber's music (the artist so lately dead)† the *Gebet* [prayer] overture to the *Freischütz*, part of *Preciosa*, etc. A deputation came upstairs and presented the well-wishes of the whole. After a *Lebewohl* [farewell] and three hearty cheers, returned with music playing. Evening calm, warm and beautiful. Went to supper, where I had the honour of a place on Cornelius's right hand. Talked of Sir W. Scott, whose novels he knew and admired—gave his health—deems him capable of having written works for immortality—praised Wilkie—[praised] *Nibelungenlied* in language and conception. Saw title-page of C.'s composition for this old heroic poem. Padre Abraham's *Nüsse*.‡ Spoke in favour of verbal puns. *Ve-nus* a *Weh-nuss*. Goethe's *Iphigeneia* and *Tasso* finished works. *Wilhelm Meister* not finished. Goethe's idea to introduce the leading classes of character in his age.

ART. VI.—ARGYLLSHIRE.

THE great and deeply interesting county of Argyll, situated in the south-west of Scotland, has not only remarkable natural features, but possesses a history of unique and striking character. Its varied and strange configuration, its rock-bound shores, pierced in all directions with inlets and arms of the sea, make it a work of some difficulty to correctly estimate its area. Then a great part of the county con-

* Cornelius, the painter, had come to Munich in 1825. Can Porth be the portrait-painter, 1796-1882? But he is spoken of as in Italy between 1825 and 1828 (*Deutsche Biographie*).

† Weber had died in London during the night of June 4-5.

‡ Probably refers to Abraham a Sancta Clara, (his real name was Ulrich Megerle), who was a humourist of the pulpit (1644-1709). *Nüsse*, = 'nuts,' and so 'riddles, etc.'—'chestnuts,' the modern reader may add.

sists of the noble islands which guard its coast, with their sheer precipitous sides frowning over the dark waters at their base, and the lofty mountains, whose splintered peaks are descried afar off by the storm-tossed mariner as his bark nears the wished for haven of shelter. According to Playfair its area is about 2,400 square miles, while Dr. Smith estimates its extreme length, from Loch Eil to the Mull of Kintyre at 115 miles, and its breadth from the Point of Ardnamurchan to the source of the Urchay, at Urchay, at 68 miles; its superficial area being placed at 2,735 miles, exclusive of the islands. Sir John Sinclair estimates the area of the mainland of Argyllshire at 2,260 square miles, and that of the islands at 929 square miles, while Dr. Smith estimates the latter at 1,063 square miles.

Dalriada, the ancient kingdom which plays so conspicuous a part in the early history of Scotland, from about 503 till 843, comprised nearly the whole existing limits of Argyllshire. The Linnhe Loch was its northern boundary, while Morven, to the north, and Mull were possessed by the Picts. But the old limits of the ancient province of Argyll extended as far as Rosshire, though from Tighernac, and other early writers, it would appear that Lorn was a distinct territory from Argyllshire. The old *Description of Scotland* speaks of the 'mountains which divide Scotland from Argyle,' and gives a somewhat confused account of its inhabitants. The Scots, as is well known, came from the North of Ireland, and are first met with in history in the fourth century A.D. The circumstance which enabled them to effect a settlement in Britain cannot now be ascertained; but an epoch in history was created when they succeeded in vanquishing their opponents, the Southern Picts. From this period their progress was marked, though they had to contend against the savage forces of the northern mountaineers, as well as against the steady inroads of the Norwegian pirates.

This beautiful and ruggedly grand county presents a large surface to the ravages of the terrible storms of winds and waves which prevail in this part of the kingdom. Exposed to the tremendous rollers of the Atlantic waves which dash themselves against its sides, or gurgle amidst the innumerable

lonely rocks and islets along the sand-girt shore, there is something awe inspiring to the traveller as he wanders along this solitary region. Mingled with the great precipitous cliffs of granite and limestone, which are encountered on all sides, are to be found sweet and lovely bits of scenery, all the more welcome after so much desolation and gloom; exquisitely clear bays of pellucid water lave the brilliantly tinted pebbles, which are everywhere scattered by the ceaseless action of the waves; a green carpet of mossy turf constantly clothes the sides of glens which seam the sides of both the isles and the mainland, and many a modest wildflower scents the gale in haunts far removed from the ken of man; while the white surges of the ocean foam and dash around each jutting promontory of rock, which perchance forms a natural break-water for some quiet harbour that, on an emergency, gives some shelter from the wintry storm, or in which, at other times, when all nature is hushed in repose, the gently heaving ocean, shimmering with its delicate opalescent tints, and unruffled by the breeze, lightly ripples over the shingly strand.

The county may roughly be divided into six great districts: 1. Mull, with its group of islands, and a portion of the mainland north of the Linnhe Loch. 2. Lorn, and some smaller islands. 3. Inveraray, or Argyll proper. 4. The mainland of Cowal. 5. Kintyre and islets adjacent with Knapdale. 6. Islay and Jura, and a small portion of Knapdale.

Mull is a magnificent island, and one of the finest day's sail along the whole west coast of Scotland is enjoyed by the tourist starting by steamer from Oban in the early morning of a summer day. The island in itself can scarcely be said to present very much of what is striking and picturesque in Scottish scenery, but it has a history, and innumerable local traditions of surpassing interest. Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated journey to the Western Isles, though greatly interested in this island, somewhat curtly disposes of its general appearance as follows:—'It is not broken by waters, nor shot into promontories, but is a solid and compact mass, of breadth nearly equal to its length.' It has a noble range of mountains, the loftiest exceeding 3,000 feet, and here and there, amidst the abounding

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expanse of barren moorland, there are sequestered spots of much beauty. Much of the seaboard of Mull consists of steep grassy slopes rising up from the shell-strewn beach, until they join the trap terraces and basalt rocks of the upper ridges. Here and there along the shore noble headlands of precipitous rocks seem to bar any further progress, but after rounding them new prospects open up of verdant steeps and wave-worn cliffs. Some of the remarkable caves which occur in the rocky coast of the Western Highlands are to be seen in Mull; long dark gloomy caverns, the haunt of the rock-pigeon, the sea-mew and the cormorant. There are various singular ranges of basaltic rocks and promontories, some of them with a mantling cover of ivy, interspersed at intervals with oak or ash coppices, while an occasional mass of basalt which has been denuded of soil or verdure presents all the appearance of a ruined castle. Conspicuous amid their fine surroundings are the Castle of Aros dominating the dark waters of the Sound of Mull, the grim looking fortalice of Duart Castle facing the Linnhe Loch, and the Castle of Moy, near the modern mansion on Loch Buy. Several fresh water lochs are met with in different parts of the island, gleaming bright amidst the swelling expanse of heath-clad muirlands, or reflecting in their purple depths the beetling precipice on which the eagle's eyrie is sometimes found. Formerly great masses of wood gave additional beauty to the island, and clothed its barren sides, but they have nearly disappeared, although in recent years flourishing plantations of various sorts of firs have again begun to clothe the landscape.

Almost within hail of Mull there rests in the bosom of the restless deep that 'star of the western sea,' the far famed island of Iona. Around its heath clad heights and white pebbly strand there gathers a wondrous charm. Legends, sacred and secular, fable, fancy, art and song, all combine to weave an impalpable wreath with which to deck this island of the western seas. The burial place of a long line of Kings whose dust was brought here to repose after the fevered storms of their troubled lives, Iona attracts, by the subdued beauty of its lonely bays and lichen covered rocks, even apart from its

memories of saintly heroes, thousands of visitors annually from all parts of Christendom.

‘ Isle of Columba’s cell,
When Christian piety’s soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning star.’

The visit of Dr. Johnson and Boswell to this ‘illustrious island,’ as is well known, gave rise to the famous apostrophe to the emotions aroused by such classic scenes which prompted the doctor’s faithful worshipper to remark, that had their whole tour produced but this sublime passage, it would not have been made in vain. The grassy mounds scented with heath and wild thyme, the strangely shaped rocks sparkling with quartz and crystal, the exquisitely clear water from the far off western main filling the quiet bays, the varied colouring of sparry cave and rocky terrace, the white sand powdering the reaches of springy turf, the lonely graves of chieftains and saints, the hoary ruins of monastery and cell, and the flashing chameleon tints of the sky at the close of the long summer day, all combine to render memorable a visit to the ancient Isle of Columba.

Yet a little northward over the heaving wave and you gain the basaltic rock of Staffa, where again Nature has placed one of those strange scenes of weird grandeur which call forth the poet’s, the painter’s, and the musician’s art. Fingal’s, or the Great Cave, what pen can adequately tell of its solemn power, its soul-stirring surroundings and associations,—the brush of the painter and the lyre of the musician seem baffled in certain phases of its aspect! At early dawn of day, or when the first rays of the sun slant into the abyss resonant with the ocean’s hoarse murmurs, or when at the close of eve the solemn shadows and vapour wreaths gather around the clustered pillars whose sculptured capitals were wrought by an Almighty hand, the mind is profoundly impressed with this unequalled picture.

The district of Lorn comprises some of the finest scenery in Argyllshire, and has been the theatre of many stirring actions in our national history. Round this district centred the prin-

cial events in the annals of Dalriada, and its name is supposed to be derived from Labhrin, or Loan, one of the sons of Erc, who, in 503, left the Irish kingdom of Dalriada and founded the Scottish monarchy. Many ruined castles and traditions of fortifications are met with in this region—indeed one rocky eminence in the parish of Ardchattan is claimed to be the site of the Selma of Ossian, and here a fortress was erected by King Fergus the First. Beregonium, the supposed site of the capital of Dalriada, is placed by some writers at this spot, although this is of doubtful authenticity. The shores of the Linnhe Loch, and the coast districts of this part of Lorn, are amongst the best cultivated in the county, and many fine trees, and plantations of firs and other wood, give a clothed appearance to the undulating lands. Ardchattan is one of the grandest and wildest of the parishes in this part of Argyllshire; within its limits are some great Highland estates, Lochnell, Barcaldine, Inverawe and others, though here as too often has happened with other ancient Scottish properties, the old lords of the soil have been forced to part with their ancestral domains. Excellent arable soil is found here, light and dry, and the appearance of the landscape at harvest time is proof that for oats, barley, potatoes, and similar crops, it could not readily be surpassed. Many noble mountains rise around the traveller as he surveys the scenery near Loch Etive, especially the two magnificent heights of Buachail Etive, the ‘keepers of Etive,’ forming a grand background in the vicinity of that Loch. The fine old ruined building of Ardchattan Priory, of the Benedictine order of monks, attracts many visitors, its venerable walls harmonizing well with the surrounding scenery. Whether King Robert the Bruce lived here for a time, and held a Parliament after his disastrous defeat at the battle of Methven, is matter of considerable doubt.

Glencoe is the scene of all others in this district which impresses the traveller by the savage grandeur of its desolate valley. Its immense precipices and weather-beaten crags, the haunt of the eagle, which may be seen wheeling far above the misty vapour wreaths that hang over this dark glen, have

echoed to the death cry of those who perished in the awful massacre. Its rugged cliffs and precipitous braes once sheltered a peaceful settlement of hardy denizens of the soil, who lived in patriarchal simplicity under the eye of their beloved chief. The memories of that fearful winter night when old and young were alike given to the sword, long haunted even the callous minds of the murderers, and have invested the narrow glen with weird and undying romance. Nature here exhibits one of her sternest and most savage aspects, and yet, when seen under the full blaze of a summer sun, with all around hushed in idyllic repose, the gentle ripple of the glancing stream scarce heard amid the whisper of the thyme-scented breeze,—the traveller seems imbued with a sense of peace.

There are many ivy-clad castles and fragments of ancient buildings in this part of Argyllshire, but the most interesting of them is the historic Castle of Dunstaffnage, standing on an almost insulated promontory washed by the waters of Loch Etive. About the oldest stronghold in the country, many stirring traditions cluster round this venerable keep, whose mouldering walls have given shelter to various warriors and monarchs. Of square formation, with massive walls sixty-six feet in height, and having a sea front, to which entrance used to be gained by a staircase and drawbridge, the grey ruins have a majestic appearance. The hoarse murmur of the crested waves which scatter their briny foam over the moss-clad walls, forms an appropriate dirge recalling to the visitor the soul-stirring associations connected with this historic pile. A little distance off are the ruins of a small chapel, where once the fierce owners of the castle worshipped, and where, for a time, some of the old regalia of Scotland were said to have been concealed. In the time of Robert the Bruce it was possessed by Alexander of Argyll, who adhered to the party of John Baliol, and to this stronghold fled James, last Earl of Douglas, after his defeat in Annandale, and prevailed on the keeper of Dunstaffnage to take arms against King James II. of Scotland. In the castle was long kept the celebrated 'Lia Fail,' or sacred stone, literally, hoary stone,

said to have been brought from Palestine, and reckoned the palladium of the ancient Scottish monarchy. It formed the coronation chair of Kenneth II., and was removed by that monarch to the old palace of Scone, from whence it was taken by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey, where it now rests in the Coronation Chair. Dunstaffnage is believed to be the original of Ardenvohr in the *Legend of Montrose*, from the coincidence of the curious hillock close by, which is especially referred to in the remonstrance of Dalgetty 'touching the round monticle of Drumsnab.'

Turning his steps to the south, the traveller, in the course of a day's journey, finds himself wandering through scenery of stern aspect, and rich in historic associations, until he rests midway down the shores of the glorious Loch Awe, in the most interesting part of the mainland of Argyll. He has crossed the fine arm of the sea called Loch Etive, and seen towering above him the noble form of the chief mountain of Argyllshire, Ben Cruachan, with its vast slopes of bracken and heather, and its glistening granite precipices, from whose crests the streamlets fall in spray clouds to the green sward below. As he journeys through the Pass of Brander, he gazes upon the gloomy defile, hemmed in by smooth walls of rock rising abruptly from the dark and foaming river of Awe, which ever rushes in continual descent to Loch Etive, through the rugged cliffs called the Rocks of Brander. Here is pointed out the large stone in the centre of the foaming torrent, on which a noted chieftain, Macfadyen by name, who had been defeated by Wallace, stood and pulled off his armour, and throwing it into the stream, plunged in and gained the opposite bank amidst a shower of arrows from his pursuing enemies. Loch Awe now spreads out before his gaze in its sinuous length of over twenty-four miles, and its upper shores overshadowed by the lofty Ben Cruachan, with some beautiful islands, such as Inchonnain, Inishail, and others, while the eye wanders away into the misty recesses of Glenurchay and Glenstrae. Another islet, a mere rock, further to the south, is that of Fraocheilein, or 'heather island,' on which is the fine ruin of an old castle, built

by a Macnaughtan in the time of Alexander III., and now tenanted by water birds and sea fowl. Curiously enough this sequestered island was chosen as the scene of the fabled garden of the Hesperides, which classic legend found its way into the lay of Ossian. Here perished the chivalrous and youthful Traoch, after mortally wounding the terrible dragon which guarded the forbidden fruit from any daring intruder. It would appear from the poem that the lovely young damsel Mego longed for the delicious fruit, and her lover, as in duty bound, went to gather it, and their memory is now enshrined in the ancient Gaelic ballads.

Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland* in the year 1769, takes especial note of the fertile territory bordering upon Loch Etive and Loch Awe. He notices in traversing through Glenurchay that the road is very fine, that cattle abound and pick up their food from the grass which grows plentifully among the heather. The glen, he says, was pleasing in appearance, well cultivated, fertile in corn, and even at times its sides were adorned with numbers of pretty groves; and he commends the well-chosen site of church and manse, the grounds decorated with seats of turf, 'indicating the content and satisfaction of the possessor in the lot Providence has given him.' The ancient churchyard was famed for some fine old gravestones, which may be seen at the present day in good preservation, decorated with figures of warriors, knights in armour, spears and two handed swords, in addition to elaborate fret work. Pennant also records that on an eminence in the valley there dwelt a smith by name of McNabb, whose family had lived there and followed their useful craft since the year 1440,—the first of the line having been employed by the Lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the ancestor of the Breadalbane family, who built the famous Castle of Kilchurn on Loch Awe. In Pennant's day it was in ruins, although it had been repaired by its possessor and garrisoned by the King's troops in 1745. Since then the progress of decay has unhappily gone on with rapid strides. Pennant passes on to Inveraray, and is very severe upon the 'wretched hovels,' as he terms them, of which the old town was composed. He de-

scribes the Duke's Castle as quadrangular in shape, with a round tower at each corner, and having in the centre a lofty square keep with windows on all sides to give light to staircase and galleries. The building was of coarse bluish-grey chloride slate, brought from the opposite side of Loch Fyne, of the same kind as that found in Norway, of which the King of Denmark's palace at Copenhagen was built. The castle, which was demolished to make way for the existing building, was, as may be seen from the illustration given of it in Skene's etchings of celebrated scenes, an imposing and picturesque structure, and is alluded to in the *Legend of Montrose* as 'the noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, towers, and outer and inner courts.' Pennant seems to have been at Inveraray at the height of the herring fishing, and describes the hundreds of fishing boats covering the surface of the Loch, and tells how during the day the cheering strains of the bagpipes proceeded from the boats, while the men worked throughout the night at the fishing, and how on the Sabbath day each boat drew near the land for devotion, psalm singing, and worship,—the whole being a scene of decorous edification.

Another traveller, of a different turn of mind from Pennant, was the late Lord Cockburn, who passed through the same scenes fifty years ago, and described them in his journals. He was impressed by the lonely, grey, sterile and sublime character of the country from Loch Etive to Inveraray, passing by Loch Awe. Some of the scenes reminded him of David Roberts' (the artist) pictures of the bare rocky country near Petra, in Arabia. He regretted the destruction of the timber which was used to supply the furnaces of the iron works near Bunawe, and noticed that in some of the ravines heather and grass seemed scanty. But he was especially indignant at the neglected condition of Kilchurn Castle, the inside of which was almost inaccessible, owing to the heaps of ruins which encumbered the interior courts, and the masses of crumbling walls in all directions. Since 1693, when a date intimates that repairs had been carried on, nothing had been done, and some important portions of the castle were giving ominous symptoms of

decay. Lord Cockburn was very severe upon the noble Marquis of that period, who could entertain the Queen, exhaust the powers of art and fancy in decorating Taymouth, spend £5,000 upon a Gothic marble dairy, and yet refuse to expend a shilling upon the work of arresting the decay of this great historic relic.

Certainly it is strange how little regard the old possessors of these venerable structures seem to have had for what the proprietors of the present day, as a rule, take pains to preserve. The old Castle of Inveraray, which was blown up with gunpowder in 1745, was a building with many stirring associations clustering round its moss-grown stones. It was visited by Mary Queen of Scots, who rode from Dunoon to see her half-sister, the Countess of Argyll, one of the terrified spectators in the Queen's closet at Holyrood, when the hapless Rizzio was murdered. Within the old castle also constantly resided the famous Marquis of Argyll, whence his correspondence was sent to all parts of Europe; and here too lived his son, who met with the same patriot's death on the scaffold. During the time that the Argyll estates were under attainder, the castle was the head-quarters of the Earl of Athole, who drew the rents of the estates, quartered his men upon the poor tenants, and thieved and harried the whole district.

Inveraray has never attained to any size; the founder of the Castle intended to have built a new town on the west side of the bay, but beyond a few houses, the old custom-house, and the hotel, his plan was never carried out. In the principal street is seen the fine old cross, brought from Iona, which served for many years as the Town Cross. And on the grassy plot a little way off is the curious old cannon taken from the wreck of the *Florida*, one of the Spanish Armada, which sank in Tobermory Bay. The gun, which is of French make, is decorated with the *fleur de lis* and emblem of Francis I., and is of the old kind called 'glede gun' by the natives, the falconet being a term used in describing old ordnance of the period. Eighty years ago the pillory was placed in front of the old jail, near the cross, a

square wooden cage with a door, in which the unfortunates were incarcerated. An obelisk of granite standing on the point of land near the bay, was erected to the memory of some young gentlemen of good families who were executed by the Earl of Athole, in virtue of the powers which were given to him of 'fire and sword' against all and sundry who took part against the Stewart government. All the country around Inveraray abounds, of course, in Gaelic names and traditions. Of the clans who dwelt in the territory of Argyll proper, the principal were the M'Naughtans, Monroes, Macintyres, Mackellars, Macvicars, Clarks and Fishers. At one time also the M'Ivors owned land at Inveraray, and there is a large stone resembling some of the relics of Druidical times, standing in the lawn near the Castle which was supposed to mark the boundary between the lands of the M'Ivors and Macvicars. The Macnaughtans were the most powerful of the clans who held the lands, and there are traces of their stronghold on a triangle of land close to the bridge over the Aray. That striking ruin situated on the shores of Loch Fyne known as Dunderawe Castle, was at one time a strong fortress of the Macnaughtans. Here John Campbell of Mamore, who became Duke of Argyll, resided, having come into possession of the Castle through the forfeiture of a bond of Macnaughtan. The following inscription is seen in Roman letters over the door of the Castle :—

I MAN BEHALD THE END BE NOCHT VYSER,
NOR THE HIESTEST,
I HOP IN GOD.

Inveraray has a variable climate, and in winter heavy rains, hail, frost and snow, alternate with warm sunshine on the same day. Snow does not remain on the low grounds above a few days as a rule, and melts off the mountains without doing much damage to the stock. There are some large woods around Inveraray and in the Loch Fyne district generally. The earliest planting of wood, to any extent, was by the Marquis of Argyll and his unfortunate son the Eàrl, in whose time most of the high grounds, the picturesque hill known as Duniquoich,

the lawn near the Castle, the fine beech avenue near the entrance, and other plantations, were all laid out. The trees were mostly oaks, Scotch firs, ashes, beeches, planes and elms. In 1771 a great addition to the existing plantations took place, the young trees being cut down at the rate of 3500 to the acre, or about 4 feet apart, and after 9 years they got their first thinning. Throughout the parish, and in the county, there were no turnpike roads, even down to the year 1843. The highways were the original military roads, and these were maintained and improved partly at the public expense and partly at the expense of the county; the Duke of Argyll himself making and maintaining many miles of road in all parts of the parish. The Duke was a great improver in agricultural matters, and, in 1790, there might have been seen, in the Home Farm offices, barns with a curious device for drying the sheaves of corn, several tiers of cross beams being extended from wall to wall, from each of which descended long poles or spars of wood, with pegs on all sides about a foot in length. When the corn was cut, without leaving it to dry in the variable weather, it was carried into the barns and stuck sheaf by sheaf on the pegs, when, by the free circulation of air it was made ready for thrashing.

Near to Inveraray is the fine glen of Glenshira, which once gave shelter to a considerable population when the Macnaughtans inhabited the district. In 1715 no less than 80 of the Campbells turned out under John Roy Campbell, the second Duke, who fought at Sheriffmuir, and many Campbells and Macnaughtans left the glen to fight at Inverlochy. There were often disturbances in the glen, in the early days of the Reformation, between the Protestants and Catholics, who would meet as they went to church on different sides of the stream, and discharge their arrows at one another, a curious preliminary to the services of the sanctuary. At the upper end of the glen is a beautiful green knoll called Ben-an-tean, the 'Fairy mountain,' which was supposed to be a favourite haunt of the sprites. The property of Boshang, or 'crooked bay,' was given over to the Marchioness of Argyll by its last owner of the name of

Sinclair, who had no heir, and on this estate the Earl of Ilay, who first introduced the system of confining the red deer within fences, had a herd within a large enclosure. The experiment did not turn out very satisfactory, as the animals seemed to pine away, but Duke John of Argyll succeeded better with the herd of fallow deer which he brought from the Lowlands.

Throughout many parts of the districts of Argyll which have been named, red deer are met with, and are carefully preserved by their owners. Deer stalking is a species of sport possible only to those who have very ample means, and its votaries are always enthusiastic over its excitement and charms. The stag is a noble animal, with his spreading antlers, his red hide, smooth and glistening as it catches the early morning sun rays lighting up the crest of some lofty peak in the recesses of the Black Mount or Glencoe. He is seen at his best as he stands in striking profile against the blue sky, and every few minutes moving down the hill-side with deliberate pace, as if reconnoitring for unseen enemies. Usually, unless the deer are massed in a herd, he is accompanied by one or two hinds, but some stags are lonely and unsocial, preferring to wander over their bracken-clad pastures alone. Curiously enough the deer sometimes, though as a rule difficult to approach, and shunning the vicinity of man, seem to recognise the shepherds away in their secluded glens, and appear, by some instinct, to know that they have nothing to fear from them. There are some red deer which dwell mostly in the extensive fir plantations of the county. They are often large and heavy, but the head and horns are not so finely developed as in those which frequent the free mountain side.

Roe deer abound in every district of Argyllshire where plantations and moors intervene; graceful creatures, with slim legs and small head, they enliven the forest glades with their gambols. Their colour changes from May to October, the skin and hair being a red brown; their winter coat is of a fine dark mouse colour, very long and close. They destroy the young shoots of deciduous trees, such as the oak and

beech, and strip the fresh tender bark of the larch, completely peeling the stem. Rose bushes, young ivy leaves, and corn fields suffer also from them. They delight in solitude, preferring the recesses of the wood, and in the hot summer days they frequent the marshes in order to avoid the torment of the flies. In early summer they sometimes go great distances to feed in clover fields, when the young plants are springing up, but nothing delights them so much as the fields of ripening corn. It is often very difficult to get a shot at them in the woods, for they keep very close under cover, avoiding the open, and when chased by dogs they will elude them with long graceful bounds, though, if driven into open ground, they soon become exhausted by the superior staying power of the dogs.

Of the larger birds of prey there are many specimens found in the county, the great inaccessible cliffs on the higher mountains, and the stupendous precipices of Mull, Eigg, and other of the islands, affording shelter for their eyries. Both the golden eagle and the sea eagle are found, though in decreasing numbers, and they may be seen circling far overhead amid the wilds of Glencoe and the Blackmount, or skimming along the crests of the beetling crags of Mull and Islay. The eyrie of the golden eagle is almost always in a precipice difficult of access without a rope, while the nest is generally sheltered by an overhanging ledge of rock. It is composed of a vast mass of sticks, heather, ferns, and grass, and there are generally two eggs. They are believed to be rather an advantage than otherwise in a deer forest, for if the eagles carry off an occasional weakly red-deer calf, they destroy the blue hares in numbers, thus benefitting the deer. No doubt on a sheep farm this fine bird does much harm at the lambing season, but if the eggs are taken, as the eagle rarely lays a second time when its nest has been robbed, it is relieved from the necessity of providing food for its clamorous young. That grand column or promontory, the Scaur of Eigg, has long afforded an eyrie for the sea eagle, which generally selects some inaccessible platform, or rough crevice in the rock, where the nest is placed, consisting of a bundle of sticks, branches of

heather, and pieces of turf, with a little wool by way of lining. On rare occasions the sea eagle has made its nest on a secluded islet in some unfrequented loch, selecting, as it did some years ago, a rowan tree on an island in Loch-na-Ban in the north-west of Argyllshire; the nest, an enormous structure, presenting an extraordinary appearance. The osprey, that splendid bird, used regularly to build on the ruined tower of Kilchurn Castle, and could be seen in its circling flight, poised over the dark surface of the loch, but it is now only a very rare visitant, and does not breed in the locality. Sea birds in great variety are found frequenting the innumerable lochs and sounds of the seaboard of Argyllshire, from the great solan goose, which may be seen in long strings of a dozen and more winging their way round Ardnamurchan point of an evening, probably to their favourite haunt of St. Kilda, to the little restless sandpiper skimming the surface of the sea, or standing on an isolated stone, on the verge of the shore, with its body vibrating as it querulously salutes the intruder.

Of game-birds, as may be supposed, there is a great variety in the county. Few of the largest of the species, the capercaillie, are to be met with, though of late they have begun to appear in the Appin district. This fine game-bird was one of the delicacies of the royal table in the time of James the Sixth, as appears from certain instructions given to the purveyors to have birds forwarded to meet the King at Durham. The capercaillie seems to have disappeared about the year 1758 from Scotland, until it was re-introduced in the present century by the Marquis of Breadalbane and Sir James Colquhoun. The black grouse, the red grouse, and the ptarmigan are too abundant to require much notice, and the moors all over the county afford splendid sport to annually increasing numbers of visitors. The food of the grouse consists of young heather shoots, and the tops of various Alpine plants, though it is very fond of picking any farm produce, especially oats, which may chance to be planted on the reclaimed patches of moorlands. Black grouse are not so common as the red grouse. Their food is much the same, though the blackcock in winter will feed upon the foliage of

the common polypody fern. Curiously enough, too, this species cannot be naturalised in Ireland, though repeated attempts have been made to introduce it.

In Argyllshire will be found most of the birds indigenous to the country, as well as the numerous summer migrants which annually visit our shores. A great variety of sea-birds is found in the Appin district, and in the creeks off the Linnhe Loch there will often be encountered the scaup ducks, guillemots, razor-bills, cormorants, goosanders, black-backed gulls, whimbrels, terns, sheldrakes, and oyster-catchers,—the latter being seen in numbers flitting about the sea-beach, skilfully overturning the limpets and scooping out the fish. The sheldrakes are plentiful also on all the islands off the coast, a handsome and showily-plumed bird, haunting the wet sands and searching for its food, chiefly the minute bivalves found in the muddy estuaries of streams. Its nest is frequently found in rocky holes, or excavations scooped in the sand. The eggs are large and of beautiful colour, and the little downy brood dive and double under water, when disturbed, with surprising agility. That tiny little songster, the gold-crested wren, is common, and the brilliantly plumed kingfisher has of recent years been frequenting the Appin district, and startling the pedestrian by some lone stream with its shifting hues of bright emerald and scarlet. Strange to say, the starling, so common a visitant over Scotland, only appeared in the Benderloch district, near Lochnell House, in 1863, from whence it made its way across to Barcaldine Castle. In almost every burn is seen flitting from stone to stone, uttering his sweet trilling note, the beautiful form of the water-ouzel, or dipper, always keeping quite close to the wanderer whose steps are directed near his haunts. This familiar bird delights in deep lions and brawling rapids, and builds its nest, with its four lovely, pure white eggs, embedded in soft moss, generally in some little suspected spot, often under a ledge of earth thickly bedewed with the constant spray of a waterfall.

The condition of agriculture throughout the county has wonderfully improved of recent years, and the tenant farmers, as a rule, are a fine set of industrious, intelligent men. Up to

the date of the abolition of the feudal system in 1745, and on to 1820, a bad state of affairs prevailed, but matters have greatly advanced since then, and there are some large farms with all the latest improvements in steading and implements. In 1891 not above 128,000 acres of land were under cultivation; the stock of cattle throughout the county being 60,000, and about a million of sheep. The abolition of the feudal system, the conversion of corn rents, or those of service and kind into money, the construction of the Caledonian and Crinan Canals, the suppression of smuggling, improvements in roads, spread of education, the introduction of farming suitable to soil and climate, diffusion of information as to agriculture in general, and steam navigation, have all contributed to a better state of matters, though more in the direction of improving stock than husbandry. Much of the earlier improvements effected in agriculture, in this as in other counties, was no doubt due to the monks, who paid great attention to the cultivation of the soil. Even as far back as the 13th century, agricultural carriages of various descriptions were used, not only for harvest purposes and for transport of peats from the moors, but for carrying the wool of the monastery to the nearest seaport, and bringing in exchange salt, coals, fish, and sea-borne commodities. On the estates of the monasteries, water-mills and wind-mills were used for grinding corn previously to the 13th century, and in Argyllshire the rude process of the hand-mill kept its ground down to quite a recent period. Everywhere strict rules were made for the protection of growing corn and hay meadows; even wheat was cultivated, and wheaten bread used on holidays. The high value set upon pasturage, whether for sheep or cattle, was shown by its frequent clashing with the rights of game found in the forest, and by the strict prohibitions against tillage within the bounds of forests and pasture ranges. This arose, however, chiefly from a wish to preserve the solitude and quiet necessary for encouraging the red deer. The general introduction of sheep-farming into the Highlands, which has so often been blamed for causing a great deterioration in the condition of the natives

largely affected the county of Argyll; but from a variety of causes it is much less remunerative now than formerly.

The soil of the greater portion of Argyll is light; there is not much strong clay land, which needs extensive pulverisation. Great tracts of waste lands exist in the county capable of cultivation. Much of the moorland, in part covered with heather and in part with peat grass, might be reclaimed, and the peat earth might be ploughed, covered with lime, harrowed and manured, so as to yield a good return. The soft boggy land is more difficult to improve, but pays better in the long run, as it is chiefly composed of rich mud and sediment washed down from the higher grounds, and, when properly drained, makes the finest of soil. Moss lands are more difficult and costly to reclaim, as the moss being often from 2 to 8 feet in depth, needs very deep drains. By the end of 1795 agricultural affairs had certainly considerably improved, and the Duke of Argyll had introduced various measures which benefitted those who cultivated his extensive estates. From the elaborate report published for the Board of Agriculture by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Campbeltown, we learn a great deal as to the condition of agriculture throughout the county generally, which may profitably be studied by those who know its present position. Farms were of large size, a good many of them being possessed by tenants in *runrig*; the author of the report observes that, as far back as the days of Pliny, it was found that large farms were ruining Italy, and so they will every country, by discouraging population, and destroying the independence of the natives by putting too much land in the hands of few cultivators. The Duke's estate in Kiutyre then yielded about £7,000 of rental, he was a generous landlord who encouraged the rural population and preferred farms of moderate size, so giving employment to many hands. Not much land was let by the acre, the soil being of such diverse quality. Its value ranged from two to fifteen shillings per acre for arable ground, although in the neighbourhood of Campbeltown choice land let for £3 per acre. On the larger estates the rents were generally paid in money, but on smaller holdings they were often

paid in produce, and there was usually some special burden in the shape of servitude for the maintenance of roads. Leases were generally for 19 years, but often there were none, and there were not many covenants in the lease, though the Duke usually enjoined upon his tenants to drain and enclose their holdings to a certain extent. Many of the proprietors brought ploughmen from the Lowland country, and the Duke even induced some farmers from England to settle on his estate in Kintyre.

Cultivation was carried on in a primitive fashion; often there were four horses yoked to the plough abreast, and the driver walked before them backwards, while sometimes, when there were two horses, no driver was required. Oats was the crop commonly cultivated, and potatoes were generally grown, being about the only green crop, although turnips are well adapted to the soil and country. Polish oats were much used, and red (Peebles) oats found general favour, but all kinds of seed needed to be often changed. Beans were not much cultivated, pease were little grown, and wheat was coming more into demand in the deep loam lands near Campbeltown. Flax also was coming into use, but its culture was not well understood, though it proved a very profitable crop. Black cattle were the great article of export, constituting as they did the chief part of the live stock in the southern parts of the county, and were of a small hardy breed. A good many dairy farms existed, especially in the Kintyre district, and the produce found ready market. The feeding of cows upon pasture lands was profitable, though there was considerable difference in various localities, some of the farmers growing kail and clover in their gardens to feed their cows when housed. Sheep were only then coming into general request, and the Duke did much to encourage the breed of black-faced animals, though Cheviots were on the increase. Smaller farmers were also having the advantage of improving their tillage so as to combine farming and stock rearing. On one large estate the experiment was tried of letting to about twenty-five of the former tenants one extensive farm,—the rent being proportionately advanced. All the arable

land, and as much more as was capable of cultivation, was divided into as many shares as there were families settled on each lot. The farm was wrought with plough, spade and mattock, these methods being often combined to ensure greater efficiency and economy. At the same time the tenants made common stock and sent their animals to the mountain grazing, employing one shepherd to take charge of them all. Everything went on well, flocks were increasing, the fields yielded excellent crops, private land was profitably added to the holdings, and enough and to spare was raised for the families on the farm, while the women spun the wool and sold the yarn. The experiment was fairly and successfully tried, and from a hundred to a hundred and fifty souls paid their rent and gained their support from one farm. Unfortunately it was believed that they could dispense with the mountain close by on which the sheep were pastured, and very soon a complete change came about; profits fell off and the whole enterprise failed, showing how essential an element was the valuable hill pasture. Argyllshire abounds with good pasture lands, and the young shoots of the heather, the year after it has been burnt, afford suitable food for sheep.

Great part of the ground was once covered with wood, and every moss and moor shows remains of the ancient forest, through which the bear and the wolf roamed and found their prey in deep glade and grassy hollow. Even at so recent a period as the commencement of this century, the woods in the county were held of such little account, especially in the inland districts, that a large fir plantation in Glenurchay was sold to a company of Irish adventurers for little more than a third of a penny for each tree. But when the iron furnaces were started near Inveraray and Bonawe a change took place, and large quantities of fine woods were sold at enhanced prices. The oak and other deciduous trees were commonly cut every twenty years, except such a number of large trees as might be agreed on. So much of the timber was sold, the rest was made into charcoal and the oak bark was sent to the tanner. Proprietors were fond of encouraging the growth of oaks by cutting away any other trees which interfered with

them. The soil of the country was most favourable for planting and raising timber, much of it being dry, and the climate warm and humid. Even on exposed situations such as a farm of Rosshill in Kintyre, standing on an elevated promontory facing the broad waters of the Atlantic, between Islay and the north of Ireland, there was at one time a complete covering of ancient forest. Some of these great trunks of oak and fir trees have been dug up in mosses, at an elevation of over 1000 feet above the sea level, and such will be found to be the case all over the coast.

Looking to the present state of agriculture and sheep farming in the country, it must be admitted that a wonderful improvement has taken place in every parish. In many parts the landlords have, for years, drawn little revenue from the land, it being mostly spent upon improvements of various descriptions. Of recent years much has been heard of the grievances under which the crofters, who are found in numbers throughout the county, have been suffering, and it is right that their condition should, if possible, be improved. The introduction of the extensive sheep-farming system, so general over the Highlands, had naturally the effect of reducing the population. The natives were never wealthy,—inhabitants of wild, mountainous districts do not grow rich,—but many of the crofters and small farmers possessed their six or eight head of cattle, and their small flock of sheep, and when the corn crop turned out a failure, the sale of a few cattle or sheep more than served to pay their rent, and enabled them to purchase sufficient meal and corn in the Lowlands for the winter's supply. In this way they were better off than the labourers and mechanics of the Lowlands, who in bad years had to depend on corn almost exclusively, and owing to a rise in provisions might be in considerable straits. When the sheep farm and clearance system began, numbers of the natives betook themselves to the coast and began an amphibious life as crofters and fishermen, often located on moss covered and ungenial soil, amid depressing surroundings. In Glenurchay, for instance, there used to be, close to the clachan of Dalmally, about fifteen small crofters on a plot of ground where now

there is not one. Near Kilchurn there are at present some crofts, favourable specimens of their kind, consisting of thirteen or fourteen acres, each supporting a horse and two or three cows, with a hill in common for pasture, and the occupants are all well to do and contented. An English gentleman who, some years ago, rented the shootings in Glenurchay, made a small deer forest near the Blackmount. He had two farms, with sheep on them most of the year. When he came to shoot he removed the sheep to another farm, at some distance, so that the deer were not disturbed by the sheep. In spite of much misrepresentation, it has been distinctly ascertained that the supply of mutton and wool has, in no appreciable degree, been lessened by all the deer forests which have been made throughout the Highlands.

The geological features of the county are marked. The mainland consists of various primary strata covered by newer formations. Granite composes the great mountain masses in the north-east part of the county, but mica slate predominates in the formation of the mainland and islands. Limestone abounds everywhere, and forms the whole rock in the large and fertile island of Lismore. In Argyllshire we have abundant evidence of the great upheaval from the sea, which covered all Scotland, of the schist, gneiss, and quartz rocks of the Highlands. At first the surface may have risen in great broad ridges, and throughout ages, as the vast rain torrents fell, they cut for themselves ways to the sea, the drainage would collect in streams and the action of springs and frost would cleave deep chasms, and valleys would gradually be formed. Were it possible to take a bird's eye glance over the entire surface of Scotland, after it was freed from the first great ice shroud of the glacial period, it would be seen that the land had its marked contour of rounded and smooth hills, with valleys between.

Many of the glens opening from the estuary of the Clyde, and cutting deep into Argyllshire, show the rocks on their sides regularly striated. No doubt local glaciers at one time filled all these valleys with their vast masses of glittering blue ice. The striations on the rocks seem to be parallel with the axis of the

valleys, in some of which may be seen accumulations of gravel and clay like elongated embankments run across the valleys, while others are parallel, like the lateral and terminal moraines of Switzerland. The smoothing process to which the land was subjected in that remote period, may be seen in Loch Ridden, and in Glendaruel, opening from the head of that arm of the sea. The islets on the Loch shew on their rocky surface freshly smoothed and striated markings, and on examining the faces of the crags in the valley, similar scratchings prove how the whole mass of ice which filled the glen produced the striations so distinctly visible. Evidently it was the same resistless agent which caused this effect, and the long parallel marks on the rocks can be followed as they slant over the west side of the glen, and pass across the Cowal mountains to Loch Fyne. The Duke of Argyll, in the course of his scientific explorations, found many striated markings on the hill tops above Loch Fyne, as far up as 1800 feet above the Loch, all of them running parallel with the valley, like those seen at a lower level.

Similar processes affecting the contour and appearance of the land, can be observed in the more northern part of the county, about Loch Leven and the Linnhe Loch. It is evident that all along the coast, here and elsewhere, the ancient sea margins were at a considerable height above the present ones. At Ballachulish the Loch is contracted to about 150 yards in width, the terraces upheaved being of flat surface resting on rock. They are of uniform height, their gravelly surface being shaped by the same agent, one very distinct terrace existing, about 65 feet above the Loch, in the grounds of Ballachulish house. At Connel Ferry, at the entrance of Loch Etive, as you walk up from the gravel promontory at Ardgour, two similar terraces may be seen at the height of 43 and 64 feet above the water. Near the Black Mount there is a lovely sheet of water, Loch Tulla, and on the rugged hill side above the lake there is distinct evidence, from the gravel terrace marks, that a large body of water once existed far above the present level. It is difficult to ascertain what kept the water in its place, unless the masses of detritus found plentifully in many of the valleys

constituted a sort of dam. The revelations of geology would seem to go far to prove that, at a remote period, the whole of Scotland was submerged to the height of nearly 2000 feet, and this is ascertained by the finding of quantities of soft detrital masses, mixed with marine shells, whose superficial formations bear marks of former levels of sea, at intervals, up to at least 1200 feet. Nowhere is this remarkable natural feature more distinctly brought out, than in the well known instance of the parallel roads of Glenroy in Inverness-shire. These terraces are of varying breadth, in some places projecting only a few feet from the hill side, in others broadening out into noble pathways 18 or 20 yards wide. The lowest terrace is 972 feet above the sea level, the second 1184 feet, and the highest 1266 feet.

Loch Awe affords a good example of how changes have been brought about through the agency of vast ice streams slowly moving down from the mountains on their way to the sea. The present outflow of the Loch, through the Pass of Brander, is comparatively recent, and has been cleft in the lofty ridge of mountains extending from Ben Cruachan away to the Sound of Jura. A more recent period must be given to the excavation of the valley into a long lake basin, and the cutting of a passage through the Pass of Brander, which may be assigned to the glacial epoch, while the origin of the main valley of Loch Awe takes us back to a remote past. While the mass of water was dammed back by hard rock, the smoothed and polished surface of the barrier, and the striations parallel with the length of the valley, show that the great mass of ice which once filled up the present basin of the lake must have passed down the continuation of the valley towards Kilmartin. In Loch Fyne the changes in the adjoining land, and in the rocks recovering from effects of glaciation, and returning to their former condition, may be distinctly seen. Opposite Tarbert the rocks are of hard quartz, finely ice worn and smoothed, with numerous striated marks in their lower parts, protected from decay, owing partly to their recent upheaval, and partly from being coated with boulder clay. Above the high water mark the rocks have begun to shiver and split up.

In the Sunart and Morven districts gneiss is the prevailing rock, with granite interspersed near Strontian, and trap rock near Ardnamurchan. East of the Linnhe Loch the lower rocks are chiefly mica slate and clay slate, a continuation of the strata forming the great range of the South Grampians. Mica slate, the oldest of these formations, is the main component of the noble and wild mountain peaks near Loch Fyne and Loch Long. In the Appin district the quartz rock prevails, and its surface crops up in many places where the landscape is bare and sterile. In Iona again we have the Laurentian gneiss, which indeed forms the whole mass of the outer Hebrides, and is the basis of nearly all the mountain ranges in the north-west of Scotland. In Iona this rock formation consists of a great series of strata, slate, quartz, marble with serpentine, and a mixture of felspar, quartz and hornblende passing into a composition nearly resembling granite. Opposite are the great mountains of Mull, composed almost entirely of volcanic rocks. Some of the trap mountains of Mull rest on beds of old red sandstone; a few are piled on strata of oolite and lias; others cover the *debris* of chalk, and belong to a more recent period than the middle Tertiaries. The Duke of Argyll, in his work on Iona, points out the remarkable fact that, 'in a line between Iona and the headland of Bourg there is a low basaltic promontory called Ardtun, which has revealed to us the fact that once there existed on this area some great country covered with the magnificent vegetation of the warmer climates of the Miocene age.'

From Loch Fyne the chlorite slate runs away into Knapdale in Kintyre. Clay slate is less common on the mainland, but occurs at Ballachulish, where it has long been quarried, as also at Oban and the adjacent islands, and at Dunoon and Toward in the Cowal district. It is often a dark coloured rock, crystals and iron pyrites being found in what is the lowest Silurian formations. To the same may be assigned the quartz rocks of Appin and the lower end of Glencoe, and of Islay and Jura. The island of Lismore, in the Linnhe Loch, known in the Gaelic by its more poetic name, Lios-more, the 'great garden,' is an instance of pure limestone formation, a narrow ridge of land 8 miles long, uneven in places, but mostly green, fertile, and well watered. The island used

to be the seat of a bishop, who was styled indifferently bishop of Argyll or of Lismore, but there is no trace either of a cathedral or of the bishop's residence. There are slight remains of several old castles along the shores, and one remarkable round fort, with a gallery within the wall like the Pictish towers. In the low flat island of Tiree marble is found, often with imbedded crystals. Green hornblende occurs in beds of gneiss in that island, and it is famous for the vein of peculiar flesh coloured marble, which used to be more in favour than now for ornamental purposes. Many remains of watch towers and forts, within view of one another, encircle the coast of Tiree, and it has 9 or 10 curious standing stones. This island is absolutely destitute of wood, with the exception of a small species of willow, but it is rich in beautiful pasture of the finest quality. In Mull, Morven, and Ardnamurchan, are found beds of stone belonging to lias, oolite and even cretaceous formation, underlying the trap rocks. Leaf beds, with remains of Miocene plants, have been discovered in the trap tufa of Mull by the Duke of Argyll, and here and there throughout the county may be observed the old red sandstone.

Argyllshire is not rich in minerals, but true coal has been wrought at Campbeltown, no doubt a continuation of the Ayrshire beds. In 1872 the lead mines of Strontian, in Sunart, yielded 12 tons of lead ore. In 1849 the Duke of Argyll discovered a vein of arsenical nickel near Inveraray. Fine specimens of cross stones have been discovered in Strontian, also blood stones in Rum, and nutrolite and other zeolites in the trap rocks of Mull, Morven and Lorn. Felspar and porphyries in many varieties are found in Glencoe, and in the mountains near Loch Fyne. In the island of Rum are met with pale onyx agates, fine heliotropes, and two beautiful sorts of pitchstone, one black, the other olive green.

One feature in the geology of the county remains to be noticed, viz., the remarkable boulders which exist in a good many districts. These strange stones are sometimes found in clusters thick together or standing alone, poised on the edge of a rock, where they attract the attention of the least observant of the natives. On examination they appear to be markedly different in their composition and character from the surrounding rocks, and many an ancient

legend and fairy tale has originated from the grey boulder resting on some lonely moor. Crusted with lichens or mosses, and with tufts of heather or hare bell all around the cracks and fissures which sometimes seam their sides, these curiously shaped blocks stand as the mute witnesses of some wondrous phenomenon of nature. It is not likely that they can have been transported by rivers, they cannot have been upheaved in some tremendous flood or devastation of water. Huge boulders, shown by their composition to be of northern rocks, are found clustered frequently on the mountain peaks at an elevation of 1500 or 2000 feet above the present sea level. One remarkable boulder is on the hill above Carrick Castle on Loch Goil, locally known as the 'stone nicely balanced,' at the height of 1526 feet above the sea. It is of gneiss, and rests on rocks of clay slate of enormous size, and lies within a few yards of a precipitous rocky cliff nearly 600 feet high. It could by no possibility have fallen there from any hill. Another, 450 feet above the sea, is near the junction of Loch Goil and Loch Long, an immense mass of stone lying on a small platform of rock. It is locally known as the 'Giant's Putting Stone,' as it was believed that in olden times giants lived on both sides of Loch Long, and were in the habit of amusing themselves by throwing these boulders across the loch. Pulag boulder, a large block of gneiss about 7 feet high, lies about 824 feet above the loch, near Glenfinnart, and is almost on the edge of a precipice which goes down at least 200 feet. It could not have been rolled or pushed to its present position. As there is no rock of a similar character within 80 or 100 miles, it follows that the only agency which could have transplanted these great blocks was that of ice. Their arrival in the positions they now occupy must be assigned to a remote glacial period, when part of the country was under the sea, and snow fields and glaciers filled the valleys. Immense bergs and ice rafts drifted over the surface of the sea, carrying boulders to and fro, and occasionally dropped them over the submerged land.

Argyllshire is especially rich in archæological remains, which are scattered over both mainland and islands, and afford endless material for speculation and study. Of ancient ecclesiastical structures the most interesting are to be found in Iona, 'once the

luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' St. Oran's Chapel is the oldest building on the island, and in all probability it marks the site of the still humbler church of wood and wattles in which Columba worshipped. The building, which is roofless, though the walls are still intact, was erected by the good Queen Margaret, the consort of Malcolm Canmore, to the memory of Columba, about the year 1070. No feature of the ruin is more striking than the beautiful Norman arched doorway, with three rows of beak head ornaments, somewhat similar to the doorway in Queen Margaret's Chapel in Edinburgh Castle, erected about the same time. Inside is the tomb of St. Oran, with a triple arch canopy over it, in the early Gothic style probably of the 13th century. A little way off is the Reilig Odhrain, the ancient burying place of Iona, to which spot for more than a thousand years were carried kings and chiefs, even from the far distant shores of Norway, that their bodies might mingle with the dust of the holy isle. The cathedral is the principal ruin on the island, and is of two distinct periods of architecture, the latest being the 14th century. Its chief feature is the tower, which stands on four cylindrical pillars of Norman design, and is about 70 feet high, divided into three stories. Perhaps the most interesting remains upon the island are the curious and beautiful tombstones and crosses which lie in the Reilig Odhrain, although they are removed by hundreds of years from the time of Columba. Some of them with Runic sculptures, may be as old as the 9th century, the date of the commencement of the Danish invasion.

It is in the southern part of the county, and more particularly in Kintyre and Knapdale, that the most remarkable antiquities are to be found. All along that rugged coast there are to be seen ruined castles, which were once strongholds of the old chieftains who owned the soil. At one time Tarbert Castle, the most important position on the Argyllshire coast, was bestowed by King Robert the Bruce on the son of Walter, the High Steward. When the Lords of the Isles ruled in all their pride of royal state, Kintyre was reckoned part of their dominions. On many points along the coast are found the remains of Danish forts, the

most considerable of them being the Castle of Aird at Carradale. On the promontory of Skipness are the ruins of Skipness Castle, of great antiquity, supposed to have been built by the Danes. One of the most interesting parishes in Kintyre is Kilcolmkill, in South Knapdale, with its ancient church, dedicated to the memory of Columba, finely situated in a retired spot, and having a grand sea view over to the Irish coast. The enclosed burying-ground beside the church is full of mouldering tombs, of a date not earlier than the 13th century, and there are caves in the adjacent precipices which are supposed to have afforded shelter to Columba, while he sojourned here during his missionary wanderings. It is believed that the saint often touched at this spot, when on his various journeys between Scotland and Ireland. The well in a rock close by is called the Priest's, or Holy-well. From the green knoll near the church, with the pedestal of an ancient cross still embedded in the turf on its summit, Columba was in the habit of addressing the crowds who flocked to hear him preach the Gospel.

Argyllshire has had a very disturbed ecclesiastical history. Towards the close of the 8th century, strange ships began to appear on the northern seas, with prows moulded like eagle beaks, and sterns tapering like a dragon's tail, impelled by rowers of savage look. From Norway and Denmark they came like a terrible tempest, expending their wrath and fury upon the wretched inhabitants, slaughtering and spoiling, and leaving the coasts a scene of desolation. Even the sanctuary of Iona had no exemption from the ruthless marauders, and neither its hallowed fane, nor the simple lives of the inhabitants, could procure it reverence in the eyes of these barbarians. In the *Annals of Ulster*, A.D. 802, it is recorded that Icolmkill was burned by these sea robbers, and four years afterwards its destruction was completed by the slaughter of the whole community of sixty-eight souls. Gradually, as the light of Christianity began to spread in these regions, and a more settled state of affairs prevailed under the early kings of Scotland, the monastic and religious structures arose, endowed by the piety of monarchs and nobles, whose ruins have become such picturesque landmarks. The ancient religious

edifices, throughout Argyllshire generally, were long in proportion to their breadth, and the windows were usually small, of lancet type, and the eastern gable unornamented with the fine windows of the cathedral pattern. But the monks knew well how to choose favourable sites for their abodes, frequently selecting islands where they would be less liable to intrusion. Thus we find they selected Iona, Tiree, Mull, Oronsay, famous in Culdee history, even going as far away as St. Kilda, where, on the west side of the little village, is the ruin of a small church, twenty-four feet long and fourteen broad. In South Knapdale there used to be seven ancient chapels, but the remains of only three can now be traced—one of them, Cove Chapel, on a beautiful situation near the sea, has its west gable nearly entire. It was dedicated to the memory of St. Columba, and many traditions of the saint linger about the place, but it has been greatly injured of recent years by workmen wantonly pulling down the stones for building purposes.

In the parish of Saddell, on the east of Kintyre, are situated in a sequestered grove, the interesting remains of an ancient abbey. Though not of great extent, they include some walls, arches, doorways, and a few very old monuments and crosses, chiefly of the Macdonalds. Both Somerlid and Rognvald, two great ancestors of the Lords of the Isles, have the credit of founding the Abbey, which, after having been richly endowed, was, with all its possessions, annexed by James IV. to the bishopric of Argyll. It is believed that part of the present mansion of Saddell was constructed of stones removed from the venerable abbey, and a gravestone has actually been inserted in the walls of the house. The stables bear unmistakeable evidence of being built from the ruins. In the Church of Saddell there used to be a curious custom of exposing prominently before the congregation a human skull, so that they should be reminded of the inevitable approach of death. In the island of Gigha there is the ruin of an old chapel, in which is the burial place of the Macneills, who long possessed the island, and from the notices of Pennant, Martin, and Sinclair, who all visited Gigha, it must have contained numerous stone crosses and memorial stones, not now to be seen.

Throughout the county there are many secluded spots where crosses of very antique type are still standing, as also in some of the islands off its rugged coast. Usually the cross consists of a long tapering pillar of stone, with two flat faces and flat edges, and from 12 to 14 feet in height. Both faces and sides are decorated with curved patterns, cut deep and bold, to enhance the richness of the effect. The crosses on the mainland present the same features as those of the islands, of Iona especially. The patterns are divided into panels on the faces, each panel having a separate tableau, as hunting scenes, dogs pursuing deer, warriors, and ladies, archers, galleys, griffins, various birds, beasts, leaf foliage, plait work and intricate designs of great beauty. M'Millan's Cross at Kilmory is one of the finest in the whole of the West Highlands. It stands about 9 feet above the pedestal, but bears no evidence as to its date or history. It must, however, have been erected to the memory of some distinguished chief of the clan. On one side is the figure of our Saviour on the Cross, and two attendant figures adorned with the nimbus. The figure of our Lord, though rude, has a certain telling expression and power, as will be found in similar examples of Celtic carving. On the reverse side is more of scroll and plait work, a stag hunt, in which the animals are drawn with spirit, a warrior brandishing a battle-axe, and an inscription. In North Knapdale there is much to interest, not only in its archaeological associations, but also in its scenery which is varied and beautiful. On the road sides, as you walk along, you see in their season the hawthorn in blossom, with honeysuckle twining round its stem, myriads of primroses and blue bells amid the scattered copses of pale green birch, oak, hazel and ash. Of flowers there is a rich choice, white and red roses, sweet scented briers, purple foxgloves, great tall golden iris, ragged robin, forget-me-nots, white and mauve orchises, and many other flowerets of exquisite hues. And everywhere along the coast are the lichen-clad grey crags and solitary boulders, with the restless gleaming ocean laving the strand, and the blue misty ranges of Jura in the distance. Then of bird life there is an infinite variety—wild ducks, teal, widgeons, mergansers, black and white oyster catchers, sandpipers, dottrel, sea swallows, curlews, cormorants, gulls, kittiwakes, herons with their harsh

unmusical scream, and the brilliant tinted sheldrake, as large as a goose, splendidly plumed, with scarlet bill, and orange, black, and white feathers.

W. C. MAUGHAN.

ART. VII.—A JOURNALIST IN LITERATURE.

1. *Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers*. Selected from the *Spectator*. By RICHARD HOLT HUTTON, M.A. (London). Macmillan & Co. 1894.
2. *Literary Essays*. By the same. Third Edition. 1888.
3. *Theological Essays*. By the same. Third Edition. 1888.
4. *Essays on some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith*. By the same. 1888.

WITH the exception of a volume on Sir Walter Scott contributed to the *English Men of Letters* series, a study of Cardinal Newman contributed to the *English Leaders of Religion* series, and various articles in magazines which have not been collected and republished, these five volumes represent the literary output of a writer who has been a power in British thought and criticism for at least two generations. It is evident from the dedication of the two most recently published of these volumes that Mr. Hutton has elected to be regarded as a journalist in literature rather than as a man of letters in journalism. He alludes almost with a sigh to 'the temporary form for which alone they were intended.' I imagine too, that they are but little altered from this 'temporary form.' The 'I' of the personal critic has taken the place of the 'we' of anonymity—*voilà tout*. The fact, however, that these volumes are entirely composed of (originally) anonymous contributions to journalism, does not take from their charm, but positively adds to their value. They give in spirit—I do not now speak of opinions or even of style—the high water mark of self-respecting journalism. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in one of those essays of his which are the embodiments of level-

headedness, and are written in a style that may be described as Johnsonese up to date, discourses thus admirably on journalism.

‘When my young friends consult me as to the conditions of successful journalism, my first bit of advice comes to this: know something really; at any rate try to know something; be the slave of some genuine idea, or you will be the slave of a newspaper—a bit of mechanism instead of a man. You can carry on the business with self-respect—whatever your success—if it is also something more than a business; if, for example, you can honestly feel that you are helping on the propaganda of sound principle, denouncing real grievances, and speaking from genuine belief. . . . Every man ought to believe that truth is attainable, and endeavour with all his power to attain it. He should study the great problems of the day historically; for he must know how they have arisen; what previous attempts have been made to solve them; how far recent suggestions are mere reproductions of exploded fallacies; and so qualify himself to see things in their true relations as facts in a great process of evolution. He should endeavour to be philosophical, in spirit, so far at least as to seek to base his opinions upon general principle, and to look at the events of the day from a higher point of view than personal or party expediency.’

There could scarcely be formed a better working creed for journalism—or rather for that department of journalism which concerns itself not with simply recording the facts of contemporary history, but with pronouncing an opinion as to their tendency or their inwardness. Nor would Mr. Hutton, I should say, greatly object to endorse it in essentials at all events as his own, although he and Mr. Stephen look at most things, especially Theology and Ethics, from very different standpoints. By example rather than by precept, he has fought against the tendency of journalism to become what Mr. Morley has styled an engine for keeping discussion on a low level. It is impossible to conceive him becoming the slave of any newspaper—even of his own. It is impossible to imagine him spinning sentences against time much less in disobedience to conscience. It is quite possible to conceive of his sinking his personality, but it is quite impossible to conceive of his sinking true dignity of character, in anonymity. Above all things, Mr. Hutton has always had what Mr. Stephen terms a ‘philosophy’ to guide him. He expresses opinions upon most things on earth, and not a few things in heaven as well, as becomes an

open-eyed and open-eared journalist. But that opinion is never a mere aimless intellectual excursion. It is an act of political, philosophical, or religious faith. These two volumes do not, indeed, give us an adequate representation of all Mr. Hutton's professional work. They represent—if one may adopt and adapt the title of a popular book by a popular essayist of a very different sort—the *Graver Thoughts of a Working Journalist*. But one cannot picture their author thinking or writing on a low intellectual or moral plane. In this respect Mr. Hutton is to the journalism of the last twenty-five years what Mr. Gladstone—the Mr. Gladstone whom he has loved and lost—has been to the politics of the same period.

In range, no less than in spirit, these volumes represent what is best in the journalism of to-day and of yesterday. The first contains thirty-nine papers. These deal with such different men as Thomas Carlyle and Edgar Allan Poe, Emerson and Dickens, Amiel and John Stuart Mill, and treat of such widely different subjects as 'The Genius of Dickens' and 'The Metaphysics of Conversion,' 'The Future of English Humour' and 'The Magnanimity of Unbelief.' The second volume, which consists of thirty-eight papers, is equally varied, treating of Martineau and Lord Houghton, Maurice and Bagehot, Stanley and Darwin, 'Sir Walter Scott in Adversity,' 'The Theology of "Robert Elsmere,"' 'Poetry and Pessimism,' 'Insect Conservatism,' and 'The Conscience of Animals.' They are examples of the 'study' thoughts with which Mr. Hutton relieves, sustains and enriches what must of necessity be a busy 'office' life. Mr. Hutton keeps his secret to himself, as every wise man does, but in a remarkable paper entitled 'Recluses and the World,' which ought to be read by the many (the too many) who worship what they style 'man-of-the-worldliness,' and mistake the vinous chatter of the dinner table for the spirit of the age, he gives us the Hamletic brooding of his soul. 'Isolate some men with their thoughts,' he says, 'and their thoughts simply dry up altogether. Isolate others with their thoughts, and the thoughts take living forms with which their whole being gradually becomes identified. This is only another way of saying that solitude tends in every

considerable thinker to turn the life of thought into the life of real action; to him thoughts become action, and therefore also passion, for effective action breeds passion quite as truly as passion breeds action; indeed no passions are higher than those which spring out of a man's knowledge that his thoughts are giving him a new hold over the life within and outside him, and are substituting for a dim and hesitating tradition, the talisman of a new vision, the spell of a new clue to the ways either of nature or of man.' This is the way in which a man who is above all things spiritually minded naturally expresses his belief that in these days of democracy, cosmopolitanism and social evolution, it is through patient reading and silent reflection that a genuine knowledge of 'the world' is obtained. The Able Editor of fifty years ago was a man who by dining out acquired that knowledge of the world which gave impersonal weight to his personal judgments. Such a course was wise enough. In London, at all events, and so long as the country was in reality, though not in name, an aristocratic oligarchy, the dinner-giving class governed the Empire. Fifty years hence, when probably democracy has come to its own, and has, above all things, learned to know its own political supremacy, the Able Editor will regard dining out as the least of his business; he may even leave it judiciously if not severely alone, as calculated to make him mistake the cackle of his bourg, or the prejudiced whisper of a vested interest for the murmur of the world. The power of the press in the future—if, that is to say, it continues to be anonymous—will be the power of the pure reason, or at all events as close an approximation to it as human infirmity will allow. And apart altogether from the intrinsic value of his literary, religious and ethical pronouncements, these two volumes of essays are of interest, as examples less of the journalism of the present than of the journalism of the future. Mr. Hutton is in spite—or is it in virtue?—of his power as a journalist, one of the preachers of and to the age. But no preacher ever depended less on pose, gesticulation, or pulpit-thumping.

Mr. Hutton's systematic and almost austere elimination of the elements of egotism from his writings, constitutes however,

their weakness as well as their strength. There is an objective as well as subjective side to journalism. The public demands to know how a man looks as well as what he says, and (presumably) thinks, and is perhaps too inclined to be perfectly satisfied when this demand has been supplied. Hence it is that the interviewer, the pictorial artist, and the 'descriptive' author bulk as largely in present day journalism as the article-writer and the reporter. This public desire for the 'graphic,' which dates from the literary dictatorship of Macaulay, Mr. Hutton is unable—or which comes to the same thing, is altogether unwilling—to gratify. It is evident from his volumes that among the British thinkers of the past two generations, the late Mr. Maurice and Cardinal Newman, and the happily still living Dr. Martineau, have influenced him most, and have won his affection, even if they have not absolutely dominated his reason. Yet even Mr. Watts's portrait of Dr. Martineau, which was exhibited in the Academy some years ago, and which Mr. Hutton says is 'in some respects a caricature,' does not tempt him to give a pen-and-ink sketch of his own. All that he says is that it 'does not give any adequate impression of Dr. Martineau's keen and penetrating vision, which almost suggests the glance of a commander in the field, and which perfectly expresses the well-marked definiteness of his aims—and it does not even suggest the lucidity of his method and that capacity for a firm engineering of the possibilities of life by which he has been distinguished.' Of all Mr. Hutton's biographical studies that of Mr. Walter Bagehot is perhaps written with the closest personal knowledge. And yet we get nothing more by way of portrait than such sentences as 'It was the life, humour, and animation looking out of the glance of these large and brilliant black eyes, and often presenting a curious contrast with the supposed dryness of the subjects with which Mr. Bagehot so frequently dealt that made him what he was to his friends,' and 'He was a dashing rider, and a fresh wind was felt blowing through his earlier literary efforts, as though he had been thinking in the saddle—an effect wanting in his later essays, where you see chiefly the calm analysis of a lucid observer.' This is interesting and in its way even suggestive.

But it is not graphic. Compare it with a passage taken almost at random from Mr. Stevenson.—Mr. Stevenson, whose art is essentially objective, not subjective, who concerns himself with the movement and not at all with the spirituality of life, who above all things abhors journalism and its ‘cheap finish.’ Compare, let me say, Mr. Hutton’s vague impression of Bagehot with Mr. Stevenson’s portrait of Pepys:—

‘Here we have a mouth pouting, moist with desires; eyes greedy, protuberant, and apt for weeping too; a nose, great alike in character and dimensions; and altogether a most fleshy melting countenance. The face is attractive by its promise of reciprocity. I have used the word *greedy* but the reader must not suppose that he can change it for that closely kindred one of *hungry*, for there is here no aspiration, no waiting for better things, but an animal joy in all that comes. It could never be the face of an artist; it is the face of a *viveur*—kindly, pleased and pleasing, protected from excess and upheld in contentment by the shifting versatility of his desires. For a single desire is more rightly to be called a lust; but there is health in a variety, where one may balance and control another.’

Nor can Mr. Hutton be conceived hitting off the popular (and inaccurate) view of John Knox as does Mr. Stevenson in this sentence:—

‘He remains for posterity in certain traditional phrases brow-beating Queen Mary, or breaking beautiful carved work in abbeys and cathedrals, that had long smoked themselves out and were no more than sorry ruins, while he was still quietly teaching children in a country gentleman’s family.’

Mr. Hutton does not even command the drily graphic style which constitutes one of the fascinations of Mr. Leslie Stephen’s delightful volumes of common-sense judgments, *Hours in a Library*. In all his papers, for example, there is nothing comparable to this reproduction of the different portraits of the author of *Clarissa*:—

‘Richardson looks like a plump white mouse in a wig, at once vivacious and timid. We see him in one picture, toddling along the Pantiles at Tunbridge-Wells, in the neighbourhood of the great Mr. Pitt and Speaker Onalow, and the bigamous Duchess of Kingston and Colley Cibber and the cracked and shrivelled up Whiston and a (perhaps not the famous) Mr. Johnson in company with a bishop. In the other, he is sitting in his parlour with its stiff old-fashioned furniture, and a glimpse into the gar-

den, reading *Sir Charles Grandison* to the admirable Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, and a small party, inclusive of the artist, Miss Highmore, to whom we owe sincere gratitude for this peep into the past. Richardson sits in his "usual morning-dress," a kind of brown dressing-gown with a skull-cap on his head, filling the chair with his plump little body, and raising one foot to point his moral with an emphatic stamp.'

Yet the very fact that the objective does not count for much with Mr. Hutton in making his estimates of events, men, and books, and that he resolutely disregards it, adds to his subjective strength. He cares only for the heart of a matter and goes as straight to it as he can. And I doubt whether any public writer of the present generation or of its predecessor—Mr. Hutton recalls Mr. William Rathbone Greg and Mr. Walter Bagehot and Mr. John Morley rather than the hierophants of the New Journalism—has on the spur of the moment said so many true and sagacious things with so much point. This is all the more notable that he certainly does not strain after literary effect in any of its modern forms. He never struggles to be epigrammatic. He is no devotee of the modern cult of the snippet; on the contrary his sentences—here again he resembles Mr. Gladstone—are often long and involved. But his resolute and transparent modesty, and his obvious aversion to the character of *poseur*, lend emphasis to that beauty of sanity which is the outstanding feature of his judgments. Take this characterisation of Emerson as being more of an oracle than of a poet or a philosopher.

'He rose too much on tiptoe for the poet; and was too broken in his insight for a philosopher's steady continuity of thought.'

Take again his comparison between Carlyle's poetry and Emerson's.

'Carlyle's verse is like the heavy rumble of a van without springs; Emerson's which now and then reaches something of the sweetness of poetry, much more often reminds one of the attempts of a seeress to induce in herself the ecstasy which will not spontaneously visit her.'

The difference between Mr. Hutton's method and the ordinary epigrammatist's is admirably illustrated by these characterisations, and especially by the second. The critic whose ideal is what is telling not what is true, would almost

certainly have been carried away by the comparison of Carlyle's verse to the rumble of a van; he would have searched the whole earth for another vehicle by which he could adequately represent Emerson's poetry. But Mr. Hutton resorts to no such devices which are the mainstay of the fashionable drawing-room drama of Mr. Oscar Wilde, and of the fashionable *fin de siècle* fiction of 'John Oliver Hobbes.' He simply seeks for the comparisons which are most fitted to express his sentiments, and uses them. But although Mr. Hutton has republished none of his writings belonging to what in Longfellow's case he terms 'the first period of *ad captandum* writing which almost every young man of talent passes through,' he has all that 'aliveness' to salient points, and that passion for giving such 'aliveness' genuine literary expression, which are much more truly three-fourths of journalism than conduct even in the Arnoldian sense is three-fourths of life. It would be difficult too, to say whether Mr. Hutton is the happier in his critical limitations, or in his critical appreciations. How true, for instance, is this of Dickens,—

'Directly he tries to create anything in which his swift decisive knowledge of detail does not help him, anything in which a general knowledge of the passions and heart and intellect of man is more needed than a special knowledge of the dialects of a profession or the habits of a class, he too often loses all his certainty of touch, and becomes a painful mannerist.'

Not less true—though in a different sense, is this summary of the career of Maurice.

'His life was a sort of chaunt, rich, deep, awe-struck, passionately humble from beginning to end.'

This, however, must be taken with its author's own modification.

'When, however, you catch that he feels—as all the deeper religious natures have always felt—a sort of self-reproachful complicity in every sinful tendency of his age, you feel that the litany in which he expresses his shame though most genuine, even most piercing in its genuineness, is not so much morbid self-depreciation as a deep sense of the cruel burden of social infirmity and social sin, which he laid down, on behalf of all men, in whose infirmities and sins he could perceive echoes of his own, at the feet of his Saviour.'

Take again this judgment—at once a limitation and a
an appreciation—of Dean Stanley:—

‘Seldom has such a gallant knight-errant in ecclesiastical matters been so utterly without a dogmatic inspiration as Dean Stanley. There have been hundreds who, like Archdeacon Denison, would fight to the death for a dogma to one who, like the late Dean of Westminster, would fight to the death in order to relax in all directions the binding force of dogmatic decisions. In truth, he discerned clearly enough how often dogmatic belief chokes religious life ; but he was nearly incapable of understanding the equally important truth how often dogmatic belief strengthens and ennobles the life which is honestly lived by its guidance.’

Mr. Hutton's estimates of great movements or new forces in the spiritual world are quite as full of seriousness as are his estimates of men. Take his characterisation of Comtism:—

‘The aspiration of Positivism is an aspiration to combine all sorts of moral contradictions ; to get the masses of the people to obey an intellectual oligarchy, without attributing to that oligarchy any qualities which the masses of the people can readily revere, to get them to love what is unreal more fervently than they love those whom they come across in the ordinary paths of life ; to regard with awe sacraments in which nothing is even supposed to pass, except an electric spark of feeling between human beings ; to worship a Providence whose decrees are half of them mistakes and the other half mere conclusions of commonsense ; and to dwell in imagination on a future life in which nothing will live that has any but an historical relation to the nature which anticipates it.’

Mr. Hutton's view of Positivism may be sound or unsound ; that question is outside the limits of such a paper as this. There can, however, be but opinion as to the force and felicity, unmingled with violence or literary trickiness, with which Mr. Hutton has put the view that Comtism is an attempt to reconcile utterly opposite and mutually inconsistent habits of mind. Again, take this passage from the paper styled ‘Mr. Ruskin on Nature and Miracle.’

‘What Mr. Ruskin freely calls the highest and rarest moments in the individual human soul, are not half so wide a subject of study as the whole system of monotonous habit and character on which they shed so much light. The reason they do shed so much light upon it is just the contrary—that these moments puncture, as it were, the systematised unconscious life of man at individual points, and there show the light of the spirit pouring through as at a minute pin-hole ; and the very sharp definition and limitation of the beam of light gives us a thousand times as much insight

into the spiritual world behind, as if you had had a great network of crossing rays entering in confused pencils from a hundred points at once.'

Apart from its value as an example of Mr. Hutton's mode of thinking, this passage is notable as giving in a nutshell the Odyssey of that mystical Wordsworthianism which is of the essence of his complex creed.

But Mr. Hutton, although above all things a journalist, is a thinker endowed with a thoroughly original and almost too subtle mind. Great as is the value of the papers in these two last volumes regarded as examples of the very best kind of journalism, their intrinsic value is greater still. If the reader follows up his perusal of them—as he ought if he wishes to understand Mr. Hutton's standpoint and his range of reading—by mastering the two earlier volumes of *Literary and Theological Essays* he will find that they reflect the graver thoughts and the weightier criticism of our time better than any other collection of the kind that can be mentioned. They have not, it is true, the special and purely literary delicacy which distinguishes Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, and which mark out their author as the British Erasmus. They do not present that combination of man-of-the-worldliness and culture which make Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* a veritable arm-chair delight. They have none of that delicious pensiveness—the pensiveness of the traveller through life who nevertheless can take his ease and his flask of wine in his inn, and admire a golden sunset from his bedroom window, although he knows that the end of his pilgrimage is dusty death—in which Mr. Stevenson's art is seen at its best. Even when he is most touched with religious emotion, Mr. Hutton never rises into that mournful eloquence which fills, as with the swell of an organ, the pages of Mr. Rathbone Greg's *Enigmas of Life*. Yet with all their limitations—perhaps on account of them—Mr. Hutton's papers represent at its richest the serious thought of the serious, yet cultured, Englishman (I say Englishman advisedly) who likes to keep abreast of the times, but is incapable of breaking abruptly or irreverently with the past. They represent the cream of the best English Sunday afternoon talk; and, like

such talk, it is occupied to a not inconsiderable extent with matters of religion. Mr. Hutton has here been described as a journalist in literature, but not a few readers of his papers will be tempted to say rather that he is a preacher in journalism. It is in such papers as 'The Approach of Dogmatic Atheism,' 'M. Renan,' 'John Stuart Mill's Religion,' 'Ardent Agnosticism,' and 'Mr. Leslie Stephen and the Scepticism of Believers,' that such will certainly say the true Mr. Hutton is to be seen. Among disputants on theology he holds a quite unique place. He does not formulate his creed; he is much more bent upon attacking the positions of others than upon defining his own. It is indeed much easier to indicate his likes and dislikes than to formulate his platform. Cardinal Newman, Dr. Martineau, and Mr. F. D. Maurice he admires greatly, and in about equal measure. But he is not a Roman Catholic; he is not a Unitarian; and he would probably object to being classified as a Broad Churchman. Enlightened and catholic Evangelicalism is perhaps better entitled to claim him as an adherent than any other creed of the country, and yet 'The Hard Church' in his *Theological Essays* is perhaps the heaviest blow ever struck at that Evangelicalism of which the late Henry Rogers was, although too much of a pamphleteer, the cleverest exponent. Yet I doubt if in the religious literature that is written by laymen, at all events, there could be found a better arsenal of arguments against Atheism, Agnosticism, Positivism, and 'Scepticism' of every variety, than in Mr. Hutton's volumes. While amenity is the note of all his purely controversial work, he is absolutely fearless alike in indicating the 'dangers' to be apprehended from the modern forms of 'infidelity,' and in stating the actual demands made by that 'infidelity' upon the human reason. Thus in his essay on 'The Approach of Dogmatic Atheism,' which was provoked by a lecture of the late Professor Clifford, he says,—

'In him scientific thought in relation to religion and morality appears to be undergoing a transformation from its chrysalis condition of Agnosticism, on which it fed so heartily and thrived so fast on the vague hopes it killed, and to be taking to itself ephemeral wings with which it proposes to soar high above the humility of its previous condition, and, indeed, to flutter up into those empty spaces from which science, we are now told, has all

but succeeded in expelling the empty dreams of a presiding mind in the universe, and of a life after death. Automatism, which was a wild hypothesis yesterday, and is still so difficult to state without self-contradiction, that Professor Clifford's own language is constantly at cross-purposes with his theory, is to become the creed of all reasonable men to-morrow; the faith in Providence is soon to be regarded as "immoral," and we are to expect before long evidence that "no intelligence or volition has been concerned in events happening within the range of the solar system, except that of animals living on the planet"—nay, evidence "of the same kind and the same cogency" as that which forbids us to assume the existence between the Earth and Venus of a planet as large as either of them.'

Mr. Hutton, after dealing in detail with the arguments advanced in support of the automatic theory, assumes it to have been adopted by the Scotch. He compliments them as—

'A people far more really competent to master and apply abstract ideas than the Germans.'

And he thus concludes—

'I venture to affirm that the automato-atheistic theory once earnestly adopted by a nation of graphic and logical mind, like the Scotch, would make such a hell upon earth, such a world of languors where languors were not agreeable, and of vehement and lawless moral pressures, where the application of such pressures was most in keeping with the temperament of the individual, as civilised men would never have seen before. The happy device of combining atheism with a distinct and vivid confidence in the absolutely mechanical character of man's bodily life, may be consistent, in a few isolated instances, as doubtless it is in Professor Clifford's case with a lofty mind, a strenuous character and a firm will, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it would lead to the natural or artificial selection and elaboration of those wheels in the corporeal machine which would produce the kind of motion their owners found most pleasurable;—and then the crash and battle of the various revolving cogs of self-interest would be such as even savage life could not rival.'

This paper is not concerned, as I have said, with the soundness or the unsoundness of Mr. Hutton's views upon religious questions. That is no reason, however, why the literary art with which he has expressed these views should not be adequately emphasized.

Mr. Hutton's papers on questions of religion and theology—he himself discriminates between the two though he does not draw a formal line of demarcation—proceed, as they should, from the sanctum of his nature. As such they may in virtue

of the spirit in which they are written, not of the opinions which they more or less clearly express, be recommended to all who are surfeited with the 'smart' religious writing of to-day. They will, at the very least, compare favourably with such a work as Mr. Richard le Gallienne's *Religion of a Literary Man*, in which one of the leading controversies of the time is disposed of in a paragraph :—

'It is no longer necessary for us to dispute painfully concerning documents. All such matters the German commentators and M. Renan have already settled for us, and faith has really nothing either to hope or to fear from the discovery of any number of Gospels. In short, we have accomplished the inestimable separation of theology and religion. Our religion no longer stands or falls by the Hebrew Bible.'

Yet it is in his literary judgments that Mr. Hutton is seen if not quite at his best certainly at his freest. In them he has no hesitation in indicating, or even in formulating his convictions. He 'lets himself go' as, when sinking the journalist in the man, he says of Samuel Johnson :—

'A day in which men are almost ashamed to be odd, and quite ashamed to be inconsistent, in which a simple life, even if the result of intelligent and intelligible purpose, is almost regarded as a sign of insanity, and in which society imposes its conventional assumptions and insincerities on almost every one of us, is certainly a day when it will do more than usual good to revive the memory of that dangerous and yet tender literary bear who stood out amongst the men even of his day as one who, whatever else he was, was always true to himself, and that too almost at the most trying time of all, even when he had not been faithful to himself—a man who was more afraid of his conscience than of all the world's opinion—and who towers above our own generation just because he had the courage to be what so few of us are, proudly independent of the opinion in the midst of which he lived.'

But it must be said that Mr. Hutton, with his own very pronounced ethico-religious bias, could not help being prejudiced in favour of Johnson, as being above all things a man of character rather than of genius. But he has no such 'bias' in the case of Dickens, whose character on the contrary, as revealed in Mr. Forster's biography, he estimates by no means favourably, and for whose occasionally boisterous Cockney vulgarity he could have nothing but antipathy. But he frankly acknowledges that Dickens's humour was more

characterized by genius—that indefinite something which, like Burns's conversation, carries one off his feet—than that of any of his contemporaries or successors.

'The wealth and subtlety of his contrasts, the fine aim of his exaggerations, the presence of mind (which is the soul of wit) displayed in his satire, the exquisitely professional character of the sentiments and metaphors which fall from his characters, the combined audacity and microscopic delicacy of his shading in caricature, the quaint flights of his fancy in illustrating a monstrous absurdity, the suddenness of his strokes at one moment, the cumulative perseverance of his touches at another, make him such a humourist as many centuries are not likely to produce.'

The volumes which illustrate the quality of Mr. Hutton's contributions to the *Spectator* are full of estimates as carefully balanced as these. But whoever desires thoroughly to understand Mr. Hutton's standpoint as a critic ought to supplement the reading of these volumes with the study, as I have said, of their author's *Literary Essays*. This volume consists of only nine papers, but these include studies of Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, Clough, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and I should place it unhesitatingly on the same shelf as Arnold's *Essays on Criticism*, Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, and Mr. Stevenson's *Men and Books*. That shelf is not an imposing one, but it contains the most solid and important criticism that British literature can show for a generation. Mr. Hutton has many more points of dissimilarity than of similarity with his brother critics; in particular he never divorces—he is probably incapable of divorcing—art in literature from morality and religion. But he is more painstaking than any of them: his chief anxiety, as I have already said, is not to produce epigrams, but to make exhaustive studies. And in three cases he has attained almost complete success. His essays on Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Hawthorne are admirable, but his papers on Goethe, Wordsworth, and Shelley, are probably the best and certainly the most searching that have appeared.

No critic has been more successful in pointing out that central weakness of Goethe's character—his incapacity for genuine self-sacrifice—which in spite of his marvellous insight, in spite of his scarcely less marvellous generosity,

prevents him from being a second Shakespeare, and makes him only the literary Napoleon of the nineteenth century. Many who do not look at the final questions of religion and ethics from Mr. Hutton's standpoint, will agree with him when he says of Goethe—

‘I grant that he was the wisest man of modern days who ever lacked the wisdom of a child ; the deepest who never knew what it was to kneel in the dust with bowed head and broken heart. And he was a demigod, if a demi-god be a being at once more and less than ordinary men, having a power which few attain, and owing it in part to a deficiency in qualities in which few are so deficient ; a being who puts forth a stronger fascination over the earth because expending none of his strength in yearnings towards heaven. In this sense Goethe was a demi-god :—

“ He took the suffering human race ;
He read each wound, each weakness clear ;
He struck his finger on the place,
And said ‘Thou ailest here, and here.’ ”

He knew all symptoms of disease, a few alleviations, no remedies. The earth was eloquent to him, but the skies were silent. Next to Luther he was the greatest of the Germans ; next—but what a gulf between ! “Adequate to himself” was written on that broad calm forehead, and therefore men thronged eagerly about him to learn the incommunicable secret. It was not told, and will not be told. For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier far to any demi-god.’

Mr. Hutton's essay on Shelley is quite as exhaustive as his essay on Goethe, and a good deal more sympathetic. He is more comprehensively critical than Hazlitt although he has not Hazlitt's cruelly observant eyes. The last word has not been said on Shelley, but up to the present time his idealism has not been better characterised than in this passage :—

‘Into one side of human perfection he had a far higher insight than most men of his day—the passive nobility of beautiful instinct and endurance. But the very idealising tendency which repelled him from human politics, repelled him also from all human creeds, and the very first objection he took to them was to their demand of deference for a spiritual king. From all arbitrary authority he recoiled, and never apparently conceived the possibility of authority properly so called, and yet not arbitrary. Hence, to save his faith in human nature, he was almost compelled to seat a shadow on the throne of the universe. The only marvel is that his imagination still kept a throne of the universe at all, even for a shadow. His ideal world was one “where music and moonlight, and feeling, are one,” and in such a world apparently no throne or sceptre would be needed.’

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Hutton's essay on Wordsworth is full of enthusiasm as well as of insight. He is a Wordsworthian with limitations, as he is a Martineauist, a Maurician, a Newmanite—in each case also with limitations. I quote therefore what Mr. Hutton says of those limitations as an example of his happiest manner :—

‘ Wordsworth seems to kindle his own poetic flame, like a blind man kindling his own fire ; and often as it were, he goes through the process of lighting it without observing that the fuel is damp and has not caught the spark ; and thus, though he has left us many a beacon of pure and everlasting glory flaming from the hills, he has left us many a monument or pile of fuel from which the poetic fire has early died away.’

Mr. Hutton's essays belong to that class of literature that can only be judged by ample quotation, and that suggests the almost abandoned family practice of reading aloud. Whether such writing will be appreciated in the future remains to be seen. Literature is already in the clutch of journalism, and ere long will be in its possession body and soul. The time is probably not very far distant when the morning—or is it to be the evening?—newspaper will provide us with our fiction, our criticism, nay, our art, as well as with our news and our opinion. Perhaps there will be no poet's corner in the newspaper of the twentieth century—no arm-chair for quiet and prolonged reflection. If the present adoration of the snippet continues, the long essay will certainly go the way of all other fashions in literature. In that case Mr. Hutton may prove to be the last of the essayists, who have delighted and stimulated two generations. Yet, when a final judgment comes to be pronounced upon him it will be said that if he was the last of such essayists, he was not the least, nay, that in many respects he was the most typical, in virtue of his capacity for reflecting the higher moods of that cultured but above every thing, spiritually minded class which plays a more important part in the government of the country than it generally gets credit for.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

DEUTSCHE RUNDschau (April, May, June).—A simple, but excellently written story, 'Ein ganzes Leben,' opens the first of these three numbers, in which lighter literature is further represented by 'Die Geschichte einer Amme.' It is by Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, the well-known Swedish writer, who found in Italy a home and a grave. The touching narrative, apart from its excellence as a work of fiction, gives a very interesting sketch of popular life and manners in Italy.—The extracts from the diary of Giuseppe Acerbi, make up an interesting and valuable contribution to the history of German literature. They record interviews and conversations with Klopstock, whose acquaintance the young Italian made when the poet was long past his three score years and ten, and they throw considerable light on the position which he took up with regard to contemporary literature.—Herr P. D. Fischer concludes the reminiscences of his travels through Germany. This closing instalment is chiefly noticeable for the optimistic view which it takes of the present situation of Germany.—The impressions of another traveller, a foreign one, however, and no less a personage than the Shah of Persia, are communicated by Herr Vambéry, in a summary of the account given by his Highness himself of his visit to Germany.—In the May number, the first place is occupied by Herr Paul Heyse, who brings the first instalment of a charming novelette—*Melusine*.—Three well-known writers—Hermann Grimm, Erich Schmidt, and Eduard Hanslick respectively contribute three most readable articles. The first of them has for its subject the correspondence between Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, and constitutes an interesting chapter of literary history. The second is a critical review of the works of Rudolf Lind, whilst the third continues the reminiscences entitled 'Aus meinem Leben,' and brings them down to the seventies.—An article which is sure to be read with special interest, even though it may not carry absolute conviction with it, is Herr W. Preyer's exposition of the principles of graphology—the name given to the science which has for its object the reading of character from handwriting.—Finally, Major Otto Wachs, in a somewhat technical paper, considers the future of the West Indies and the Nicaragua Canal.—The June part is largely made up of continuations. Paul Heyse's

'Melusine' is brought to a close; Herr Hanslick's 'Aus meinem Leben' is advanced a stage further; and another instalment is added to 'Ein Staatsman der alten Schule.'—'Debit and Credit in Nature,' contributed by Herr Reinke is a paper in which an abundance of most interesting information is given in popular form, and in which the great law of Production and Consumption, of income and expenditure in the economy of the universe is admirably set forth and illustrated.—In 'Heinrich Heine in Paris,' Jules Legras communicates a number of letters and other writings of the German poets which he has succeeded in unearthing, and which supply important additional material for biographical purposes.

WESTERMANN'S MONATS-HEFTE (April, May, June).—In the April number, a rather romantic, but exceedingly well written story by Ilse Frapan—'Weisse Flamme'—is followed by an article devoted to Frau Eleonora Duse, the well-known German actress, whose portrait is given as a frontispiece.—'Am Fusse des Gaurisankar,' by Herr Otto Ehlers, takes the reader to Nepaul, of which both pen and pencil give a most interesting sketch.—In a rather discursive paper, which he entitles, 'Natur und Technik,' Herr Geitel shows how the principles of engineering and construction find their analogy in the human frame.—One of the longest as well as most interesting articles in the May part is devoted to a description of Hamburg. Apart from the text no less than twenty-seven excellent illustrations bring before the reader a vivid picture of the commercial capital of the German empire.—A writer who only signs his initial, 'E,' has found a subject for an article in a pilgrimage to 'Three English Graves,' of which by the way, two are Scotch—Carlyle's and Hume's. The third is that of Bacon.—Max von Pettenkoser, one of the greatest authorities on the science of hygiene and sanitation is introduced to the reader by Herr Hans Buchner, who gives an interesting and appreciative sketch of his life and work.—A portrait of Charlotte von Stein, whose name is so closely connected with that of Goethe, has supplied Herr Schwarz with material for a short paper of no very great interest.—In a paper which he entitles 'Cyprus, the Bible and Homer,' Herr Ohnefalsch-Richter gives an illustrated account of the excavation carried on by him in the island, and of the results as bearing both on the Bible and on Homer.—'Darwinismus und Hygiene,' by Herr Hans Buchner, considers the question raised by Herbert Spencer, whether the care now given to hygiene and sanitation may not prove disadvantageous to the development of the human race by protecting weaker individuals who, in the earlier stages of

civilisation, would inevitably have fallen as victims in the struggle for existence, but may now be able to live and to propagate a weaker race. The writer does not entertain any doubts on the subject, but is convinced that, on the whole, the result must be to raise the whole race and lead to its fuller development.—The name of Fredrich Spielhagen is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the sketch headed 'Glances at the modern German drama.' The dramatists 'glanced at' are Ernst von Wildenbruch, Ludwig Fulda, Hermann Sudermann, Otto Erich Hartleben, and Gerhart Hauptmann.—A descriptive sketch of Goslar remains to be mentioned. As usual the illustrations are plentiful and good.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 4, 1894).—Dr. Johannes Bachmann, of Berlin, contributes a very scholarly exegetical study on the 'Prophecy of Zephaniah.' This book is confessedly a work that has suffered considerably from the hands of copyists, or redactors, and possibly from both. Its text is frequently so perplexing, owing to grammatical errors and gaps, that we can only account for its present state by supposing numerous blunders on the part of those who have transcribed it or edited it from time to time. Dr. Bachmann, assuming this, suggests several emendations in the text, which at least have the effect of rendering it coherent and intelligible, and which may certainly be commended to the careful consideration of Hebrew scholars.—The second article has now a somewhat mournful interest. Its author, Herr Pfarrer Otto Schmoller, had completed it and forwarded it to the redactors of this magazine, but died before it was printed. It is prefaced by a very kindly note laudatory of the writer, and descriptive of his career and work. The article is entitled 'Die geschichtliche Person Jesu nach den Paulinischen Schriften.' It deals with the theme so much engaging attention at present—the historical Christ or the Jesus of fact and of history, as opposed to the Christ of Christian creeds or of Christian dogmatics. He admits in his article that the Gospels, being of later production than the life lived, may express the results of after reflection on the Christ, and not be altogether the biographical record of the life itself. But he thinks we have sources extant to which we can appeal to enable us to verify the evangelic records, or so to illuminate them that in the light they furnish we can see the Christ as He was, and know Him and believe in Him, and find salvation in our faith and loyalty to Him. These sources are to be found in the other New Testament Scriptures, especially the Pauline Epistles. His subject is admirably wrought out, and the article is evi-

dently the result of patient study and the expression of earnest conviction.—Dr. Paul Ziegert, of Breslau, follows with an interesting paper, 'Über die Ansätze zu einer Mysterienlehre aufgebaut auf den antiken Mysterien bei Philo Judæus.' Philo frequently, in his writings, addresses himself to the *mustai*, the initiated, as likely to understand him better than the multitude. Had he in view those who were members of the Greek secret societies? or was he merely enriching his vocabulary by borrowing a term from theirs?—Herr Paul Gloatz, of Dabrun, writes in reference to the late Parliament of Religions at Chicago, on 'Die Heranziehung der Religionsgeschichte zur systematischen Theologie.'—Dr. Clemen, of Halle, contributes a short paper under the title of 'Notiz über ein neugefundenes Fragment einer bisher unbekannten Pilatuslegende;' Dr. Buchwald on 'Ein noch ungedruckter Brief Luthers an König Christian III., von Dänemark;' Dr. Burkhardt, of Weimar, on 'Die älteste Kirchen-und-Schulvisitation im östlichen Thüringen' (1527); Herr F. Sander, of Breslau, on 'Friedrich Lücke und F. C. Baur.' The book reviews includes Dr. Paul Feine's 'Der Jakobusbrief nach Lehranschauungen und Entstehungsverhältnissen;' and Dr. E. Nestle's 'Marginalien und Materialien.'

RUSSIA.

VOPROSI PHILOSOFII I PSYCHOLOGII, No. 21, (Questions Philosophical and Psychological) begins with an article by Count Leo Tolstoi, on the question of 'The Freedom of the Will,' being a fragment from an unpublished MS. If it be enquired why a man acts in a particular manner and not otherwise, the answer is that he acts so because he admits the truth either from present or past enquiry as to what was his duty, and accordingly he acts in the way that he does, either from past conviction or custom. It will be found that a person feels himself free or not free, accordingly as he admits or does not admit the *truth*. If he act contrary to that which he believes to be the truth, then he may either believe that his action is right, or recognising the truth, counts it to be evil, or perverse. Thus a man escaping out of a burning house without striving to extinguish the fire or to save his comrade, remains free to admit the truth as to this, that a man ought at the risk of his life to save the life of another, or not admitting this truth, counts his own conduct a natural necessity, and justifies himself in it. From these opposite actings into which men may be drawn as they are swayed by interest, prejudice, etc., our author comes to the discussion of what really constitutes freedom, or as it is sometimes called, Liberty of the Will. A man is undoubtedly

free if he only admits that the life of man or of humanity is a constant movement from darkness to light, from lower degrees of truth to higher—from truth more mixed with error to truth more free from error! A man would be unfree if he knew nothing of truth, and certainly, he would not be free if he had no conception of freedom. Thus the author shows that a man's relation to freedom depends upon his relation to, and his more or less perfect appropriation of the truth. After these various statements, that each man is free only in so far as he appropriates and walks in harmony with the truth, we have the following illustrations of the same principle. A horse harnessed in a waggon together with others, is free only to go in one direction, that in which he goes in common with his fellow-animals in the waggon. He is not free to go in advance, and if he holds back, the fore parts of the waggon will strike his heels, and he is practically compelled to go in the same direction as the waggon is moving. Limited as he is, he has the freedom to go in the same direction as the waggon. So is it also to some extent with man. The freedom which he really enjoys may seem to be little in comparison with that fantastical freedom to which he would like to attain—nevertheless, the freedom which is open to him is the true freedom, leading towards the true life. The true life, according to the doctrine of Christ, has really and morally only one path free, that which leads man into the region where he is really free! *i.e.*, the region of knowledge and revealed truth—confessing it and unfailingly following it as the horse in the cart, whithersoever it leads him. It is the path of Duty, the way of Truth! The kingdom of God strives with all its power to draw men into the way of truth, and this truth lies not in the observance of external ceremonies, but only in the recognition and confession of the truth on the part of each individual man.—The second article is a continuation of Professor Kozloff's articles, formerly summarised, on French Positivism. Here he takes up Fouillée, Guyau and Tarde. The present article is devoted to Fouillée. Professor Kozloff begins by saying that he takes the liberty to begin his brief characteristics of Fouillée, after the manner of Voltaire, by saying that if in the present time there were no such philosopher as Fouillée, it would be necessary to invent him, in order that a person loving philosophy and interested in its farther development should be made fully to understand that on the ground on which it moved in its development in the 18th and 19th centuries, future successes were no longer possible for it. Contemporary Philosophy was compelled to take up its abode upon new territory and

follow a new path, in its most important and essential relations. The author rates M. Fouillée as deserving by no means a low place among the contemporary thinkers of France. On the contrary, he regards him as occupying a place, which if not higher, is certainly not lower than Taine. In general erudition in the study of philosophy, as well as in special philosophical learning, he occupies a very high place, and may be said to surpass his contemporaries and countrymen in his equipment for the work of the philosopher. He surpasses them too in the energy with which he began and worked out his philosophical mission. But notwithstanding his talent, erudition and careful preparation for the work, and his energy in its execution, the undertaking of Fouillée cannot be counted wholly successful, mainly because he did not separate himself from the old foundations, and was more or less identified with the preceding schools. Prof. Kozloff wishes, however, to take note of the new phases of M. Fouillée's philosophy, first by a reference to his most important works, which he desires to place as landmarks in the development of his philosophical system, and secondly, by a brief analysis of the fundamental conceptions of that system. In keeping with this we have notices of Fouillée's works on the philosophy of Plato and Socrates, so remarkable for their erudition and able exposition. A second stage is marked by the author's work on the philosophy of Kant, '*La Liberté et le Déterminisme*,' a work which has run into a second edition. A third landmark is his work on '*L'idée moderne du droit en Allemagne en Angleterre et en France*,' in which he finds that the Germans have substituted for legal right the idea of power, the English the idea of profit or utility, while the French alone retain the true idea of *legal right*, because in their history it has been the basis or idea of independence and freedom! A specially important signpost in Fouillée's literary history is his work on '*Critique des systèmes de morale contemporains*,' issued in 1883, which is marked above all by its wealth of knowledge, its acuteness and dialectical power. In this, while largely rejecting contemporary systems, he lays the foundation of his own in the metaphysical theory of *idea-power*! But while rejecting these systems as unsatisfactory, he finds the issue in the combination that in substance the *idea* of self-renunciation lies at the root of all moral systems or unselfishness, or in the loftier form the idea of righteousness or compassion, which are nothing else than the negative and positive forms of *self-renunciation*. These ideas naturally postulate universal happiness! The last word of Fouillée is his conception of the *Idea-power*, or power which

he sought to develop in the *Revue Philosophique* in three successive articles in which he establishes polemically his own views as against Bain, Spencer, Maudsley, Huxley and others; most of all, however, he attacks Spencer, whom he accuses of dualism more especially in his theory of the unknown or unknowable. The article concludes with a critical view of M. Fouillée's philosophy, which does not appear to us to be too favourable. He holds that with all M. Fouillée's pretences to enter upon a new philosophical territory, he nevertheless in point of fact occupies the old ground. He is held not to distinguish between consciousness and knowledge. He shows other inaccuracies, as by a lack of determination between the concepts *matter* and *motion*, etc.—The article which succeeds is by the editor, on the 'Significance of the Idea of Parallelism in Psychology.'—On this follows a continuation of the lengthened discussion begun in the last number of the *Voprosi* on 'Views of Faith in its relation to Knowledge,' by M. Alexander Voedenskie. In opening this second article he begins by restating his different views of Faith, as either of a simple or naive character, or what he calls blind, or of a third character which he regards as the most legitimate. This may be termed a reasoning faith which discriminates and permits the exercise of a critical judgment.—The next article is the fifth, on the 'Signification of Love,' by Wladimir Solovieff, the Russian thinker. Here in a somewhat mystical vein he discourses about the disappointments and illusions of earthly love, and then goes on to show that true love must be a union not of bodies but of spirits, and points moreover to faith, devotion, and the other heavenly elements which may enter into the earthly relation of two human beings, and make it so purified, sanctified and glorified, that the life of love between two on earth may become the beginning of a far wider, loftier and abiding love in the heavenly world.—There are a number of interesting papers in the special part of the journal, *e.g.*, a paper on the problems of the 'History of Philosophy;' the conclusion of a paper begun in a former number on 'Human Speech;' a third on 'Philosophical Principles in Contemporary Physiology;' a fourth on the 'Psychology of the Abnormally Small Headed;' a fifth on the famous Kazan Mathematician Sobatcheffsky's idea of Space. The usual reviews and bibliography follow.

ROOSKAHYAH MYSL—*Russian Opinion*—(March, April, and May).—'The Island of Saghalien,' a written Itinerary, by A. P. Tchaikoff, first bursts upon our sight, and continues its lengthy

view through the March and May numbers.—‘A Literator,’ a tale by the artist V. V. Vereshchagin, is brought to a close in the March number.—‘Poetry’ is represented by D. S. Merezhkofski (3 pieces), L. M. Medveyeff, V. Lebedeff, and K. D. Balmont.—‘Death of a Dignitary,’ is an outline of the close of the career of an anonymous hero, by R. I. Sementkofski.—‘Ancient Traditions in the Government of Olonetz,’ is a lecture read at the meeting of the Ethnographical Society on January 1st, 1894, by V. F. Miller.—‘Peasant Economy and Emigration,’ by K. Kotchoorofski, and ‘Dependence on Sentiment for the Progress of Society,’ a review of M. Tarde’s ‘La logique sociale des sentiments,’ by L. E. Obolenski, are each complete.—‘Result of Peasant Reforms in the Kingdom of Poland’ is an unfinished paper commenced in February, by A. A. Korniloff.—‘Communal Landholding in Switzerland,’ a paper by I. L., and ‘Posthumous Works of Taine,’ (Les Origines de la France contemporaine. Le Régime moderne. Tome II.) are both completed in the March number.—‘Home Review’ gives, as usual, a lengthy list of contemporary Russian matters.—Three further instalments of I. I. Ivanyoukoff’s ‘Outlines of Provincial Life,’ add to the interest as well as extent of the series.—‘Foreign Review’ takes note of Mr. Gladstone’s retirement from and Lord Rosebery’s accession to, the Premiership; of the Russo-Germanic treaty of commerce; of the Austrian troubles in Bohemia; of Italian and French questions; of the life and death of Kossuth; of Japanese progress; of the semi-revolutionary condition of Serbia; and of the attempt on the life of Signor Crispi.—‘Scientific Notes’ consists of two papers on ‘Organic Life,’ by P. P. Kashchenko, and on ‘Meteorology,’ by A. V. Klossofski.—‘Contemporary Art’ takes note, as usual, of Moscow theatrical doings.—The ‘Bibliographic Division’ contains notices of 142 works, a volume in itself, of 166 closely printed pages.—A further instalment of the correspondence between ‘Alexander Ivanovich Herten and Natalie Alexandrovna Zakharin’ is given.—‘Refutation of Mr. Tchaikoff’s Article’ in the December number of last year, which article has been objected to by residents in the island of Saghalien. The head of the typographical department of the Censorship has required the present editor to publish the terms of the complaint and its rectification, which latter includes the agreement entered into by employers with their employees, Asiatic and other.—‘Artisan-Education,’ which we dignify by the title, Technical Education, is a timely paper by V. O. Iordan.—‘Romances and Tales of Eliza Ozheshkoff,’ is an appreciative summary by M. K. Tsebrikoff.—‘Observations on Literature,’ are notices of criticisms on contemporary writers.—‘Labour in Manufactories

and Professions' (or Trades), an essay by K. I. Toomskoi, and one by I. I. Inanoff, entitled 'Reform of the Social Relation by the French Drama of the Eighteenth Century,' are both given complete.—'Agriculture by the Civilized Classes' is a social study by A. A. Isahyeff.—'Morals of Different Nations,' by I. N. K., is a question which occupies many minds at the present moment.—'Legislative Regulations on the position of workers in gold professions,' (or trades), by V. I. Somefski, and an essay on the literary characteristics of A. P. Tchaikoff, *The Refuted*, by V. A. Goltseff, are very interesting reading.—'Antoine Laurent Lavoisier,' by I. A. Kablookoff, is a slight record of the life and labours of that great reformer of chemical nomenclature.—Another chapter is furnished of P. N. Milyoukoff's treatise, entitled 'Chief Current of Russian Historical Thought in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.'—The numbers are as usual well supplied with fiction, original and translated.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (April 15th).—L. Chiala contributes a paper on Kossuth and Cavour in 1860-61, in order to complete, according to a wish expressed by Kossuth himself, the narration commenced in Chiala's 'Letters of Camillo Cavour.'—A. Romanelli writes on the 'Public Debt and the Taxes.'—A. Medin collects all notices of the fall and death of Napoleon I. in contemporary poetry.—(May 15th—C. Cantu publishes and annotates some letters by the poet Grossi.—V. endeavours to throw light on the confused political question of the Italian possessions in Africa; he advocates an unarmed colonization of Europeans on a large scale, and closes his paper in the subsequent number.—D. Guoli relates the story of Saturno Gerone, a Spaniard from Barcelona, who went to Rome during the pontificate of Sixtus IV., in 1473, became a Roman citizen and obtained the office of apostolic writer, leaving at his death all his fortune to the Hospital of the Saviour in the Lateran.—Neera commences in this number and ends in the next a tale called 'The Solitary Soul,' which is curiously dedicated to 'Sir Lawrence Dudley, Marquess of Middleforth, wherever he may be.' The authoress tells how, when her drama 'The Abbess of Monreal' suffered a fiasco, she received a letter signed the Marquess of Middleforth, and guessed that it must have been written by a person whom she had met in Villa Borghese, Rome. She describes the change caused in her mind by this meeting.—The close of the paper on 'Napoleon I. in contemporaneous poetry,' and an article on the national debt close the number.—(June 1st.)—P. Liroy

writes a pleasant article on the open country, describing animals, birds and vegetation.—P. Bertolini contributes a lengthy political article on Agrarian reform.—Neera sends a tale on monastic life.—G. Tesorone describes the antiquated town of Gubbio, and the Doria Pamphyle palace, in their beauty and decay, against which he remonstrates.—O. Marucchi gives a full account of the latest discoveries in the Roman catacombs.—G. A. Cesareo's chapters on the origin of 'Pasquin' are brought to a close.—(June 15th).—T. Casini writes on the Jacobin principles of the poet Monti, which have not been noticed by his biographers.—G. Boglietti contributes a long article on 'The Anarchic Utopia,' pointing out the serious peril which its realization would entail on society.—Jessie White Mario begins a paper on the agricultural products of Sicily.—F. Porena writes an interesting account of the geographical expeditions of the ancient Romans, his facts being derived from Latin and German works.

LA RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (May 1st).—P. E. Castagnoli ends his paper on 'Modern Roman Poetry' by asking what effect the Roman school will have on Italian literature, a question difficult to answer, for almost all the poets he speaks of are unknown or forgotten, and only Cossa has been remembered and appreciated. But the writer believes that after the close of the present period, these earlier poets will be remembered, and leave a trace of genius on the whole of Italian literature.—Follow some aphorisms by A. Rossi; a paper on agrarian affairs, the close of the story of 'Caterina Sporza,' and a lecture delivered by Professor Ricci on 'Heine's Domestic Life.' The number closes with an article by Signor Eufrazio on the Biblical question and the encyclical letter entitled 'Providentissimus Deus.'—E. Fani reviews E. Backhouse and Ch. Taylor's book on *The Witnesses to Christ*, calling it 'one of the books so often written in England in which prejudice takes the place of thoughtful criticism.' The critic points out several passages that need confirmation, and the general carelessness of the authors. 'A conscientious writer,' he says, 'who is sensible of the importance of his work, ought to reflect before offering opinions that can only raise doubts as to his competence in the field of his speculations.'—(May 16th).—G. Grabinski writes in praise of two books on Italy written by René Bazin, who, he says, shows a great affection for Italy, and, though he sometimes makes mistakes, is sincere in what he relates. The book on Sicily, 'Sicile,' he says, is a jewel, and intensely interesting just now. The other book, 'Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui,' is very good in all that relates to North

Italy, void of the errors so common to French authors on Italy. In the part relating to South Italy, the author has very well understood the important question of the re-sanitation of Naples, and points out the mistakes made in the rush of speculation.—Follows a lecture delivered in Genoa by C. Pozzini on the national budget and national wealth.—We have the close of the paper on Heine, and of G. Santarelle's account of Chicago.—E. Rossi describes the interest taken by the English clergy in labour questions, referring specially to the Bishop of Manchester's lecture on the Living Wage. He praises the action of the English clergy, and regrets that their example is not imitated in Italy.—(June 1st).—After a paper by P. Manassei on 'Agrarian Credit,' and another on 'Alexander Battenberg,' we have here an article (delayed in its publication) by G. Hamilton Cavalette on Mr. Gladstone's late Ministry, pointing out its difficulties. Mr. Cavaletti speaks of Mr. Gladstone as the greatest man of his country; a profoundly religious man; a greater orator than writer; but condemns his policy.—A. de Pesaro writes on the Joan d'Arc festivals in France; G. Garofolini on administrative reform, and E. A. Toperti on the foreign policy of Italy.—(June 15th).—The chief papers in this number are a short story by F. Salvatori, entitled 'The Iconoclast,' 'Professor Charcot and his works,' by Dr. Massalongo; a lecture on the name of 'Ciulo d'Alcanio,' by V. di Giovanni; a discussion about decentralization by R. Ricci; a full account of the bi-metallist congress in London, by A. Rossi; and some notes from a history of the Popes, by D. N. Guarini.

LA RASSEGNA (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).—'Financial Politics.'—'The Re-organization of Commercial Representation.'—'Agrarian Contracts.'—'Corn at Two Francs the Quintal.'—'Rural Building.'—'The Arctic Expedition.'—'The Parliamentary Syndicate.'—'Parliamentary Acts.'—'Statistics.'—'Reviews.'—'Financial Politics.'—'The roads in the province of Teramo.'—'Agrarian Syndicates.'—'The new Senators.'—'The exhibition of fruit and vegetables in England.'—'Electricity in mineral waters and its physical and therapeutical effects.'—'The tax on military exemptions.'—'Popular and Parliamentary initiatives in Switzerland.'—'Maritime Tariffs.'

IL GIORNALE STORICO DI LETTERATURA ITALIANO (No. 1 and 2, 1894) Contains 'Notes on the Life and Writings of Costanza Varano-Sforza (1426-1447),' by B. Feliciangeli; and 'Giambattista Andreina and the company of the Faithful,' by E. Bevilacqua.—The number ends with varieties and reviews.

L'ARCHIVIO STORICO ITALIANO (No. 1, 1894).—N. Feste edits the four Greek letters written by Frederick II., explaining that the inexactitude of the text published by G. Wolff, Berlin, 1855, justifies his action.—A learned and interesting article is one by G. E. Saltini, on 'Celion Malaspini,' the last Italian novelist of the sixteenth century; to which are added many letters by that author.—In the portion of the review, called 'Archives and Libraries,' G. Sforza tells us about Enreco, Bishop of Luni, and the Pelavicino codex of the Sarzana archives; A. Genzzetti describes the Gheradi parchment deposited in the Florence archives.

LA NUOVA RASSEGNA (April 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd)—Contain 'The military crisis.'—'An erudite poet.'—'Economic pessimism.'—'The legend of Issa.'—'Romance of State: The City of the Sun.'—'Casanovian figures: The Strasburgess.'—'Prince Henry of Portugal and the Italian navigators in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.'—'Reviews.'—'The pain of death for Anarchists.'—'The dialogue between Camillo and Valerio attributed to Tasso.'—'Spedaheri and Mamiani.'—'Cecillia Metella.'—'The legislative function.'—'Our house.'—'The last romances of Edward Rod.'—'Streets, noises, and passengers of old Rome.'—'The English pre-Raphaelites.'—'Archæological walks.'—'Military polemics.'—'The school of character.'—'Reviews.'—'Anarchy.'—'Jacobin memories.'—'Labour organisation and the increase of wages.'—'Instruction and revolution.'—'Morphology and the Gulf of Naples.'—'The Word of a Profane.'—'A precursor of H. George.'—'Evangeliolum secundum Matthæum.'—'The poet Eronda.'—(May 6th, 13th, 20th.)—'American Protectionism.'—'Iron-head.'—'Theocritic studies.'—'General Baillieuourt's reminiscences of Italy.'—'For a new translation of the Georgics.'—'History and Geography in schools.'—'The eight hours labour question.'—'The principle of authority in social questions.'—'The Society of Italian Studies in France.'—'Philosophy of machines.'—'Ugo Foscolo, a Positivist.'—'Will the future Pope be an Italian?'—'Medical and colonial geography.'—'Castel Sant' Angelo.'—'Under the earth.'—'Villa Medici.'—'Military polemics.'—'The school of character.'—'University Congresses.

REVIEW OF POPULAR ITALIAN TRADITIONS (April).—'The legend and fable of Cuneo.'—'The Madonna of Modena.'—'The Madonna of the Sweet Milk.'—'Legend of Terranova, Sicily.'—'The day of the *Merla*.'—'Novellettes.'—'Popular Songs.'—'Customs and funeral beliefs in Bologna.'—'Fire in the popular Calabrese belief.'—'Sardinian conjuring against conflagrations, headaches, and waterspouts.'—'Customs.'—'Cretinopoli.'—'Psychology of popular dialects.'—'Miscellanies.'

L'ARCHIVIO STORICO PER LE PROVINCE NAPOLITANE (No. 1, 1894).—With the exception of one article, the whole contents of this number are continuations of previous papers. The one exception is a description by B. Croce of the old Spanish romance entitled 'The Question of Love,' which gives an account of the manners and customs, the festivals, tournaments, and combats that took place in Naples in the time of the Spanish viceroys, in the years 1508-1512. In this romance figure all the nobility of the period, under feigned names, which, however, all begin with the initial letter of the real one. The romance might as well be entitled 'Love, Flirtation, and Arms,' and is of great interest to a student of Neapolitan history.

LA RIFORMA SOCIALE (March, 1894; Nos. 1 and 2). Under this new name the former *Rassegna di Scienze Sociali e Politiche*, now appears. The numbers noted contain 'Social Science and Social Reform,' by Professor Loria.—'Agrarian Reform in Austria,' by Professor Schullern-Schallenhöfer of Vienna.—'The Theory and Method of Political Economy,' by Professor Schmoller, of Berlin.—'The Wages of Sweat,' by Beatrice Potter (translated and published in Italian previous to its appearance in the magazine of the Fabian Society).—'Peasants and *gabello* in Sicily,' by G. Salvio.—'The Teaching of Social and Political Science,' by R. Worms.—'Practical Assistance in Germany,' by C. de Queker of Brussels.—'The Rise in the Salt Tax,' by Professor Celli of Rome.—'The Case of Sicily,' by Dr. Colajanni, Sicilian Deputy.—'The Increase of the Corn Tax,' by Professor Bertolini of Bari.—'Postal Banks,' by the same.—'The Conversion of French Rents,' by F. Lanza.—April 10 and 25, and May 10 contain 'The Influence of Trade Unions in Social and Industrial Life in England,' by George Howell,—of which the editor says that it is a luminous proof of the theory that the modern operative movement must act not only on the phenomena of wealth, but also on the moral and political tendencies of society.—'The Spirit of Conquest and its Results,' by J. Novicow.—'Theory and Methods of Political Economy,' by Professor Schmoller.—'Military Expenditure and Disarmament,' by F. Lanza.—'The Agrarian Party and its Social Significance,' by Francis Netti.—'The Deduction of Taxes from Incomes,' by Dr. di Marzo.—'Christian Socialism and Co-operation in England,' by M. Kaufmann.—'The Organization of Hamburg,' by E. Lepetit.—'Agrarian Communism and the Tribes of the Caucasus,' by Professor Kovalevsky.—'Military Taxes,' by X.—'The First of May,' by F. Netti.—'Rents of Houses as an Index to Income,'

by Professor della Volta.—‘The Custom-House Controversy,’ by F. Lanza.—‘Forrestal Reform in Italy,’ by Max Wirth.—‘Free Trade and Protection,’ by A. Naquet.—‘The Pretended Natural Rights of Man,’ by D. S. Ritchie.—‘The Origin of the Saint Simon Doctrine,’ by Professor Weill.—‘The Sulphur Industry in Sicily,’ by Dr. Colajanni.—‘The Association for Economical Freedom,’ by F. Nitti.—‘Eight Hours Work in Europe,’ by Professor Salvioli.—‘Intellectual Protectionism,’ by F. Nitti.—‘On the Payment of Salaries in Italy,’ by Professor Graziani.—‘The New Method of Insurance,’ by F. Flora.—‘Economy in the War Budgets,’ by P. S. Casaretto.—Reviews and chronicles.—(May 25, June 10).—‘The Politics of Labour,’ by Sir C. W. Dilke.—‘The Economical and Industrial Importance of Co-operation,’ by Dr. Crüger.—‘Labour Legislation in Spain,’ by Professor Hartado.—‘The Values of Monopoly,’ by A. Graziani.—‘The Last English Budget,’ by Professor Bastable.—‘Professions and Classes,’ by C. F. Ferraris.—‘Social Science in France,’ by Professor Haurion.—‘Sulphur Mines in Sicily,’ by Dr. Colajanni.—‘The Character of Modern Italians,’ by Professor Bianchi.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 2, 1894).—A series of articles appeared in this *Revue* by M. L. Horst, extending from 1887 to last year, under the title, ‘Etude sur le Deutéronome.’ They were for the most part directed against the position taken up by the Graf-Wellhausen school of criticism as to the *Book of the Law* found by Hilkiah, the priest, in the Temple, being identical with Deuteronomy or the legal section thereof, Deut. xii.-xxvi. Their position as regards the substantial identity of Deuteronomy and Hilkiah’s *Book of the Law*, may be said to be vital to their whole system. If it fails them, their whole edifice falls to pieces, and would require to be abandoned. It was only to be expected therefore that very soon after M. Horst’s articles were concluded they would be critically examined in the pages of this same *Revue* by some competent representative of the school, whose central position had been assailed. M. C. Piepenbring here adventures this task. He subjects M. Horst’s ‘Etude’ to a detailed and minute examination, and seeks to repel his attacks on their central position, and to show that it has not been shaken by them. M. Piepenbring admits that that position is vital to the whole system, which is confessedly built upon it. M. Horst endeavoured to show that much of what now forms the legal section of Deuteronomy was of later origin than the reign of Josiah—is

in fact of exilic date, and could not therefore have formed any part of the book that so alarmed and distressed the pious king. These parts are, of course, the parts selected for re-examination by M. Piepenbring, and he furnishes substantial reasons for still regarding them as of the date assigned them by his school, and as forming integral parts of the original *Book of the Law*. He examines in return M. Horst's theory of the origin and composition of Deuteronomy, and seeks to prove its inadequacy as a solvent of the historical and critical problems involved. In a final section he reviews M. Horst's treatment of the relations of Jeremiah to the Reform, and takes occasion at the same time to criticise and refute M. Renan's opinions on this point. The latter assigned a prominent rôle to that prophet in the measures taken by Josiah, nay, affirmed that *derrière tous les actes du roi, était Jérémie*. He found the explanation of the fact that Jeremiah's name never once occurs in connection with the narrative of the discovery of the book, or the measures that followed it, in the assumption that Jeremiah was the author of the code, or most of it. M. Horst, on the other hand, sees in the fact of that silence, and still more in the fact that nowhere does Jeremiah himself take any direct notice in his prophecies of the discovery of the book, or of the measures said to have been taken by Josiah after it, a proof, if not of the unhistorical character of the narrative in 2 Kings, xxii., then of its exaggeration of the extent and success of the reform. M. Piepenbring regards the solution of the first of these difficulties to lie in this, that Jeremiah had been too short a time engaged in the prophetic office to have made his mark, so to speak, when Josiah began his reformatory measures, and was therefore not consulted by the king, and had no hand in the carrying out of the measures adopted. The second point is explained in this way. The chief function of the prophetic office then was to denounce idolatry and the religious syncretism that had hitherto prevailed. Jeremiah's silence is explicable on the supposition that Josiah's reform had been so successful that the evils which roused the prophet's ire and inspired his denunciations, had come to an end, and there was therefore no occasion now for the latter.—M. G. Raynaud, in a short paper on the three principal deities of Mexico, Quetzalcohuatl, Tezcatlipoca, and Huitzilopochtli, favours the opinion that they were originally the supreme deities of three different tribes or races, and that the differences between them are reflections of the temperaments and characteristics of the races respectively. The first of them were immigrants from the south, who were conquered afterwards by a race from the

north, and that again by another tribe, ruder and crueller still. Quetzalcohuatl was the deity of the first arrivals, the Toltecs; then came the Chichimecs with their god Tezcatlipoca, and finally the Aztecs with their god Huitzilopochtli. The representations of each of these deities are then described, and the import of each sought to be defined.—Under the title, 'Contes bouddhiques,' MM. G. de Blonay and L. de la Vallée Poussin give a translation of the 'Legend of Vidudabha,' from the *Dhammapada*. Among the books reviewed we notice Mr. C. G. Montefiore's Hibbert Lectures on 'The Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews.' M. Piepenbring, the reviewer, speaks of the work in the terms of warmest praise.

REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 2, 1894).—M. le Comte de Charencey commences in this number an interesting article on 'Les déformations crâniennes'—the full title of the article is 'Les déformations crâniennes et le Concile de Lima,' but le Concile de Lima receives very scanty notice. The notice is confined to the quotation of a brief canon of the Council in question on the subject of artificially manipulated skulls. The burden of the article is an account of the custom as it was in existence among the tribes practising it in the New World. M. de Charencey describes several of the forms affected by the different tribes or races, and the means used to give the head of the child the peculiar shape which was in favour with them. He discusses also the moot questions as to why these peculiar shapes had become the favourite shapes with this or that tribe, and what were the effects of these cranial malformations on the intellectual and moral qualities of those subjected to these artificially produced forms.—M. l'Abbé de Moor contributes a paper on 'La pseudo-critique biblique moderne.' He endeavours to show how baseless and unscientific the methods of the so-called Historical School of Biblical Criticism are, and so to protect those of the Catholic Faith especially from being seduced by the writings of that school from their orthodox beliefs. The learned Abbé seems to distrust the methods of the Historical School of Criticism, and speaks in the strongest terms against the adherents of it. Their endeavour to solve the problems which their study of the Biblical books suggest to them are, in the eyes of this writer, *véni-meuses attaques contre le fondement même du Christianisme*, and the best he has to say of them is that they are *frauduleuses manœuvres*. Dr. Bernhard Stade (who by the way is described as the late or deceased Dr. Bernhard Stade, a curious slip), is selected by M. de Moor as an exemplar of the school in ques-

tion, and his standpoint and aim in his History of Israel are set forth and then passed under review, a specimen or two of his positions being specially criticised.—The 'Chronique' here, as always, is extremely comprehensive and valuable. In it the recent 'Parliament of Religions' at Chicago receives considerable attention, as illustrating the influence and growing importance of the Science of Religions in the civilised world. M. Bonet Maury's report of the proceedings of the 'Parliament' is largely quoted from, and the writer's acquaintance with the proceedings is evidently dependent on that report. It appeared in the *Journal des Débats* and in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*. But the *Chronique* keeps the readers of the *Revue en rapport* with religious movements and literature in both the Old World and in the New, and if most space is given to Catholic movements and literature, as is natural in a Catholic periodical, yet the field surveyed is a wide one, and the notices both of events and books are extremely helpful to all interested in the religious history of the past and the present.—(No. 3, 1894).—M. le Comte de Charencey continues his paper on 'Les déformations crâniennes,' and here selects instances of the same practice in the Old World as he had described as having been found among the aboriginal tribes in the New. Most of the instances described here are those of the northern and eastern provinces of Asia, but the most interesting part of M. de Charencey's paper (for the facts are familiar enough to most readers) is that devoted to showing racial connection, through migration, of the eastern Asiatic races with those found by the discoverers of America peopling the western shores of that Continent and extending down to Mexico and Peru.—M. l'Abbé Peisson, the editor of the *Revue*, under the title 'La Science des Religions,' discusses the question, How is Religion to be accounted for? He shows, in the first place, that it is a factor in the life of every normally constituted human being, and is not only the most universal but the most tenacious factor in it. Nowhere yet has man been able to shake himself free from its spell or its control. Denied in this form it reappears in him in some other. Whence then has it entered into the constitution of man? Has it come from without, or has it been evolved from within by man's own unaided intellectual powers? M. Peisson examines the answers given by some of the more authoritative representatives of the so-called Historical School, and endeavours to show how insufficient these answers are. He regards the Biblical solution as the only one that satisfies all the facts of experience. Religion as an inner factor and as an external institution is directly

from God, and originated in a primitive revelation. The various forms it has assumed since, other than the Jewish and the Catholic Christian, are to be regarded as so many degenerations of the primitive faith and cult. The article is not finished in this number.—M. l'Abbé Dr. Bourdais gives a short article on 'La Banqueroute du Concordisme.' It is a criticism of a paper which appeared in the *Revue Biblique* on the 'Cosmogénie Mosaic,' or rather of a section of it, which deals with the efforts so frequently made to prove Genesis in harmony with Science.

REVUE CELTIQUE (April, 1894).—The first place is given to an article by M. Ernault, in which he discusses the significance of a Breton phrase occurring in an interesting narrative of a journey made into Lower Brittany in 1543 by Ambroise Paré.—After this comes a Confession of Sins attributed to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, found in the MS. Angers 14, of about the ninth or tenth century, in which it is followed by another written by Alcuin for Charlemagne. The MS. contains a Psalter and invocations of the Saints Boniface, Columban and Gall, as well as of those of the middle and north of France. Apparently it was written at Tours. The contribution is by M. S. Berger.—The editor has apparently concluded his article on the Celts in Spain, for in this number we have as the next piece three indices to them; the two first being of the names of ancient and modern places, and the third giving the personal names occurring in the articles, and explained.—In 'Nennius Retractatus' M. Duchesne gives the text of the *Historia* of Nennius from the Chartres MS. and examines it with special reference to Zimmer's *Nennius Vindicatus*.—An interesting article follows, in which M. Reinach shows that Spain and its silver mines were known to the Greeks in the time of Homer, and to Homer himself.—We have the usual 'Melanges,' 'Bibliographie,' and 'Chronique,' which, as usual, is full of information, as is also the 'Periodiques.'

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (May, June).—The first of these numbers opens with an extract from the History of the Princes of the House of Condé, at which the Duc d'Aumale has long been working, and of which, indeed, several volumes have already been given to the public. The present instalment is devoted to a very interesting account of the battle of Seneff, which was fought in August, 1674, and resulted in a signal victory for Condé.—In a very solid and very instructive scientific paper, M. P. Duhem discusses the various theories of light which have been put forward from the time of Descartes to the present day.—In a very brilliant literary article, M. Emile Faguet treats of Alexandrianism,

and shows that its characteristics are not exclusively those of the period and the country which the term naturally recalls, but are to be found in all literatures, whenever a special study of old models exercise its influence. This leading idea is admirably and suggestively worked out in a study to which the writer's admirable style imparts an additional charm.—'Le mouvement économique' marks a new departure. It inaugurates a series of articles which it is intended to publish quarterly, and in which the special economical questions and problems of the day are to be considered.—M. Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé's 'Catherine Sforza' is only a review, but it is the review of a work which for various reasons—its size amongst others—is not likely to fall into the hands of many readers outside Italy—Count Pasolini's biography of Caterina Sforza. In comparatively few pages, the reviewer succeeds in giving not only an excellent summary of the three bulky volumes, but also an admirable sketch of the state of Italy during the last quarter of the fifteenth century.—In the mid-monthly number, the Duc d'Aumale again appears, bringing, this time, an account of Condé's last campaign, in 1675.—The various political questions connected with equatorial Africa are discussed with remarkable calmness and fairness by M. Henri Dehérain. The tone of his article may be gathered from his concluding words: 'Let us set aside these rivalries. Whoever they may be, the Europeans who will occupy the equatorial province will bring back civilisation to it. The work of Baker, of Gordon, and of Emin, will only have been interrupted. They will not have worked and suffered in vain; their efforts for the abolition of the slave trade will not have been fruitless. Whatever flag may wave over Wadelay, the long caravan of wretched beings marching slowly towards the coast, and strewing the path with corpses, will be no more than a memory.'—In a very remarkable and intensely interesting article, the writer who signs 'Arvède Barine,' gives a sketch of Sophie Kovalevsky, and shows how very little, in her case, the total emancipation dreamt of by some women conduced to happiness.—In the first of the two June numbers, M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu continues his deeply-thought and eloquently written article 'Le règne de l'Argent.'—It is followed by a paper in which M. Charles Benoist examines, not in a very friendly sense, the Italian view of the Triple Alliance set forth in a recent publication by Signor Luigi Chiala.—An account of the Chicago Exhibition, with special reference to American science, is contributed by M. Jules Violle; whilst M. George Lafenestre gives a first notice of this year's *salon*.—As a supplement to the articles on Cardinal Richelieu, which have appeared in former numbers, M. Hanotaux publishes in the number

for the 15th of June, a study of Marie de Médicis.—An article of considerable interest in view of the spread of Socialism is that which M. Emile Faguet devotes to Saint-Simon, who may be looked upon as its first modern apostle.—It may suffice to indicate by their titles, the remaining articles in this number. They are 'La Littérature Wagnerienne en Allemagne,' by M. Jean Thorel; 'Les Prix et le Loyer des Maisons en France,' by the Vicomte d'Avenel, and 'La France et l'Allemagne en Afrique,' by Dr. Rouire.

REVUE DES ETUDES JUIVES (No. 1, 1894.)—A third instalment of the late M. Loeb's masterly essay on the history and characteristics of the Jewish people occupies the first place in this number. It bears, it will be remembered, the somewhat comprehensive title 'Réflexions sur les Juifs.' This section treats first of the repute which the Jews have earned of being a race of born traders and bankers. Nothing, he proves, is further from the truth. The commercial spirit has been generated and fostered in them by the force of external circumstances. The genius of the Jewish race is agricultural, not commercial. Their ancestors and their typical leaders through all the period of their possession of Palestine were shepherds, and then husbandmen and artisans. The attempts made to establish commercial relations with foreign nations during the reigns of Solomon and one or two of the other kings proved altogether abortive. The great merchants were and continued to be the Phœnicians. It was only when the Jews lost their independence and were driven or forced into exile, where their favourite occupations were impossible, that they turned themselves to traffic and commerce, and began to exhibit skill as negotiators and merchants. In their colonies where agriculture was possible, as in Assyria and elsewhere, the Jews remained faithful to it, and all the Babylonian rabbis are known to have been either farmers or tradesmen. It was only in Alexandria that the Jews distinguished themselves as merchants. The colony in Rome also, but solely under the force of circumstances, devoted themselves to this mode of earning their means of living. Jews being resident in every country, they were able to carry on commercial transactions everywhere, and were the means of establishing international relations of all kinds. When the avenues of commerce were closed against them by the Christian powers, they were driven to banking and money lending. Here too they proved themselves the pioneers of civilization and the benefactors of mankind. M. Loeb not only regards the accusation of usury as a calumny when applied to the Jewish money lenders as a

whole, but shows that the accusation was and is, save in a few exceptional cases, altogether baseless. Where in the Middle Ages the rates of interest charged were high, it was caused almost without exception by the exceptional laws passed against the Jews, and the disabilities imposed upon them by Christian rulers for the purpose of augmenting their own revenues. The Jews in most instances were simply the tools of Christian need or avarice. But in banking, as in commerce, M. Loeb shows that the Jews have been everywhere the creators and teachers of those methods of international exchange that have done so much to knit the world in unity and ameliorate the social and individual hardships of human life. The evidence he produces in this section of his essay as to the love of Jews for agricultural pursuits and as to the numbers of them engaged in the various branches of industry is very striking and conclusive.—Dr. Julius Oppert furnishes a series of brief papers on what he styles ‘*Problèmes Bibliques*.’ They are dedicated to M. Joseph Derenbourg, as an offering of homage and respectful gratitude that ought by rights to have been presented to him by a grateful pupil on the occasion of the celebration of his eightieth birth-day festival. They are divided into two groups. The first group deals with problems suggested by the Books of Esther and Judith, and the second with the exact date of the destruction of the first Temple of Jerusalem. In the first group the identity of the Ahasuerus of Esther, Ezra, and Daniel, with the Xerxes of Greek history, the historical character of the Book of Esther and the unhistorical character of the Book of Judith, and the mixed character of the Book of Daniel are discussed; while in the second group we have a series of considerations and calculations presented to us, based on the data furnished by the cuneiform tablets recovered from the Assyrian ruins which give us the years, and sometimes even the very days on which events mentioned in the Bible occurred. Dr. Oppert shows how *inter alia* the date of the destruction of the first temple can thus be precisely determined, as also the date of that of Herod’s Temple by Titus. The former he fixes as having taken place on August 27th, according to the Julian, August 21st, according to the Gregorian reckoning, of the year 587 B.C., and the latter as having occurred on August 5th, 70 A.D.—M. Adolphe Buchler gives a detailed account of the intrigues (and the motives that induced them) of Rabbi Nathan and Rabbi Meir against the Patriarch Simon ben Gamaliel, which will be chiefly interesting to non-Jewish readers as illustrations of the petty feelings that even in religious orders sometimes dictate and guide religious policy and action.—Dr. J. Goldziher

writes on 'Usages Juifs d'après la littérature religieuse des Musulmans,' showing how anxious the prophet and some of his followers have been, while profiting by and imitating the teaching and example of Jews as to religious dogma and religious rites, to modify them when adopted so as to distinguish Moslems from Jews. The other articles in this number are, 'Recherches sur le Sepher Yeçira,' by M. A. Epstein; 'Notes sur l'histoire des Juifs d'Espagne,' by M. Kayserling; and 'Documents inédits sur les Juifs de Montpellier au moyen âge,' by M. S. Kahn.—Under 'Acts et Conférences,' in addition to the President's address at the annual meeting of the *Société des Etudes Juives*, and M. Verne's critical summary of the publications of the *Société* during 1893, we have a lecture on Spinoza by M. René Worms, which was delivered before the *Société* on January 27th of this year.

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'EPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 2, 1884).—M. J. Halévy's series of 'Recherches Bibliques' is continued, and has, as usual, the first place here. We have first the concluding part of his critical study of Psalm vii. In this section he discusses the questions as to the date and authorship of the psalm. From the similarity it bears to the utterances, especially in the use of certain terms, of Jeremiah, and the similarity of sentiment to his with regard to those from whose oppression both the prophet and the psalmist suffer, M. Halévy regards the psalm as having been penned by some disciple and sympathetic friend of the suffering prophet during the siege of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans, who here identified the sufferings of his master with those of the entire people. Next follows a short study of Psalm lxxiv., 5. This verse has perplexed interpreters sadly, and in its present state in the Massoretic text is devoid of any clear sense. M. H. proposes to substitute for the first word in the verse the 3rd pers. sing., mas. fut. *hiphel of ruah* = 'to make a loud noise,' and he translates it, 'Ils ont rugi comme (les bûcherons) qui soulèvent la hache contre un fourré d'arbres.' It may be mentioned, however, that in this reading M. H. has been anticipated by M. Ledrain, who translates the verse ('La Bible,' Tom. viii., p. 184) 'Ils font du bruit comme quand la hache frappe dans les arbres entrelacés.'—A third study is devoted to determining the nationality and home of the 'Javan' or 'Yawan' of the Bible. That Greeks are denoted by the term is admitted; but what Greeks and where resident? M. H. takes first, Ezekiel, xxvii., 19, and gives good reasons for regarding 'Vedun' as a mistake for 'Rodan'; and 'Rodan and Javan' as indicating the Greeks inhabiting the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus. As

to the other passages where Javan occurs, in Daniel it refers to the Macedonians, but in Joel and Zechariah the reference is subject of dispute. Both Stade and Wellhausen locate the 'Javan' of these writers in Northern Syria; but M. Halévy here defends the idea that both writers (M. H. regards Zechariah as an echo of Joel) have in view Greeks not resident in Syria, but at a considerable distance from Palestine— island Greeks such as at Cyprus or Rhodes.—M. Halévy continues here too his transcription and translation of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets—those here given, as those in the last number, being from the tablets in possession of the British Museum.—M. Clement Huart also continues his paper 'Epigraphie arabe d'Asie Mineure.'—M. Alfred Boisser furnishes several cuneiform texts containing lists of medicinal plants.—M. S. Karppe gives a series of notes, under the title of 'Melanges de critique biblique et d'Assyriologie,' on some interesting problems in which Assyrian inscriptions throw considerable light on, or at least enable us to see more clearly than formerly, the result of Israel's contact with Babylonian and Assyrian religious views and customs in the years prior to and during the captivity.—M. Peruchon continues his 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie.'—M. J. Halévy prints a paper which he communicated first to the *Société Asiatique* on Nov. 10th, on Hebrew epigraphy, also 'Notes Cappadociennes'; 'L'Inscription minéenne d'Égypte'; 'Notes Géographiques'; 'Balthasar et Darius le Mede, and the 'Bibliographie.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (April, June). M. Numa Droz opens the quarter with an article, 'Les Patriotes Neuchâtelois en 1793,' in which he shows with what results the principles of the French Revolution spread through the little country of Neuchâtel, which in those days was under the suzerainty of Prussia, and how a small revolution was attempted for the purpose of establishing a purely democratic and independent government.—In 'l'Irrigation Ancienne dans l'Asie centrale,' M. Henri Moser shows how, many centuries ago, the western part of Asia was traversed in every direction by canals, serving chiefly for the transport of produce, and for the irrigation of the soil, and he urges the necessity of restoring the prosperity of former days by the extension and the improvement of the system of irrigation.—Helen Keller is again the subject of an article, which this time takes the shape of a translation of her autobiography.—The condition of Rippoldsau forty years ago may not be a matter of very general interest, but the article

which M. Frossard devotes to a description is very pleasant reading, and contains a great deal of quaint information concerning that special corner of the Black Forest.—The paper having for its title '*Températures d'autrefois*,' is founded on the private diary of one Nicolas Bergier, who, amongst other items, entered with scrupulous care and accuracy the meteorological conditions of each year from 1712 to 1731. This supplies valuable material towards the solution of the question whether there really has been a material change in the temperature of the various seasons, as is sometimes asserted. So far as it goes, Bergier's testimony does not favour this view.—The first article in the June number discusses the present condition of Italy, and its causes. The deficit of some 177 millions in the budget is attributed to the excessive expense entailed by the army and navy, and also to the malversations of politicians and their friends. The article is, on the whole, of a distinctly pessimistic tone.—The three remaining contributions are distinctly interesting for English readers, including in the term all that read English, whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other. The first is a literary essay—not yet concluded, however—on Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of whose sonnets there are some excellent translations. The next is explained by its title, '*What I saw in the New World*.' It has the merit, not only of being brightly and pleasantly written, but also of deviating from the beaten track of ordinary tourists. Finally, '*Catherine Booth*,' is not only a biographical sketch, but also a historical account of the Salvation Army movement.

SPAIN.

LA ESPAÑA MODERNA—*Revista de España* (April, 1894).—'*The Secret of a Ministerial Council*,' amongst '*Contemporary Annals*,' gives an insight into the motives and conduct of Prim when the Duke of Genoa was called to the Spanish throne, on which he sat so uncomfortably and shortly.—Echegaray has a third and most informing article on '*Explosives*,' to which he promises a continuation.—The occasion of the paper '*Juan del Encina*,' and the origin of the Spanish Theatre, is the publication by the Royal Spanish Academy of a complete edition of the works of this famous dramatic poet of the fifteenth century. His influence, life, and works are considered in a well-informed paper by Emilia Cotarelo.—'*The Social Question in Andalucía*,' seeks to examine and explain why in this magnificent province home has always been found for those evils that public law and morals, as well as individual security and interest, condemn.—Under '*Old Time Affairs*,' we find a sad account of Madrid finances in 1570, and an interesting list of

prices of current articles, most useful for comparison. Other curious local connections with Madrid are noted.—In his 'International Chronicle,' Castelar considers the retiral of Gladstone and the death of Kossuth as in the foremost place, seeing two such giant figures seldom occur. He pays an eloquent tribute to both as pioneers of liberty. He alludes to the curious marriage of Don Carlos and the Princess de Rohan as contrary to the traditions of his house, seeing it is not only an unequal marriage, but one with a Protestant family that did great injury to the Church, and in the person of the Cardinal de Rohan did equal injury to monarchy. He believes that the denunciation of the Pope by the French Government will not influence the mass of the people, who are good Catholics. He holds that the Russian Socialistic idea is an absurdity in Paris, 'the proud city that believes itself the national capital of modern civilisation.' The interesting suggestion is made that the children of the misery of 1870 are influencing thought, but 'France has no other possible rule but a liberal and conservative Republic, of slow progress, and under firm and concerted order?'—A critical review of the life and works of Tirso de Molina, who was the second, if not the first, of the Dramatic Authors of Spain, dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century, follows. He seems to have been a friar, and to be much more popular on the stage than Calderon.—One of the most novel works noted is entitled 'Studies of Contemporary Literary Pathology.'—A valuable 'Scientific Chronicle,' in which, among other matters, the money of the world is summed up novelly, leads to a life of 'Luis Vives,' a pioneer of education in Spain in the sixteenth century—especially of the humanities.—May commences with a valuable account of the Catalogue of Egyptian Antiquities belonging to the Archduke Raniero, now thrown open to the public in Vienna. It promises to be a valuable mine of ancient and forgotten knowledge, as it continues up to Arabic times. Thus we learn from it that paper was brought to the West from China in the year 751 of the Christian era. A manufactory was started in Bagdad in 795. There is also 'printing' by the Arabs from the tenth century, evidently borrowed from China long before Gutenberg. It is quite a historical mine, and does much to prove the oft quoted saying, that there is nothing new under the sun, for besides a life much like our own, with houses bonded until at length obliged to be sold, we find that the Arab Khalifs of Egypt had a complete pigeon express throughout the country, with fine sheets of paper to send letters on by them! The collection is of vast extent.—'Juan del Encina' is continued with critical care.—'How the

Japanese have been civilised,' refers to the condition of that country when the Galleon 'San Felipe' landed for help in 1596, and describes how they were treated. A paper, '*Apropos of the Case of Varela*,' deals with the progress of law, in course of which the writer remarks that while all sciences have entered on the correct road of observation, law alone remains conventional, illusory and false.—'Adam and Eve' concludes its clever course, into which Emilia Pardo Bazan introduces many provincialisms and much smart dialogue.—'The influence of Spain on Italy' is of great historic interest and of novel treatment. In it the statements are examined, as to sixteenth century Italian being a product of Spanish culture, and that Spanish culture is a renewal of the School of Seneca and Lucan. The author refers to the literary Court of the Emperor Frederick II. in Sicily, a prelude to the Scientific Court of Alphonso the Wise. 'The Semitic-Spanish element had a great importance in that Sicilian Court.' Valuable notes on Physical Education in Spain; Anthropology in Spain, in preparation for an ethnographical map; and the decrease of population in France. Here again we have a note of the suggestion that the loss is owing to the lack of fecundity of those born in the calamitous years 1870-71.—(June).—'El Hechicero,' a well told romance by J. Valera, commences this number. It is pleasant reading, with local colouring and national feeling.—'The Psychology of Youth' in the modern novel, is a clever bit of literary criticism which is especially fitted for the subtle Spanish mind.—'Villergas and his times' is another careful literary study of a Spanish author, by V. Barrantes.—Of very different type is the paper on 'Degeneration and the Process Willie,' the celebrated case of the Englishman at Barcelona, tried for murder, but escaping with manslaughter owing to his temporary insanity. The study is a careful one on the causes of such physical plus mental deterioration or lapse, and the writer adds that it 'would' be sad if the degeneration of those who punished were bound up with the degeneration of the delinquent!—The scientific *resumé* deals with how to measure intellectual work, and the Psychometrical laboratory. 'The country folks beg of the Emperor William like a father, and adore him like a god, as forcible, absolutist, military, and reactionary, because they believe him come to foment with his intolerance the historic religions, and protect with prohibition the rural interests,' says Castelar, but he has had the courage to make commercial treaties, and country feudalism has invoked for him all the furies of Avernus. Castelar suggests some occult reasons for Stambuloff's dethronement.—'The Life of Luis Vives' is continued.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS.—The May number opens with a charming tropical sketch—the sickness, death and burial of a native sailor, very touchingly and pathetically told by A. W. Pulle.—The next article, by Professor Logeman, takes up the subject of ‘Individualism in Language,’ and is a protest against the academic tendency to arrest development in a living tongue, and at the same time a plea for greater scope and freedom in adding fresh words and phrases, though this latter must necessarily have its limit.—A lady, Geertruida Carelsen, contributes Hygienic notes. She is an advocate of Nature cures by cold water and sun baths, and so on, and contemplates a happy future, when influenza, bad colds, and physis, shall have ceased to be a perpetual subject of conversation.—A most able and interesting article, written as an introduction to Messrs. Looy and Gerling’s new translation of Xenophon’s ‘Memorabilia,’ is contributed by Ch. M. Van Deventer. He brings out especially the value of the work as a source of information about Xenophon himself, even more than about Socrates, and gives a high estimate of the great commander, not only as a man of action, but as an author.—Louis Couperus continues his journal of ‘Italian Travel.’—A political article, ‘After the Fight,’ by Cort van den Linden, reviews the past of the Liberal party since 1891, and while deploring the disregard of truth in the formation of political parties, the want of publicity in dealing with public interests, and the want of cohesion in political life, he still thinks it possible that the different sections of the liberal party could be got to act unitedly.—June number begins with an appreciative notice of Robert Fruin, a former editor of the magazine, who, though still in full health and strength, is obliged this year by the inexorable Dutch law to resign his professorship at Leiden, having attained his seventieth year. He may be called the Father of Modern Dutch historiography, and the public is indebted to him for very many excellent studies in Dutch history, the minutest annals of which are familiar to him.—‘The Chinese Stage,’ by Henri Borel of Amoy, is a long and interesting study of Chinese plays and actors, the result evidently of close observation and study on the spot.—‘Motives’ is a series of slight but clever sketches of musical artist life by Nievelt.—Van Rijckevorsel gives some more of his impressions of travel in the United States.—‘Ass-stories,’ by J. van der Vliet, is a highly entertaining account of the old tales in which the donkey plays a principal part. In the course of the article some curious bits of old folk-lore are narrated.—In a similar line of study A. G. van Hamel takes up the study of old French tales of the Middle Ages, the days of the jongleur and

the 'fablieux,' so intensely interesting both in their origin and in the light they throw upon the life of the time and likewise on French character, then, as now, essentially optimistic.—'The toppers of Blienbeek' is a short dialogue in the North Limburg dialect, showing how some toppers addicted to neat gin follow the doctor's advice and forsake it for beer, and when the beer disagrees for red wine, and finally for grog, with which they drink themselves to death.—(July)—Light literature is represented in this number by a half-serious, half-comic piece of Cyriel Buysse. Its title is 'Sursum corda!' which is also the name of the magazine, the organ of a society in a Flemish country district, started by a young man of some culture and ability. His aim is to promote art and enlightenment among his country neighbours. The new society is promptly misunderstood, and even its members take ludicrously low views of its mission, one of them, for example, thinking it a clever joke to palm off as original a tale by a well-known author which he reads at a meeting. The story is unfinished, but gives very graphic pictures of the boorishness of Flemish country folk. A review is given of Prof. Blok's history of the Netherland people, a history on the same lines as Green's English people. It is carried down to the sixteenth century. The author has just succeeded Fruin in his Chair at Leiden.—'On the idea of community' is Quack's farewell address on resigning his professorship at Amsterdam. It is a clear and eloquent statement of his well-known views. The most striking part is perhaps that in which he depicts anarchism as an exaggeration and caricature of the individualism against which he so earnestly contends. He sees in the socialistic state, organised like the Roman Church in such a way as to include and give free play to diverse gifts, a remedy for all the misery and confusion of society.—N. D. Doedes contributes the first half of an article on Jan van Riebeck, the founder of Cape Colony, a most interesting chapter for English readers.—Byvanck has unearthed another unknown and unappreciated author, this time a Frenchman, Paul Claudel, whose drama, 'Tête d'or,' touched with Eastern mysticism and impressed with the strong faith of the author, is full of true poetry.—A new contributor, Betsy Juta, has some harmonious verse, conveying by no means original ideas.

DENMARK.

YEAR-BOOK FOR NORTHERN ARCHÆOLOGY AND ANTIQUITIES. (Vol. VIII, Parts 3 and 4; 1893).—These somewhat belated parts are mainly taken up with a long article by Björn M. Olsen on the father of Icelandic History, Ari the learned. The

immediate cause of Dr. Olsen's paper is an article by Professor Maurer in *Germania*, from the conclusions in which Dr. Olsen strongly dissents. The main points in his long and elaborate argument are, (1) that the Runic and not the Latin alphabet was the one in which the earliest Icelandic works were written; (2) that Ari did write a *Landnáma* (History of Iceland's Colonization) distinct from the *Islendingabók*; (3) that the *Kristni Saga* did not form an original part of *Landnáma*, but is based partly on the work of Gunnlaug the monk, and partly on Ari's second *Islendingabók*. In this section is a long and searching excursus on the mutual relations of Gunnlaug's, Odd's, and other versions of the *Olafs Saga*, and of *Kristni Saga* to these; (4) that Ari's *Landnáma* followed the division of the land into four districts, of which *Melabók* preserves the original order. The whole article (of some 150 pages) is a valuable contribution to the vexed question of Ari's literary activity.—Kr. Erslev and A. Fabricius have something to say about Dr. Bruun's attempt to restore Queen Berengaria's character; the former shows that Dr. Bruun's main authority, Korner, is absolutely untrustworthy, the latter points out that the traditional view agrees with the character of the Portuguese family to which Berengaria belonged, especially with that of her sister Theresa, under whose care she was brought up in the nunnery of Lorvan.—(Vol. IX., Part 1; 1894).—Professor Wimmer writes on 'The German Runic Monuments' with his usual minuteness and absolute certainty, chiefly to record his dissent from the views of Professor Henning of Strassburg. The inscriptions specially dealt with are those on the brooches of Bezenye (read as 'Godahid segun' = (Godahild, blessing) and 'Arsipoda,' with a little romance invented out of this,) Engers, Freilaubersheim and Osthofen, with notes on some of the more difficult inscriptions. Professor Wimmer admits that the philological information to be got from these inscriptions is small, but proposes hereafter to show their value for the history of Runic writing.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

Philosophy and Development of Religion. Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1894. By OTTO PFLEIDERER, D.D., Professor of Theology, University of Berlin. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

So far the Gifford Lectures have not as a rule been regarded with much favour, at least in the Theological world. The complaint has been that, instead of confirming the faith, their tendency has been to undermine it. Protests have been made against them, and not a little fear and alarm has been raised. Dr. Pfleiderer's lectures will prove no exception to the rule. The sensation they caused during the time of their delivery was by no means favourable. A series of lectures was organised and delivered with a view to the refutation of their arguments, and it is very unlikely that the more careful study of these, now that they are printed, will have any other effect upon the minds of those who dissented from them as they fell from the Professor's lips, than to deepen the impression they originally made. Upon those who are accustomed to think along the theological lines of the orthodox type, it is scarcely possible for them to have any other effect. Professor Pfleiderer is thoroughly German; his logic is of that hard and dry type which the late Matthew Arnold was so fond of satirising; in respect to Christianity Strauss and Baur are apparently his masters, while in natural religion, though in some respects different, he has close and essential affinities with Spencer and Tylor. To those, on the other hand, who believe in the infallibility of the Theologians of Germany and their methods, his lectures will in all probability prove highly acceptable. They are learned, philosophical, and 'advanced.' Of their scholarliness and ability indeed there can be no question. In these respects at least they are worthy of the high position their author has attained in his own land, and of the reputation he has acquired throughout Europe. There are other respects, however, in which they will prove scarcely so satisfactory, even to those who are disposed to give them a general approval. For our own part, without committing ourselves in any way to their author's doctrine, either theological or otherwise, while disposed to admire their ability, their learning, and the rigour of their logic, we are unable to avoid the feeling that they exhibit a pretty considerable want of the historic sense. Everything is looked at from a purely Nineteenth Century point of view. The hardest and most inflexible logic is applied to the most ancient utterances. The words of the prophets and the sayings of Jesus are treated as if they were the cold phlegmatic and precisely logical expressions of a German professorial mind. No allowance is made for differences of time, circumstance, or race, and no attempt is made to arrive at those deeper, and often unutterable, thoughts and feelings which underlie all genuine religious expressions, and of which the words in which they find utterance are frequently little more than the merest index. For the adequate treatment of religion, either as to its origin or development, something more is needed than scholarship or learning. The theologian who comes to the task of unfolding its origin and development, armed only with logic and the latest theories of the

schools, will prove but a poor hand in dealing with it. He may expatiate upon what he calls its phenomena, and all the while miss the living spirit to which they owe their origin, and know little or nothing of its subtle and mysterious working. If anything, religion is the poetry of the human soul, and he who would treat it adequately must have, besides other equipments, something of what the poet calls the 'vision and faculty divine.' Dr. Pfeiderer is not altogether wanting in this. Here and there, amid what are otherwise somewhat arid pages, one is surprised with bright gleams of insight. One can only wish that they were more numerous. Larger perceptions and a profounder insight might have enabled the author to have treated his subject, more especially in the latter half, in a more profoundly appreciative way. This is not the place to enter upon an examination of Dr. Pfeiderer's arguments. We can only say that there is much in the first volume with which we can agree. In such a passage as the following, for instance, there is much to commend itself to all:—"Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it has come to rest in Thee." This beautiful expression of Augustine is in fact the key to the whole history of religion. In the universal experience that man's nature is so constituted that some kind of consciousness of God is inevitable to him, although it may be only a presentiment or a search, we must recognise the original revelation of the love of God. All human consciousness of God presupposes a self-communication of God, a working of the divine Logos in the finite spirit. Now, as the consciousness of God is a constitutive element of the human species, it may be rightly said that the whole of humanity is the object of the divine love, that it is an Immanuel and Son of God, that its whole history is a continual incarnation of God—as indeed it is also said in Scripture that we are a divine offspring, and that we live and move and have our being in God.' So, again, there is much in Dr. Pfeiderer's treatment of the old arguments for the existence of God which will find favour with many. Of the two volumes, the first is decidedly the better. The second is for the most part but a re-statement of what one has heard before, and not for the first time, and contributes little or nothing to our knowledge. A good deal of it might have been omitted. Some of the explanations are ingenious, as for instance, that of the conversion of St. Paul, but not satisfactory. The position assigned to Jesus is very much that which is assigned to him by the Socinians. Great use is made of Philo, and much too great an influence is, we venture to think, attributed to his teaching. The translator, we must add, has done his work in a most scholarly and efficient way.

Scottish Church Society Conference. First Series. Edinburgh:
J. Gardner Hitt. 1894.

The papers contained in this volume represent a movement which has recently developed among a number of the ministers in the Church of Scotland. Whether they have a large following among the people of the Church or whether the views they advocate are widely held few we imagine are in a position to say. According to some indications they are not. The general attitude towards them may perhaps be interpreted either as one of indifference or as one of expectancy. Religious changes are slow to mature, and it may be, on the other hand, that we have here the first signs of a movement which may bear important fruits. The Society we gather from the introductory note was founded in 1892 'for the general purpose of defending and advancing Catholic Doctrine as set forth in the Ancient Creeds and embodied in the Standards of the Church of Scotland, and of asserting Scriptural principles in all matters relating to

Church Order, Policy, Christian Work, and Spiritual Life throughout Scotland.' For its motto the Society has taken the words of the Prophet 'Ask for the Old Paths . . . and walk therein.' So far the aims of the Society seem to be thoroughly conservative and it would appear as if its members desired to hark back to the thoughts and practices of ancient times. There is some haziness about the date and even as to the antiquity of the paths to which they wish to revert—whether the Apostolic Age, the age during which the 'Ancient Creeds' were constructed, the period of the Reformation, or the Sittings of the Westminster Assembly. Generally speaking, however, the aims of the society seem to be practical rather than speculative and to have in view alterations in the services of public worship and the quickening of the life and activity of the Church and nation. So much at least is manifest from the addresses here printed. They deal with such topics as The Devotional Life, National Religion, The Present Call to witness for the Fundamental Truths of the Gospel, The Church's Call to Study Social Questions, The Divine Order of Church Finance, Observance in its main Features of the Christian Year, The Holy Communion and Daily Service. Here and there one meets with a dash of controversy in the papers, but as a rule they are temperately written and are the sayings of men who are evidently in earnest. As might be expected they are of different degrees of interest and vary in ability, but if their publications serves no other purpose, it will at least have the effect of placing the Society clearly before the public and of dissipating a number of mistakes which are afloat in respect to its character and aims.

A History of the Christian Church during the First Six Centuries.

By S. CHEETHAM, D.D., F.S.A., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

As a student's manual of Church History during the first six centuries Dr. Cheetham's volume is likely to prove of considerable service. The nearest approach to it with which we are acquainted is Gieseler's. It is less bulky than Gieseler's, and does not contain the passages which illustrate and confirm the statements in the text. On the other hand the text is much fuller and a great deal more readable. The notes also are scarcely so numerous, though for the student they are probably sufficient, inasmuch as they indicate where he will obtain further information and fuller references. The text is certainly condensed, whole controversies being often crowded into a few sentences; but the advantage it presents is that it contains in the fewest words the conclusions at which the author has arrived after careful consideration of the original and other sources mentioned in the notes at the foot of the pages. Of discussion there is little or none in the volume; limitations of space forbade it. The narrative is told briefly and fairly, and with constant reference to the authorities used and to the principal modern works in which the topics dealt with are more fully treated. The plan on which the volume is constructed, though not precisely new, is admirably worked out, and for those who have not the time to read the larger and more ambitious Church Histories, as well as for students, the volume will prove a handy and useful introduction to the history of the first six centuries of the Christian Church. A single sentence will show the standpoint from which Dr. Cheetham writes. 'The history of the Church of Christ,' he says, 'is the history of a divine Life and a divine Society; of the working of the Spirit of Christ in the world, and of the formation and development of the Society which acknowledges Christ as its Head.' This sentence may be said to be the theme of the volume—the truth or fact which the author seeks to illustrate by all the incidents he has to relate.

The Celtic Church in Scotland; being an Introduction to the History of the Christian Church in Scotland down to the death of Saint Margaret. By JOHN DOWDEN, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1894.

Though not an exhaustive account of the Celtic Church in Scotland, this work is in every way instructive and has evidently been written with great care and perpetual reference to the most recent and best authorities. Dr. Dowden has no new discoveries to relate and no new theories to propound. As a rule he is contented to follow those who have worked over the same ground in recent years and is, as all writers must be, largely indebted to the works of Bishop Reeves, Dr. Skene, Bishop Forbes and Bishop Healy. For the chapters dealing with the ritual of the Celtic Church he has placed himself under the excellent guidance of Mr. Warren whose work on that subject is without an equal, at least in the English language. Perhaps the most noticeable feature in Dr. Dowden's narrative is the freedom which he uses in respect to the miraculous stories he has to record respecting the lives of the Saints. In this respect he affords a striking contrast to Montalembert. He has little patience with them, though at the same time he willingly accepts the morsels of information which may be gathered from the incidental allusions they contain to the manners and customs, the faiths and practices of the times to which they relate. Perhaps the most noticeable omission in his volume is that of any reference to the Life of St. Columba by Cuimene Alba to whom Adamnan was so much indebted and whose narrative goes back much nearer to the time of the great apostle of the Picts. Unlike some or at least one writer on Celtic Church History Dr. Dowden is careful to give an account of St. Patrick. The chapters on the archæology of the Celtic Church is specially interesting. In the appendix on the connection of the apostle St. Andrew with Scotland, no reference is made to the other tradition respecting the way in which his relics are said to have found their resting-place in Scotland, that is, by way of Hexham and Acca. As an introduction to the subject, however, Dr. Dowden's scholarly little volume is deserving of the greatest praise, and contains by far, the fullest popular account that we have seen of a subject which presents many difficulties.

The Earliest Translation of the Old Testament into the Basque Language. (A Fragment.) Edited by LJEWELYN THOMAS, M.A. With a Facsimile. (Anecdota Oxoniensia; Mediæval and Modern Series—Part X.) Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1894.

The MS. from which this translation is taken is in the Earl of Macclesfield's Library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. How the MS., which is extremely valuable, and contains, besides the translation now published, an elaborate grammar of the Basque Language and a Latin-Basque Dictionary, came into the possession of the Macclesfield family, whether by purchase or by bequest, is unknown. The tradition is that it formed part of a large collection of Welsh, or supposed Welsh MSS. which was bequeathed to the second Earl of Macclesfield by William Jones, F.R.S., father of the celebrated Sir William Jones, and originally made by a group of Welsh antiquaries early in the last century. The tradition is not at all improbable, as at the time the collection was made Basque was supposed to belong to the Celtic family of languages, and it may be that the Basque

MSS. in the collection were purchased under the impression that they had some possible bearing on Celtic studies. Whether they were obtained directly from the Basque refugee who wrote them or whether they were bought from a bookseller, to whom they had been sold, is a point on which there is no information. The translation begins with the first verse of Genesis, and ends abruptly in the middle of the sixth verse of Exodus xxii. It is believed to have been made about the year 1700, but whether in England or on the Continent is unknown. The translator was Pierre D'Urte, who was also the author of the Grammar and Dictionary referred to above. Extremely little is known about him. In a note which he wrote at the beginning of his Grammar he informs us that he was a native of St. Jean de Luz and a Protestant. A reference discovered by the Editor, with the assistance of Mr. R. L. Poole, proves, as had already been conjectured, that he was one of the ministers of the Reformed Church, who, after the revocation of the Edict Nantes in 1685, sought refuge in England from the persecution which assailed them at home. It is probable, however, that he died in England, though nothing on this point is certainly known. That the translation was made from the French-Geneva Bible there seems to be no reasonable doubt, as wherever the French version of the Bible, published at Geneva in 1588, differs from the Vulgate or other versions, D'Urte's always follows the variation. 'Every mistake, mistranslation, misprint, misspelling,' Mr. Thomas tells us, 'is reproduced.' 'But to make assurance doubly sure,' he continues, 'there is another similarity. The French Edition has long summaries of the contents of the chapters which are (I believe) peculiar to it. These appear clause for clause in D'Urte's translation.' Mr. Thomas's part of the work has been done with every evidence of painstaking care. The text has been reproduced letter for letter and line for line. The erasures, of which there are enough to form a characteristic feature of the MS., have been indicated. Words and letters apparently wrong in the MS. are shown by the use of different type. Missing words or letters have been supplied in brackets, and the few lacunae pointed out in footnotes. In adopting this mode of editing, Mr. Thomas has unquestionably acted wisely. Though belonging to the eighteenth century, the MS. deserved to be edited with the utmost care. An instructive as well as interesting introduction precedes the text, and two useful appendices have been written for the volume by Professor Julien Vinson and Mr. E. S. Dodgson, the first being a vocabulary, and the second a list of translations of the Bible, or parts of it, into Basque.

Aspects of Pessimism. By R. M. WENLEY, M.A., D.Sc., author of *Socrates and Christ*. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

Mr. Wenley's new work is welcome for many reasons, not the least of them being that it is entirely free from the cant of the schools, and that it exhibits a power of expression in scholarly and polished English such as few of our philosophical writers can command. The freshness and originality with which the subjects under discussion are treated, and the firm handling of the material throughout, will assuredly increase his reputation as a philosophical writer. While the book embraces a scheme of six essays, whose subjects are not apparently closely connected, the character of the work as a unity is jealously preserved. The 'Aspects' are panoramic rather than kaleidoscopic. 'Jewish Pessimism' is closely linked in spirit as well as in treatment with 'Mediæval Mysticism,' 'Hamlet' with the works of Goethe, and the essay on Kant, Berkeley, and Schopenhauer with

that on Pessimism as a System, while all form links in one chain of subtle exposition and reasoning. The general design is to show how the sense of mystery, which naturally attaches itself to man's view of life, has grown with increasing reflection, and to trace through six successive typical phases of thought a deepening tendency towards a reasoned pessimism, which is finally reached, in its matured state, in the writings of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. Starting from the definition that Pessimism 'signifies that philosophical scheme which explains the universe by proving its badness,' Mr. Wenley shows that the Jew was precluded from adopting this doctrine of despair by the nature of his religious creed. The special relation of God to the chosen race made the Hebrew a co-operator with the Deity, for Whom no opposition could be irremediable. Thus although the 'mysterious discrepancy between realisation and aspiration' was for him never solved, the problem never pressed itself upon him as one impossible of solution. The Mystics, again, whom Schopenhauer and Hartmann claim as their intellectual ancestors, came very near to conclusions of a definitely pessimistic character by emphasising the impossibility for man in his present state of any participation in the spiritual nature of the Infinite. They escaped the metaphysical *felo de se* of Schopenhauer only to strangle self and all its human interests in a mystical belief that in this act of suicide man would attain to a momentary union with God. Hamlet probes the ever-recurring problem with a keener insight, and is crushed under the burden of the inexplicableness of life. He never sees through the enigma involved in the unceasing conflict of 'small opportunity and high ideal,' though he ultimately unconsciously solves it in his death. Goethe struggled for long in despairing depths to force from life the secret of its riddle, and finally reached an imaginative rather than a rational solution of his difficulties. Kant, in his turn, found that man's critical reason was bound within limits of knowledge which could not be over-passed. The Unknowable was for him a perpetual surd which could not be rationalised. The dualistic system of reason and sense which he thus set up became the basis for Schopenhauer's pessimistic theories, and for many of Hartmann's deductions. Schopenhauer finds the ultimate factor in man's dualistic nature to be a continuous energising Will, the essence of whose nature is to be for ever dissatisfied. Hartmann discovers the key to the meaning of the Universe in the being of an Unconscious Deity whose passion-history is the world's existence and process. To the discussion of the views indicated in this brief summary, the author brings an exceptionally wide knowledge of the literature connected with the subjects, and a keen and discriminating judgment in the analysis of contending theories. The essay on 'Jewish Pessimism' especially bears witness to an accurate grasp of the problems which surround the interpretation of Jewish thought, and certain modern views, which, as the author elsewhere curtly remarks, are inclined to cut and trim facts in order that they may square with a preconceived theory, fall easy victims to the vigour of his criticism. In 'Hamlet' and the 'Pessimistic Element in Goethe,' Mr. Wenley displays not only a subtle insight into the minds of the two great poets, but also a very keen artistic sympathy. 'Hamlet' in particular contains many *obiter dicta* with regard to the nature of the poet's art and its relation to truth, which indicate a thorough knowledge of aesthetics. The reasoned delineation of the character of Shakspeare's greatest psychological study which is here set forth probably stands alone amidst other interpretations. In all the essays there is evidence of a thorough mastery of detail and a facile art in bringing the salient points into prominence, while the examination and refutation of Schopenhauer and Hartmann are carried out with much dialectic skill. Mr. Wenley's

positive contributions to the elucidation of the problem of pessimism in a book which is mainly critical are to be found *passim* through its pages. The very conflict which distressed the minds of Hamlet and Faust, of Job and Koheleth, is, we are told, 'the secret of the ceaseless onward movement of the ages, as well as the motive force of the individual soul's growth,' while in a passage of striking force and eloquence which closes the essay on Jewish Pessimism, we find the clue which Mr. Wenley offers for the understanding of the universe. 'The defeat of the real bad by the ideal good,' he says, 'the assuaging of misery by devotion to the miserable, who can themselves be made to become spiritual successes, supply vocations which reveal the depths of man's nature, as they are ends that the very existence of this nature implies. . . . The sinlessness of Christ does not mean absence of evil, but assurance that despite evil, good, as exemplified in a consecrated life, is the mightier because infinitely the more permanent force. . . . Life is capable of cheating only those who, in the deepest sense, have never been alive.'

An Essay concerning Human Understanding. By JOHN LOCKE. Collected and Annotated, with Prolegomena, Biographical, Critical, and Historical. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL FRASER, Hon. D.C.L., Oxford, Emeritus Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Two Volumes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1894.

Professor Fraser is to be warmly congratulated on the completion of this labour of love. His edition of the *Essay* is destined to remain the definitive one for many years, and for several very sufficient reasons. In the first place, it has been most carefully prepared, and the text is, consequently, as complete and trustworthy as could be desired. Locke lived for nearly fifteen years after the appearance of his masterpiece, and, during the first decennium of this period, the *Essay* went through four editions, all of which displayed evidences of thorough revision, mainly in the introduction of greater or lesser changes designed to afford adequate expression to the maturer conclusions of the author on many important problems. Not only has Professor Fraser collated these editions, in order to obtain a perfect text, he has also sought aid from the French translation of Coste, Locke's private secretary, in which not a few important alterations were made—many suggested by Locke himself—which seem to throw light upon that thinker's more obscure allusions. Nor has Professor Fraser rested content with adducing merely the results of his collations, but he has in all cases of importance appended the variant readings, which are obviously of the utmost value to the student who would carefully follow out the progress of Locke's distinctive ideas; a discipline, it may be remarked, rendered imperative by the present partizan condition of opinion respecting the writer of the *Essay*. This edition, then, is definitive, both in its matter and in its manner. Once again, while desiring to recognise to the full the value of the present text of the *Essay*, one must by no means omit to emphasize the annotations, and 'prolegomena, critical, historical, and biographical.' Like other epoch-making thinkers, Locke has been subjected to the most contradictory interpretations, and, in this country at least, the recent tendency has been to regard him as an eminently respectable Oxford don, half courtier, half physician, who dabbled in what he (mistakenly) thought to be philosophy, and who succeeded in making a rather egregious figure of himself. Professor Fraser's method of approaching the *Essay* affords an admirable correction to such confident, and often ill-informed, fanati-

cism. 'The present work,' he says, 'is meant partly as a homage to its author's historical importance, as a chief factor in the development of modern philosophy during the last two centuries. It is also intended to recall to a study of Locke those who, interested in the philosophical and theological problems of this age, are apt to be dominated too exclusively by its spirit and maxims. They may thus study the problems in a fresher, although cruder, form than they have now assumed, through the controversies of the intervening period.' The suggestion here made by Professor Fraser is of first importance, not simply because it summarises the spirit in which he has undertaken this laborious piece of work, but because it puts in a nutshell precisely what is most urgently necessary to-day in connection alike with Locke and with other thinkers of the type currently dismissed with a contemptuous reference as 'English.' It may be abundantly true that British thinkers are not distinguished for speculative profundity, or, at all events, that they do not indulge themselves with a jargon which suggests depth or incomprehensibility. It may be true, too, that Locke was 'loose and inexact,' and of 'colourless prolixity.' It yet remains, on the other side, that much British thought is classical, in the highest sense, and that Locke is among the most classical contributors to it. He, along with a dozen others, embodies positive elements, chiefly of a distinctively national character, which cannot be dismissed with a snarl of disparagement. What was their *positive* value? Professor Fraser, by putting every student of metaphysics in a position to answer this question for himself at first hand, has conferred a benefit upon our philosophy which history must be left to weigh. His edition of Locke, in particular, has appeared at a turning point, and will unquestionably exercise large influence in determining the relative importance to be attached to some factors in the new speculative departure now maturing.

Les Origines du Droit International. Par ERNEST NYS. Paris: Thorin & Fils. Bruxelles: A. Castaigne. 1894.

In this scholarly and ably written volume, which he dedicates to the memory of the late Professor Lorimer, M. Nys traces the development of international law from its first almost imperceptible beginning under the Papacy and the Empire down to the time of Grotius. That international law exists with the same sanctions and is sustained by the same power or capable of being enforced in the same way as, for instance, civil law, M. Nys does not of course pretend. On the other hand he maintains that it is a law that is steadily acquiring recognition, and though now passing through the early stages of an existence through which all other laws now enforced by men have had to pass, it may soon, and certainly sooner or late will, acquire a power among the nations which will either compel their respect or vindicate its authority by the enforcement of penalties. In the course of his narrative M. Nys pays a well merited compliment to the writers of the middle ages, and defends them against the charges which have so often been brought against them of utter sterility, by pointing out that on most matters with which international law is concerned they have delivered numerous and sound opinions. The volume is a valuable contribution to a subject which is becoming of more and more importance, and it is to be hoped that the author will at no distant date continue his narrative down to the present.

Epitome of Synthetic Philosophy. By F. HOWARD COLLINS. With Preface by Herbert Spencer. Third Edition. London: Williams & Norgate. 1894.

Mr. Howard Collins's excellent epitome of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy is finding acceptance among a very wide circle of readers, and is probably doing more to spread a knowledge of the doctrine of evolution than the works of which it is an abridgement. Already within less than five years it has reached its third English edition, and its second edition in a French translation. It has also been published in America, and translated into Russian. It is probable that few works of the kind have ever attained so wide a circulation. The characteristics and excellence of the work were pointed out in the pages of this *Review* on its first appearance, and all that need be done now is to chronicle the fact that in this third edition Mr. Collins has incorporated an abridgement of Mr. Spencer's work on *The Principles of Ethics*. The abridgement extends to close on one hundred pages, representing over a thousand pages of the original work.

The Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, Lieutenant-General of the Horse in the Army of the Commonwealth of England, 1625-1672. Edited, with Appendices of Letters and Illustrative Documents, by C. H. FIRTH, M.A. 2 vols. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 1894.

The value of Ludlow's Memoirs for the history of the Great Civil War has always been acknowledged. They have been several times republished, but this is the first time they have been adequately edited, and Mr. Firth may be congratulated on having done a much needed work in a very creditable way—in a way in fact with which few can find fault. Ludlow's errors, and they are many, have been corrected, and much has been added in the way of illustration and supplement, more especially in relation to the first part of the Memoirs where Ludlow is often meagre and confused. In the Introduction, Mr. Firth gives an account of Ludlow, supplying many details in respect to his life, which are omitted in the Memoirs. He also discusses the several questions connected with the date when the Memoirs were written, their first edition, publication, value and effect. The idea of writing them, he very plausibly conjectures, was first suggested to Ludlow by some such incident as that which he describes as happening at Bern, in 1663, when at a banquet given by the senators of that town to the exile and his friends, he was asked to narrate the causes which had led up to the fall of the English republic, and arrives at the conclusion that they were written sometime between that date and 1673. Tyers' opinion that Ludlow was not the author of the Memoirs Mr. Firth sets aside as untenable, and is disposed to the opinion that their first editor was Littlebury, whose name Hollis wrote at the end of the copy which he presented to the Library of Bern in 1758. How Littlebury came into possession of the manuscript, however, is unknown. That the Memoirs were printed in London by John Darby of Bartholomew Close, and not at Vevay, as the original title-page bears, seems to be certain. At any rate the type and style of the work are sufficient to dissipate the idea that it was issued from any other than an English press, and accepting the story which makes Littlebury the editor, there can be little doubt that Darby, who was well known as a publisher of anti-governmental literature, and was often employed by Littlebury, was the printer. Ludlow was not a particularly able man; nor can he be said to have been always consistent. Of his energy and obstinacy there can be no doubt. Straightforward and honest according to his lights, he was singularly obtuse and owed his influence and position quite as much to his extreme opinions and the obstinacy with which he insisted upon them as to any ability he had. While far

from unprejudiced, his Memoirs, so far as the facts narrated are concerned, are on the whole trustworthy, and he does not intentionally misrepresent. His inclination, as Mr. Firth points out, was 'rather to gibbet the memories of the bad men he had known, than to make famous those of the good.' . . . 'He hated a constant Cavalier much less than an apostate Republican.' Of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper and Cromwell he has probably said the worst, and has laid himself open to much severe criticism. Carlyle's opinion of him is well known. The chief value, however, of his Memoirs, is not so much in the opinions they contain as in the facts. From few works can a more vivid impression be obtained of the manner in which the Civil War was waged, or of the way in which English life was affected by it. If he is often in error in recounting affairs in which he was not personally concerned, it has to be borne in mind that he wrote with little assistance in the shape of documents. On the other hand, his memory of events to which he was an eye witness is, as Mr. Firth points out, extremely accurate. The Appendices which have been added to both volumes are of great value. Among them are an admirable sketch of the Civil War in Wiltshire, two series of letters illustrating Ludlow's services in Ireland between the year 1651 and 1654, and in 1659-60, and a number of letters and documents referring to his residence in Switzerland. To the second volume an excellent index has been supplied.

Select Statutes and other Constitutional Documents illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. PROTHERO. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1894.

Every student of English History knows the value of the Bishop of Oxford's *Select Charters* and Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Period*. The present volume is intended as a contribution towards filling up the gap between them. The period which it covers is one of the most important in English History, more especially in connection with the history of Parliamentary Government. Most of the documents have of course been printed before. Some of them, however, have not. But whether printed before or not, the advantage of having them all between the same covers, and edited as they are here edited, is obvious. The documents are classified and chronologically arranged under their separate headings; repetitions and what may be termed unnecessary verbiage are omitted, and footnotes are added which are often of considerable interest and importance. The introduction which Mr. Prothero has written for the volume is admirable, both for its clearness and conciseness as well as for the light which it throws on the documents by which it is followed. These are all carefully analysed, and placed in their proper historical setting. Among the papers now printed for the first time are the writ for the Court of Castle Chamber in Ireland, issued by Elizabeth, and establishing that Court; two relating to the Court of High Commission, one referring to the Ecclesiastical Commission for Wales, under date 1579, and Shirley's Act. A number of other papers, which have hitherto been only partly printed, are given in full. As already indicated, many of the documents relate to the history of Parliament. As might be expected, those referring to ecclesiastical matters occupy considerable space. In addition to official papers, Mr. Prothero has included a number of extracts from the political and ecclesiastical writers of the time. Altogether, the volume is an excellent companion to the two already named, and for its own period is as indispensable to the student as they are for theirs. It is to be hoped that other volumes will follow, and that in some way the gap of three years between Mr. Prothero's volume and Mr. Gardiner's will be covered.

The Protected Princes of India. By WILLIAM LEE-WARNER,
C.S.I. Macmillan & Co.: London and New York. 1894.

At the present moment, when so much attention is directed towards India, Mr. Lee-Warner's remarkable volume can scarcely fail to be studied with more than ordinary interest. The subject with which it deals is vast and complicated, and one about which very little is generally known, though of great importance. That there are protected princes and protected states in India is known to most, but how they are related to the Imperial Crown, what measure of protection is afforded them, to what extent they are independent, to what extent they are subordinate or dependent, and how and by what stages the present state of inter-relation or union has been brought about, are subjects on which very little is known. Many of the statements made by writers who profess to deal with them are apparently, at least, inconsistent with each other, and the reader who has hitherto attempted to get something like clear and coherent ideas respecting the great Protectorate, is apt to rise from the attempt in a state of bewilderment. Mr. Lee-Warner's treatment is not exhaustive, but it has at least the merit of lucidity. The higher flights of philosophic inquiry he has avoided, and without attempting to deal with abstract principles, and confining himself to the facts of history, he has traced broadly and clearly the main lines of the evolution of the political system of India under British rule. Of the interest attaching to the volume it is useless to speak. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Lee-Warner writes with fulness of knowledge and in a clear and judicial spirit.

Documents illustrating Catholic Policy in the reign of James VI., 1596, 1598. Edited with Introduction and Notes by
THOMAS GRAVES LAW. Edinburgh: Scottish History Society. 1893.

Among the many valuable works which the Scottish History Society has now published, few are more valuable than the apparently slight documents which Mr. Law has here edited for the Society. They deal with one of the many mysterious transactions into which James VI. entered, or is said to have entered, with foreign Catholic powers for the purpose of securing to himself the succession to the English throne. At the same time they incidentally illustrate the discussions which arose among the Catholic exiles and missionaries both Scottish and English with regard to the policy of furthering the King's design. The first is in Spanish and bears the title—'Summary of the memorials that John Ogilvy, Scottish baron, sent by the King of Scotland, gave to his Catholic Majesty in favour of a League between the two Kings; and what John Cecil, priest, an Englishman, on the part of the Earls and other Catholic lords of Scotland, set forth to the contrary in the city of Toledo, in the months of May and June 1596.' The next is a reply to this, with the title 'An Apologie and Defence of the K. of Scotlande against the infamous libell forged by John Cecil, English Priest, Intelligencer to Treasurer Cecile of England.' This is followed by certain memoranda consisting of a number of additions and alterations made in later copies of it by Creighton, the author of the abortive conspiracy of the 'Spanish Blanks,' or intended to be incorporated in a Latin translation of the Apologie, together with some explanatory notes by certain intelligencers in Flanders, and among others by John Petit, who in 1596 was in Rome watching the movements of Ogilvy and Cecil, and duly reporting them to Treasurer Cecil. The three documents are extremely interesting as well for what they imply as for what they say.

Their historical value is great. Great also is their value for the student of human nature. There is a good deal of strong language in them, a good deal of hard-swearing, and a good deal of what passed at the time they were written for statecraft and diplomacy. The amount of intrigue they disclose is amazing. Only an editor equipped as Mr. Law is with a thorough knowledge of the history of the times and the intimate acquaintance with what such men as Ogilvy were in the habit of doing, is capable of telling what amount of truth the documents contain, or whether they contain any at all. That James did negotiate with foreign powers and made overtures to certain of the Catholic princes of Europe for assistance in his cherished design there seems to be an abundance of evidence, but the character of the witnesses is such as in a great measure to vitiate it, or at all events to throw doubt upon it, and to leave the matter an open question. Such light, however, as is to be obtained on the subject Mr. Law has here given. His introduction and notes show a remarkably intimate acquaintance with the period, and especially with the doings of such men as Cecil and Petit, and may be said to constitute a brilliant chapter on a very mysterious subject. But this is what might have been expected from the author of the *Jesuites and Seculars in the Reign of Elizabeth*, and of 'The Spanish Blanks.'

Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. 2 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

These two volumes form an excellent addition to the Publishers' 'Eversley Series,' and not a few will thank Mr. Aldis Wright for separating their contents from the other literary remains of their author and issuing them independently. Beside the long, careful, and elaborate letters which used to be written, Mr. Fitzgerald's form somewhat of a contrast. There is no constraint about them, nor is there any attempt at elaboration or literary form. They are just such letters as a man of education, who is acquainted with the telegraph and penny post, may now be supposed to throw off. They are quiet, easy, pleasant talks. At the same time they are full of humour and human kindness. To read them is to come in contact with one of the most gifted of men, full of gentle and affectionate thoughts, and perfectly unaffected in all his ways. The letters are of course addressed to his friends, and among these he numbered most of the best men of his time. They are full of chats about men and books, and are perfectly delightful in their way. Mr. Aldis Wright, in his capacity as editor and literary executor, has done all that was requisite in the way of notes and introduction to make the letters and the allusions they contain understandable by the reader.

Reliquiae Celticae. Texts, Papers and Studies in Gaelic Literature and Philology left by the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL.D. Edited by ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., and REV. JOHN KENNEDY. Vol. II., Poetry, History and Philology. Inverness: Northern Counties Newspaper and Printing and Publishing Company. 1894.

With this very substantial volume the editors of the late Dr. Cameron's papers bring their work to a close. They have devoted much time and labour to it, and have completed as well as they can, and in no unskilful way, what Dr. Cameron left unfinished. It is to be hoped that they will not be without their reward. The papers they have here brought together and edited are of a very varied character. Some of them are of more than

ordinary interest and value. First of all we have a transcript of the Fernaig MS. which is here printed for the first time. For the older Gaelic it is next to the Dean of Lismore's Book one of the most important documents. Its poetry, which is mostly religious and political, is of a high order. Dr. Cameron had transcribed about two-thirds of it. The Editors have added the rest. They have also written a history of the MS., and have given, besides several of the poems as transliterated by Dr. Cameron, a number of transliterations by different hands. The second piece is the Book of Clanranald valuable alike for its history of the Macdonalds and for its account of the Montrose wars. Here again the Editors have supplemented the labours of Dr. Cameron. The transcription of the Black Book of Clanranald was the work on which he was last engaged and at the time of his death he had completed about one-third of what is here given. The text printed is substantially that of the Black Book for the Macdonald and Montrose histories, the omissions in the Montrose portions being supplied from the Red Book. The poems of the latter version are given separately. The Book of Clanranald with its translation and poems is followed by the text of the Turner MS. xiv., a valuable collection of poems, mostly of the ballad kind and made in Kintyre during the last century. Some of the poems belong to the Cuchulinn and Ossianic heroic cycles. The tragic tale of Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach from the Edinburgh MSS. 56 and 53 follows. Dr. Cameron was in the act of preparing the text and translation of this popular story for this *Review* when overtaken by his last illness and left it all but complete. The rest of the volume is mainly taken up with a collection of Proverbs, several lectures connected with Gaelic literature and a glossary of unpublished etymologies. The Editors it may be said have discharged their duties with learning and patience and have succeeded in raising an enduring monument to one whose devotion to the literature of his race was during his lifetime almost unrecognised. Certainly it was not recognised in any substantial way.

The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from numerous Manuscripts. By the REV. WALTER W. SKEAT, Litt. D., LL.D., M.A., etc. Vols. I. and II. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1894.

A complete edition of the works of Chaucer skilfully edited with good text and notes and introductions has long been wanting. Excellent editions of the 'Canterbury Tales' and of the 'Minor Poems' have been issued, as also of other works of Chaucer, among others notably by Dr. Skeat. The Chaucer Society and its President have also done good work in this direction. To the latter, indeed, it may be said that it is to a large extent due that a good edition of the complete works is now possible. In some respects Dr. Skeat may be said to have entered upon his task with advantages no other editors have possessed; certainly no other editor has been better qualified to do ample justice to it and to execute it in a more satisfactory way. His edition of 'Piers the Ploughman,' with which the work before us is uniform, is a splendid piece of editing, while scarcely inferior to it are his recent editions of Chaucer's 'Minor Poems' and 'The Legend of Good Women.' Excellent, however, as these latter are the present work promises to surpass them, and in fact so far as it goes does. The intention is to include in the present issue not only the poetical, but also the prose works. The first volume opens with a Life of Chaucer, where of course Dr. Skeat has relied chiefly on the work of his predecessors, and especially on the works issued by the Chaucer Society, the members of which have done much to clear up many obscure and dis-

puted points in connection with the poet and his family. The date of Chaucer's birth is placed by Dr. Skeat between 1330 and 1340, with the remark that 'the reader can incline to whichever end of the decade best pleases him.' Dr. Skeat himself shows that 'shortly before 1340 fits in best with *all* the facts.' The sketch, as need hardly be said, is a very careful study. It is amply supplied with notes and references, and contains among other things notices of Thomas Chaucer and of Thomas's mother, and a long list of the passages in the poet's works in which he alludes to himself or his fortunes. Lists are also given of the historical allusions contained in his works as well as of the references which are made to him in the writings of Eustache Deschamps, Gower, Henry Scogan, and others. The rest of the volume is taken up chiefly by 'The Romaunt of the Rose' and the 'Minor Poems.' Hitherto Dr. Skeat has maintained that the translation of 'Le Roman de la Rose' usually assigned to Chaucer is from a different hand, and that Chaucer had no hand whatever in its authorship. That Chaucer did translate the 'Le Roman de la Rose,' or at least some part of it, was, of course, admitted, but what Dr. Skeat contended for was that the version assigned to Chaucer was not his. He now maintains, on sufficient grounds, that that version is by different hands, and that the first 1705 lines are by Chaucer. The arguments are too elaborate to be adduced here. They may be said, however, to be based on the discoveries made by Dr. Linden and Dr. Max Kaluza, and will commend themselves to most Chaucerian scholars as valid. Dr. Skeat has printed the whole of the English version, and beneath the part now assigned to Chaucer he has given the French text of 'Le Roman de la Rose' down to the end of line 1678. The introduction is very full, and in every way admirable. The same may be said of the introduction to the 'Minor Poems.' Compared with the introduction prefixed to Dr. Skeat's earlier edition of these poems, it shows many additions, omissions, and alterations. As for the text both of the 'Minor Poems' and of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' it is entirely new; that is to say, none of the printed texts has been followed. Dr. Skeat has worked independently upon the MSS. and texts before him, and has made his own, registering differences in spelling as well as all the more important variants at the foot of each page. Of the 'Minor Poems' the 'Balade Against Women Unconstant,' 'An Amorous Complaint,' and the 'Balade of Complaynt,' have been relegated to an appendix because they are not expressly attributed to Chaucer. 'To Rosemounde,' discovered so recently as April 1891 has been admitted among those regarded as genuine, as has also 'A Complaint to his Lady,' which was formerly placed in an appendix as doubtful. The second volume has for its contents Chaucer's prose translation 'Boethius De Consolatione Philosophie,' and the five books of 'Troilus and Criseyde.' Both works are preceded by long and scholarly introductions, and are such as perhaps only Dr. Skeat can write. The notes supplied to all the pieces in each of the volumes are such as those who are acquainted with the author's 'Piers the Ploughman' would naturally expect. They are full almost to a fault, and so far as we have examined them they seem to leave nothing obscure and to pass over nothing needing to be explained. The edition indeed promises to be exactly what an edition of Chaucer ought to be, and will undoubtedly take its place as *the* edition. So far as it has gone it is without an equal, and there is no student of Chaucer or of English literature who will not hail these volumes with pleasure, and anxiously await the completion of those which are to follow.

The Rhind Lectures in Archæology. Scottish land names, their origin and meaning. By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Son. 1894.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's introduction of these lectures as 'a contribution to a study conducted until lately on lines the reverse of scientific' promises well; the fulfilment is not a little disappointing. In a series of Rhind Lectures one expects a real advancement of knowledge in the department of Archæology discussed, but the present series does little more than present in a popular form results already well known. The first of the six lectures is wholly devoted to general principles and warnings to the student of place-names—warnings sometimes exemplified by the lecturer's own examples—while to the second and third it might be objected that they are almost entirely reproductions of the previous lectures by Prof. Rhys, and the views of Dr. Skene. To these as well as to the Rev. Mr. Johnston's 'Place-names of Scotland' Sir Herbert Maxwell admits his indebtedness, (to the latter it seems to be very large indeed), but it is a pity to devote three lectures to material already easily accessible. The result is that as Lecture IV. is devoted to Norse names much of the real matter has to be compressed into the last two, the scheme of which is good but not at all exhaustive. With the plan of the work however there would be less quarrel were it reliable in other respects, but this is unfortunately not the case. There is throughout a good deal of loose argument and some amount of that 'pure conjecture' for which the author blames Mr. Johnston. Thus the identification in Lecture I. of Almond and Avon is vitiated by the fact that the word in question is properly written *abann*, not *amun*; Latin *amnīs* shows the same change as in *Samnium*, *scamnum*, beside *Sabini*, *scabellum*. The derivation of Fairfield and Fairgirth from *fer*, sheep, would be itself improbable from the rareness of the word, but Fair Isle is certainly not of that origin. In *Njála* (c. 154) and the Orkneyinga Saga it is *Fridarey*, which has apparently been taken as *Fridey* synonymous with *Fagrey*, and so translated 'Fair Isle,' (Johnston indeed quotes '*Faray*, clara insula' from 1529). So too in Lect. III. the identification of *pit*, both, *bod* (!), *bad*, *fetter*, and *for* would require a much closer argument to prove it. 'Guessing etymology is of all pursuits the most deceptive,' says Sir Herbert, but at times he leaves one in doubt as to whether he is not merely guessing himself. The main defect however lies in the imperfect acquaintance shown with both Gaelic and Norse, which is accountable for many grave errors. Sir Herbert Maxwell's Gaelic is indeed far superior to Mr. Johnston's, but errors in grammar or orthography such as *amhainn na' fhearn*, *pol na' iubhar*, *achadh na bheith*, *coille nam uinnse*, *sliabh n' adhairce*, *meall a' fithiaich*, show that the mysteries of the Gaelic article are too much for him, while genitives like *fhiaidh*, *fithiaich*, *eilidh*, *Crioisd*, *sealghe*, (which is often repeated), would discredit the scholarship of any one who committed such mistakes in Latin or Greek. The attribution of eclipsis to the 'pedantry of early Irish writers' only shows a complete misunderstanding of Celtic philology, while the charge against them of being 'ever anxious to cram as many letters as possible into a word' might be retorted on Sir Herbert himself when he persists in giving *Amhalghadh* as the Gaelic spelling of N. O'lafr. This is to confound a genuine Irish name with the foreign *Amhlaidh*, which faithfully represents O.N. *A'leifr*, with nasal *A'*, the *n* being retained in the O.E. spelling *Anláf*. So too he translates *Row na farrif* as '*rudha na (!) atharrachaidh*, point of the turning,' where it is plain that *farrif* is simply N. *hvarf*, while *atharrachadh* only means 'changing,' 'mutation,' not 'turning.' Objection

might also be taken to some of the antiquated derivations given, as *gadhar*, a greyhound, from *gaeth*, the wind; *fearann*, land, from *fear*, a man, (it also produces *earann* as 'it very often took the aspirate'!) The pronunciation assigned to Gaelic words is also loose and inconsistent; *fiadh* and *fitheach* are both given as *feeah*, while *an fhir* and *a' choilich* are quoted as instances of initial *h*, though neither of them has that sound. Nor does Sir Herbert Maxwell know the difference between the two words for a well, *tiobar* (O.I. *tipra*) and *tobar*, as he explains both Dalintobar and Tobermory by the former. Matters are still worse in the Norse derivations, where there is not even an attempt at grammar; the two words of the compound being simply put side by side in the nominative singular. So much is this the case that it may be safely said not one of these is right except by accident. For instance, *breidr vfk*, *tryllðir nes*, *hár ey*, are false concordances, which show that the two latter cannot be the origin of Trotternish and Harris. (*Háey* or rather *háey* gives 'Hoy.') So we get *haugr land* for *haugaland*, *höfn vágr* for *hafnarvágr*, *borg* (!) *dalr* for *borgardalr*; *Stjarna vágr* would require to be *Stjörnuvágr*, but who was she? (Stornoway is doubtless *stjörnarrágrt* helm bay.) A proper name is similarly invented to account for Snizort, which is explained as 'Sney's (!) firth.' To call the Vikings 'Lochlinn,' as on p. 92, is as much as to call them 'Norway,' while the fixed idea that *Papar* is the O.N. word for 'priests,' might have been dispelled by looking up *prestr* in Cleasby and Vigfusson. Curious specimens of Norse are *kvi rand* and *kvi schür setr* to account for Quirang and Quoyschorsetter. Finally, as space forbids an attempt to point out all the errors in this fourth lecture, suffice it to say that *Todhope* cannot be Norse; the Icelandic word is *tóta* (more commonly *refr*); *shiel* cannot be *skáli* by any law of phonetics; why not *sel*, which Iceland has in *Selfors*, *Seltungur*? and *haugh* from *hagi* is impossible; a reference to *heath*, (*hath*), in Bosworth-Toller will show its real origin. Mistakes like these in such a work show the danger of trying to account for place-names by the dictionary alone. They are the more to be regretted, as Sir Herbert Maxwell's lectures will naturally be of considerable influence in this study, to which they may give a useful impetus, but will have to be very cautiously used as an authority.

Essays in Historical Chemistry. By T. E. THORPE, Ph.D., B.Sc., etc. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1894.

The lectures and addresses of which this volume mainly consists have been delivered to audiences during the last eighteen years, and are now put together and issued for the purpose of showing how the labours of some of the greatest masters of Chemical Science have contributed to its development. The volume makes no pretensions to being a history of Chemistry, nor even of the period over which its narratives extend. It is simply a number of biographical sketches from which those of some who might have been expected to figure among them are left out. This however need not in any way militate against the value of the book; nor does it. Each lecture or address is complete in itself, and tells as much about its subject and his work as can conveniently be told in the limited space at the author's disposal. Of the lectures and addresses the first deals with Robert Boyle and the beginning of the Royal Society, though mainly of course with Boyle himself. Among the rest we have Mr. Thorpe's lecture on Priestly, which formed one of the 'Manchester Science Lectures' in 1874, and the lecture he delivered in the following year's course of the same Lectures on Henry Cavendish. Others are his lectures on Thomas Graham, Wohler, J. B. André Dumas, and Hermann Koff, also the address delivered last year at Owen's College, and subsequently published in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Other two pieces are Mr. Thorpe's review of Dr. Bence Jones's *Life of Faraday*, and the sketch of Mendeleeff, which appeared among the 'Scientific Worthies' in *Nature* some three or four years ago. For the most part the papers are popularly written. Mr. Thorpe's aim throughout is to show what each of the Chemists whose career he sketches contributed to his science and how he helped on its development. The author exhibits considerable skill in exposition, and his pages while highly instructive, and in many places of a highly scientific character, contain a large amount of extremely interesting reading.

The Ascent of Man. By HENRY DRUMMOND. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

The object of these Lowell Lectures, as Mr. Drummond informs us, is to tell in a plain way a few of the things which science is now seeing with regard to the Ascent of Man. That the 'few things' he has to tell are eloquently told need hardly be said. Mr. Drummond is a master of the English language and few writers are so fertile in apt illustrations. Apart from the theory it sets forth, his book is sure to be popular and to command a wide circle of readers of every class. The main thing on which he insists is that the doctrine of evolution, which furnishes the stand-point from which he regards his subject, was 'first seen out of focus,' 'was given to the world out of focus,' and 'has remained out of focus to the present time;' and what he attempts is not the entire readjustment of it to the whole truths of Nature and of Man, but 'to supply at least the accents of such a scheme.' In other words, he attempts to supply the missing link in the doctrine of evolution. That the struggle for life is as Mr. Darwin and others have insisted, the only factor in evolution, Mr. Drummond denies. There is another factor he maintains which plays an equally prominent part with it, and that is, the 'Struggle for the Life of Others.' While the struggle for life is based on the functions of nutrition, the struggle for the life of others is based upon that of reproduction. Mr. Drummond dwells upon the importance of this missing link and points out with abundance of illustration both in the introduction to the volume and in its text the part it has played in the development of humanity, and is led to the conclusion that the supreme effort of nature has been the production of a mother. There are many admirable passages in the volume, and even if the hypothesis set forth should turn out to be nothing more than a 'vision' it is deserving of careful study. That the Struggle for Life is not the only factor in nature seems to be evident.

Eight Hours for Work. By JOHN RAE, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

The question with which Mr. Rae here deals, if not one of the most important, is certainly one of those which are now most prominently before the public mind. Apparently he sat down to the study of it an unbeliever, and has risen from it a believer. Whether the facts he adduces will convert others is, of course, a different question. They have convinced him, and the probability is they will convince many more. For the facts on which he bases his argument, and to the consideration of which he owes his conversion, Mr. Rae has travelled over a wide area. Scarcely one of the nine important industries has been omitted from his survey, and to say the least, such facts as he has here set forth are extremely interesting, and go very far indeed to prove his point that an eight hours day is better for the operative and better for the employer. In fact, we shall not be far wrong if we say that they do prove it. The

strange thing, however, is that the shortening of the hours of labour does not in any way lessen the output, and would not, if adopted as a general rule, necessitate the employment of more workers. The notion that the shortening of the hours of labour will find work for the unemployed is characterized as an illusion. 'It stands,' he says, 'in absolute contradiction to our now very abundant experience of the real effects of shortening the hours of labour, and it stands in absolute contradiction to the natural operation of economic forces to which it professes to appeal; and the illusion arises, first, from simply not observing or apparently caring to observe, the important alteration which the introduction of shorter hours itself exerts on the productive capacity of the workpeople; and, second, from yielding to the gross but evidently very seductive economic fallacy, which leads so many persons to think that they will all increase the wealth they individually enjoy by all diminishing the wealth they individually produce, and to look for a great absorption of the unemployed to flow from a general restriction of production, the very thing which in reality would have the opposite effect of reducing the demand for labour, and throwing multitudes more out of employ.' Mr. Rae writes temperately, and with an abundance of illustrative facts. His book is calculated to have great influence in the formation of opinion on the subject. A legislative eight hours day for all, however, finds little favour with Mr. Rae. He inclines rather to the principle enunciated by Mr. Gladstone of local trade option.

Man Hunting in the Desert. An account of the Palmer Search Expedition. By CAPT. A. E. HAYNES, R.E. 1894.

Capt. Haynes gives a clear and well-written account of one of the most dramatic incidents of the Egyptian war of 1882. The events themselves are dramatic, and without any attempt at dramatic writing they read as a striking story of tragedy and adventure. Prof. Palmer, the well-known Arabic scholar, was sent by Lord Northbrook to obtain information as to the Sinai Bedouin, and to conciliate them. Exaggerated ideas prevailed as to their numbers, and as to their designs on the Suez Canal, and on the flank of the British Expedition to Ismailieh. Palmer had been a member of the Sinai Survey Party in 1869, and had wandered in the Tih Desert in the following year. He knew the Arabic language well, and believed that he had gained the affections of the Arabs. He was fearless and able, but he knew nothing of the political situation, or of the devotion of the Arabs to the cause of Arabi Pasha, which was partly due to religious feeling, but yet more to detestation of the Turks. At Nakplin the centre of the desert, a governor devoted to Arabi was established, and was in communication with all the tribes. Palmer had never commanded an expedition. He had not been in the east for 12 years, and his comrades knew nothing either of the people or of their language. His design seems to have been to convoke all the tribes at Nakhl, and to lead them to assist the English. What he intended to do with the Egyptian governor is not clear. On the 9th July he reached Jaffa, and proceeded in Arab disguise to Gaza, where he met the Teiahah chiefs; then proceeding to Suez he entered into treaty with Metr a chief who lived on the road leading thence to Nakhl, who does not seem to have had much power. He was watched and pursued from Gaza; and orders were sent by Arabi that any Christians entering the desert should be seized. Palmer took camel men from the Tuwara tribe to the south; and the three companions, without any armed escort, proceeded east from Suez to Wady Sadr, carrying £3000 in gold, and eager to meet the Sheikh's at Nakhl by the 12th of August. On the

day preceding they were attacked by local Arabs, and the Tuwâra deserted, while their ally Metr also disappeared, and his nephew rode off with the money on his camel, and buried it in the desert to the west. The attacking party (well informed) pursued the money, leaving the three prisoners (Prof. Palmer, Capt. Gill, R.E., and Lt. Chamington, R.N.), stripped and defenceless in charge of two Arabs. The faithless Metr returned with ten men, but instead of carrying them off, he palavered, and finally withdrew, offering only a few camels for their rescue. The captors returned disappointed of booty, and in revenge drove their victims to the precipice, and shot them as they fell. Rumours of disaster soon spread; and a fortnight after the murder Sir Charles Warren was sent out to relieve the party. Palmer's mistakes had been many. He overestimated his own influence. He was watched, tricked, and betrayed. He employed Arabs in the territory of another tribe; and he took a large sum with him, allowing the fact to be known. He treated with complete confidence a treacherous and crafty people, and regarded as friends those who were bitter against all Christians and Franks. The fate of the search party might have been the same, but for the combined daring and prudence of Sir Charles Warren—qualities which he had already shewn as an explorer, and was again to shew in his subsequent conquest of Bechuanaland, which laid the basis of the recent advance made in South Africa. When the search party reached Suez it was rumoured that Palmer had escaped towards Sinai. Every effort was made to throw suspicion on the Tuwâra tribes to the south; and Wady Sidri in this distinction was (perhaps purposely) confused with Wady Sadr on the road due east from Suez. The party therefore endeavoured first to penetrate from Tor on the Red Sea to Sinai, and to send letters to the supposed captives. It was not until the Egyptian War had ended in victory that it became possible to get any hold on the Arabs; and on the 4th October the real direction of the journey was discovered. Sir Charles Warren, with an escort of nearly 400 Egyptian Arabs, then reached the site of the murder, two and a half months after its occurrence; and a fortnight later he recovered part of the stolen money (£1000). He employed a responsible Sheikh to collect the murderers, and remained on the spot to ensure success. By rapid journey to Akabah, Sinai, and El Arish, he collected damnable evidence, striking terror into the hearts of the Arabs, and deposing the governors of Nakhl and El Arish. By the 27th January, 1883, twelve prisoners had been taken, including five of the actual murderers; and their guilt was duly proved before an Egyptian tribunal. The remains of the unfortunate victims were brought home, and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the striking success of the most difficult search was duly acknowledged in Parliament. The details form a volume of great interest and of not a little historical importance.

Scottish Pastorals and Ballads and Other Poems. By ALEXANDER FALCONER. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co.

At once, when one opens the dainty grey and green covers of this slight volume, one catches the drifting hawthorn scent, and, by the fireside, whither the untimely east winds have driven him, there comes to the reader strange, delightful suggestions of sunny field-paths, bee-haunted hills, and the silver-foaming western seas. A feeling for the impressions of Nature—colour, and scent, and sound—has from the very earliest times formed one of the most striking and exquisite characteristics of Scottish poetry. From John Barbour to Burns and Scott, this and that other quality known as the *perfevidum ingenium Scotorum*, have formed one unfailing touchstone of the poetic genius of the

North. By this sign Mr. Falconer's volume may be hailed as one of the fair fruits of that remarkable revival of Scottish feeling in English literature which is now going on, and of which we are probably destined presently to see a great deal more. Here one sees the sunshine upon Arran hills, and hears the autumn leaves rustle by Loch Lomond's shore; he treads the green holms of Douglasdale, and breathes the mystic clover-scent in the garths of Bute. Mere description of nature by itself, however, soon becomes a rather wearisome affair—a fact which some prose writers of late, no less than writers of verse, do not seem to have found out. It is only when 'natural description,' as it is called, has some bearing, by suggestion, analogy, or association, upon human nature, that the thing has any real interest or value at all. Mr. Falconer, for instance, might have *described* Summer, and the description might have been a very dreary business. Here, however, are some of his verses:—

'Oh, what more sweet than to lift tired eyes
Unto the fulness and exceeding calm
Of Summer's azure skies,
When every breath of wind is breath of balm,
And drink delight and vigour as we lie
Among the heather or the long, cool grass,
Letting the moments pass
All unconcernedly!

The cuckoo calls in every lane;
My heart replies, Oh, soon again
The merry May, in blush and snowy white,
Shall gladden young and old,
And Love's eternal tale be told
When lovers linger late and early in the dream-lit heaven of night.'

The passage needs no comment: those of us who are old have once been young. And such touches abound in the book. The same charm belongs to Mr. Falconer's ballads. These are not verbal imitations of the old folk-songs of the country. It is the dismal failure which invariably attends all attempts at such verbal imitation which has given rise to the dogma that ballad composition is no longer possible. Mr. Falconer's ballads are ballads in the sense that they are narrative compositions. Some of them, like that on 'Grizel Cochrane,' and another on 'Westerha,' deal with well-known dramatic incidents of Scottish history; but a greater charm will probably be thought to belong to others in which the historic element is less conscious, such, for instance, as that on 'The Kirk of Saint Bride.' These are instinct with the charm of old romance, full of the suggestion

Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

It would be idle to suggest that no exception might be taken to Mr. Falconer's book. Here and there stanzas might be pointed out which trail somewhat in the step, and once or twice the burden of the theme seems to make Pegasus stoop his wing. But these are isolated details, and the charm of the book remains what has been said. It is a volume of fresh and sunny verse, wholesome as the air of mountain, field, and moorland, in which it has been written—a book to wake in the heart the longing for high-hedged lanes and upland solitudes—which revives once more from the dust of centuries the romantic charm of the past. For a suggestion of a certain feeling which has hardly been conveyed in any poetry but one or two old folk-songs, the reader may be referred to a seemingly slight, but

perfect set of verses, 'The Haunted House;' and for a touch of the noble spirit which rises through English poetry at rare intervals, 'like the throbbing of a single string,'—the spirit which breathes in Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey,' and in Tennyson's 'Passing of Arthur,'—the lover of poetry will find his reward in Mr. Falconer's stanzas on 'An Evening Star.'

The Elements of Metaphysics. By Dr. PAUL DEUSSEN. Translated, with the personal collaboration of the author, C. M. DUFF. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Select Specimens of the Great French Writers in the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries. Edited by G. EUGENE FASNAOCHT. Same Publishers.

English Prose Selections. Edited by HENRY CRAIK. Vol. II. Same Publishers.

These three volumes are placed together, not because they treat of the same or similar subjects, but because they are excellent examples of the kind of text-books which are now being prepared and published for the use of advanced pupils and students. Compared with the older text-books, they exhibit in every respect a marked advance, and, if anything can, make the road to learning easy. Dr. Deussen's volume may perhaps be regarded as somewhat in advance of the two we have placed with it, inasmuch as it professes to be a guide for lecturers as well as for private study. At any rate, it will take a student of very considerable ability to master it. But, given a student of such ability, it will prove a very effective guide. It is written from the standpoint of the Idealism founded by Kant and wrought out by Schopenhauer. As might be expected, the style is exceedingly condensed. At the same time, however, it is perfectly lucid. A skilful use has been made of different types in emphasising the divisions and subdivisions of thoughts. Dr. Deussen travels over the whole ground of metaphysics, and has produced a really valuable handbook whether for lecturer or private student. He has added to it the lecture on the Vedanta in its relations to Western Metaphysics, which he delivered in Bombay at the beginning of last year.—M. Fasnacht has compiled his selections from the Great French Writers of the seventeenth and two following centuries on what may be called, if not a new, at least a very admirable plan. To begin with, he gives a succinct account of French literature, in the shape of an abridgement of a discourse by M. Vinet, from the middle of the sixteenth century down to 1830, and continues it with a sketch for the next fifty years by M. Faguet. The specimens are placed under three heads—(1) from Corneille to the death of Louis XIV.; (2) from the death of Louis XIV. to the Revolution; and (3) from the Revolution to the death of Victor Hugo. The first series of Specimens is prefaced by an account of the founding of the French Academy, from the pen of M. Sainte-Beuve; next we have a sketch of Corneille by M. Faguet, and this is followed by a sketch of the French Drama before Corneille, by M. Nisard. The style of Corneille is then described by a passage taken from Sainte-Beuve, after which M. Nisard gives an account of 'Le Cid,' from which a number of extracts are given. These are followed by a scene from 'Horace,' of which play an analysis is given. Extracts from other plays are treated in the same careful and elaborate way. In short, not only are specimens of the great writers given, but they are also accompanied by biographical notices, analyses of the works from which they are taken, and the

judgments of the greatest French critics on the works and style of their authors. A more complete series of selections, equally well edited or equally well calculated to inform the student, and to quicken an intelligent apprehension of the works and merits of the great writers of France during the chief period of its literature, we have not met with.—Mr. Craik's first volume of *English Prose* we had the pleasure of noticing some time ago; the second volume contains selections from the prose writers of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, beginning with Bacon and ending with Sir Roger L'Estrange. Among the contributors to this volume in the way of criticism are, besides the editor, the late Professor Minto and Mr. G. Saintsbury. Others are J. M. Dodds, W. P. Ker, Edmund Gorse, W. Wallace, A. W. Ward, and Canon Ainger. As in the previous volume, the specimens of each writer are preceded by a brief sketch of his life and writings. The general introduction is contributed by the Editor.

SHORT NOTICES.

The addresses gathered together by the Rev. D. J. Vaughan, M.A., and issued under the title *Questions of the Day* (Macmillan), were delivered during the last twenty years or so in St. Martin's Church, Leicester, on special occasions. The questions they deal with are social and national as well as religious. With these questions, with such, for instance, as the Use of Politics, the Secret of National Life and Freedom, Capital and Labour, Trade-Unionism, the Religion of the Masses, and Morality in Business, the addresses deal in a broad, vigorous, and reverent way. Mr. Vaughan's aim seems to have been to reach the ear and heart of the working-classes, and whether he was able to achieve that or not, those who listened to his discourses must have been impressed with the spirit of fairness and the desire to promote the best and highest interests of all classes with which they are inspired. His addresses, in fact, to use the old phrase, are veritable Tracts for the Times.

Church Work: its Means and Method (Macmillan) contains the addresses delivered by Bishop Moorhouse in the rural deaneries of the diocese of Manchester. They are full of information respecting the various organisations at work in the various parishes, and supply many notes as to the spiritual condition both of the clergy and the people. The suggestions they contain as to the methods of carrying on Church work, and of meeting and overcoming difficulties, are characterised by sound practical wisdom. Bishop Moorhouse seems to have visited every parish in his diocese, and to have made himself personally acquainted with the work of the clergy and their lay assistants. The tone throughout is hopeful, earnest, and reverent.

In *Ethics of Citizenship* (Maclehose) Professor Maccunn seeks to connect some of the leading aspects of democratic citizenship with ethical facts and beliefs. The justification of democracy, or the bestowal of equal civil and political rights upon every citizen, he finds 'not in the untenable doctrine that men are equal, but in the fact, recognised alike in moral and religious experience, that the humblest member of the community possesses a spiritual worth which effectually parts the man from the chattel and the animal.' A like spiritual foundation is found for the doctrine of fraternity. There is an interesting discussion respecting the influence which a democratic form of society is likely to have on the moral character, and more especially when the society is commercial and industrial. In his last chapter Mr. Maccunn deals with luxury, and points out that the chief moral problem which awaits a democratic society is to find securities not

so much against lawlessness as against that virtuous materialism which is the usual and natural concomitant of material prosperity.

Brave Little Holland and What She has Taught Us (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) is a brief history of Holland, meant chiefly for young people. Its author, the Rev. Dr. Griffis, is well versed in the history of the country, and is apparently engaged on a work of larger dimensions dealing with it. Sufficient attention, he believes, has not been paid to the influence which Holland has had in the making of the American States. 'In our government and ideas,' he says, 'the American people are more Dutch than English.' Coming from a descendant of a Dutch family and the minister of a Dutch church, the sentiment may possibly be praiseworthy. History has little sentiment, and the probability is that he will find that an impartial study of the subject will lead him to the opposite conclusion.

Richard Steele is the latest edition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's 'Mermaid Series' of the best plays of the Old Dramatic Authors. The editor is Mr. G. A. Aitken, who has here brought together for the first time all the pieces Steele wrote for the stage, including the two unfinished fragments published by Nichols in 1809. The text has been carefully collated throughout. The changes of scene, often unnoticed in the older editions, are indicated and the spelling is modernised. By way of introduction to the volume, Mr. Aitken has contributed a careful sketch of Steele's life.

To their 'Golden Treasury Series' Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have made a notable addition in the shape of *Selections from the Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough*. The famous 'Bothie' is among the selections, and is given in full, as are also a number of the early poems and a number of the miscellaneous. The selections are preceded by an excellent portrait.

In *Conciliation and Arbitration in Labour Disputes* (Crosby Lockwood), Mr. J. S. Jeans gives an account of the various attempts which have been made to settle trade disputes by arbitration and conciliation, and of the present relations between capital and labour. The problem which the latter presents he appropriately calls the problem of the hour. That it is waiting for solution there can be no doubt, but that a legislative solution will be found for it Mr. Jeans does not appear to be very hopeful. His volume, however, may possibly contribute something towards it. At any rate, it is well worth reading, both for the information it contains and as the work of one who is entitled to be heard upon the question.

James Inwick, (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) by Mr. P. Hay Hunter, is a story of Scottish rural life. Inwick is a ploughman, and an Elder in the Church of Scotland, and the chief subject of his thoughts is the threatened disestablishment of the Church. The story is told in Mr. Hay Hunter's best style. The plot is simple but quite sufficient to enlist and hold the attention throughout. The conversations are racy and full of humour, and the discussions lively. The story is a decided success, and amongst Scotchmen, if not among others, will be widely read, as it deserves to be.

Among other books we have received the following : *The Distribution of Wealth*, (Macmillan) by John R. Commons ; *Foreign Missions After a Century*, (Fleming, H. Revell & Co.) by Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. ; *The Seabury Commemoration*, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) by George Shea ; *St. Andrews*, (Longmans) by Andrew Lang ; *The Continent via Flushing*, (Iliffe & Son) by H. Tiedman ; *My Ducats and My Daughter* (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) by P. H. Hunter and Walter White ; *Old John and Other Poems*, (Macmillan) by T. E. Brown ; *A Camsterie Nacket*, (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) by Jessie M. E. Saxby ; *Attempt at a Catalogue of the late Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte*, (Sotheran & Co.) by Victor Collins.